MARCHING MEN

The Story of War

BY STANTON A. COBLENTZ

Illustrations by Arthur Zaidenberg

THE UNICORN PRESS · *Publishers* · NEW YORK

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by Stanton A. Coblentz

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BY STANTON A. COBLENTZ

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS BY
ARTHUR ZAIDENBERG

THE UNICORN PRESS
NEW YORK MCMXXVII

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MANUFACTURED IN THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA

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PART I

THE INFANCY OF WAR

CHAPTER I

MAN THE WARRIOR

It is generally recognized that history is largely a tale of bloodshed and dissension. Man the Warrior has been far more conspicuous than Man the Artisan, the Seeker or the Seer; the record of Man the Warrior has been written in smoke and flame along the uncertain aisles of time; and not only has the sword been esteemed above the plowshare or the scroll, but it has been by means of the sword rather than through noble thoughts and lofty ideals that the edifice of human life has been shaped. Man the Warrior, in a word, has subjugated his brothers the Artist and the Sage; he has made himself dictator of the world's affairs, and his mandates have been absolute; while the works he has wrought have altered the very complexion of the ages.

All this, of course, is a matter of common knowledge. And so deeply is the knowledge implanted that there has been a tendency to regard battles and sieges not only as important but as all-important. The method of the older historians, for example, has been to over-emphasize the sanguinary element in history; should one turn to any volume by a writer of a generation or more ago, one would have an excellent chance of being regaled with the details of strategy and of cavalry engagements, of campaigns lost and of victories won, of fortifications battered and of cities sacked, of clashing armorclads at sea and of maneuvering armies on the land. Yet a history of battles, paradoxically, need not necessarily be a history of war; and even were one to record all the battles that have been fought since the earliest man crawled down from the ancestral jungle, one might fall far short of presenting an adequate picture of warfare. For warfare

is a phenomenon of which battles are merely one manifestation; warfare may be compared to a tree of which the particular bursts of fighting are the blossoms; and the methods that are employed, the character and training of the combatants, the motives that actuate them and the spirit of their commanders, are all factors that must be considered in any wide-ranging treatment of the subject. And while all these factors have no doubt been discussed to some extent in every work that emphasizes the military side of history, yet there are few if any volumes in which such influences are treated systematically and collectively with a view to showing how warfare arose and in what manner it developed and played its part in human affairs.

It is this purpose, accordingly, that I shall undertake to fulfill in the pages that follow. I shall endeavor to trace the growth of war from primitive times until the present; I shall outline the practices of its disciples and the evolution of the military spirit; I shall indicate the changes in the scope and magnitude of conflict from age to age and from land to land; I shall attempt to picture every important type of fighting the world has yet known, and the methods of every important and distinctive fighting people. Yet, though I intend to cover the field in all essentials, I do not propose to discuss particular battles or particular wars except if they be illustrative of some especial kind of battle or war or else if they represent some innovation in the range, tactics or instruments of fighting. And thus, by the omission of detail that could only involve interminable repetition, I hope to be able to recreate within readable limits the story of the advance of the swinging sword and the flaming brand through all the centuries of human existence and all the lands of the earth.

CHAPTER II

CONFLICT IN NATURE

WHERE were the world's first battles fought? Who were the fighters, and when were their contests waged? Was it in some steaming ancient jungle, amid the rank undergrowth beneath the waving palms? or on the frozen reaches of some wind-blown northern plain? or high among the crags and glaciers of some forbidding mountain pass? And was it five thousand years ago or five hundred thousand years ago that the first combatants stood snarling face to face? was it in a world that we of to-day could recognize, or in a world that would seem unfamiliar to us as some other planet?

"The first battles were not fought by men!" is the answer that one might suggest. "They were staged by the creatures that inhabited stream and marsh and sea ages before the coming of man!" For are not most living things engaged in incessant strife? Does not the hawk strike down the sparrow? and the lion the gazelle? and the spider the fly? And have not the beasts been armed with slashing teeth and horns and claws for hundreds and hundreds of thousands of years? May it not be that those terrible extinct lizards, the dinosaurs, were among the world's first warriors, and that they participated by the score in vehement battles in woods and swamps that vanished five million years ago?

No matter what the answer, such questions deserve investigation before we seek to determine the origin of war. For it seems to be a common belief that the greatest battlefield is the battlefield of nature, and that most living creatures are engaged in an incessant war for survival. And if this belief be justified, it is easy to trace the course of evolution and to identify the human

fighting quality as a heritage from the jungle. But is there any basis for such a belief? And, in the first place, what do we mean by war? To take an obvious example, if I shoulder my gun and go shooting quail or wild ducks, that certainly is not war; or, again, if I take a knife and slaughter a pair of hens for my Sunday dinner, that is not war; nor is it precisely war if my acquaintance John Jones and I engage in a fist fight over Jones' undue attentions to my wife. Warfare among human beings is not a personal affair; it does not begin until a number of men are armed and more or less organized to fight a number of other men that are likewise armed and more or less organized. And so, when a panther attacks a deer, or a band of wolves combine to attack a herd of arctic musk-oxen, can we say that they are engaged in warfare? Obviously, they are merely hunting, just as a man would be were he to discharge a bullet at the deer or the musk-oxen. Warfare implies a joint attack by a group of animals upon other animals of the same kind—all other cases of conflict are either duels arising from the need of survival, as when two trees struggle for a foothold on a patch of earth where but one can endure, or when the weazel tracks down the hare without whose flesh it would perish; or else they arise from sexual jealousy, as when two stags wage a mortal contest for possession of the doe.

It will therefore be apparent that warfare in nature is a rare occurrence. One might almost say that there is no such thing as warfare in nature—were it not that the ants and their kindred do actually engage in conflicts reminding one of human military activities. The resemblance is far from perfect, of course, and it is hard to detect any similarity between the stings and mandibles of insects and the bombs and machine guns of our own race—yet there are some remarkable analogies, and it may repay us to note the battles of ants before turning to the battles of men.

The fighting of these insects is of several types, but more often than not is of the nature of hunting. We may mention, first of all, the driver ants of Africa and the "legionary" ants of South America, which move in vast, organized hosts, deploying and

maneuvering like human armies, and driving all living things irresistibly before them. In the case of the African species, which boasts numerous members whose powerful, enlarged heads entitle them to the designation of "soldiers," the warriors have been described as marching five or six abreast in long, unbroken columns; while certain of the American ants prefer to move in single file, and others advance in a swarm several yards in width. All are highly rapacious and predatory, and voraciously consume the flesh of beast, bird and insect, which they hunt down systematically and cooperatively; and when, as often happens, they encounter other ants, their hunting takes on the character of warfare, for they are all cannibalistically inclined, and do not scruple to attack and devour their fellow insects. Some even prefer to prey upon creatures of their own kind; and thus the so-called Rapacious Ant of South America makes its living by plundering the nests of a large but powerless ant of another genus and dining on the bodies of the victims. No doubt some resistance is offered—but, to imagine the nature of the attack, one must think what would happen if an unprepared civilized town were suddenly to be invaded by an army of sword-wielding cannibals.

A second form of warfare occurs in the case of what is known as the Robber Ant, a tiny creature that habitually lives in close proximity to an ant of much greater size. Without first inquiring whether or not it be trespassing, it connects its own nest with that of its larger neighbor; and from its own galleries, which are so narrow as to prevent entrance by the other ant, it makes occasional expeditions into the territory of its giant fellow. But it is actuated by no pleasant friendly feeling; it sneaks in uninvited after the manner of a burglar—indeed, it resembles a burglar, or, rather, a kidnapper, for its purpose is to steal the children of its neighbor. And it steals them with the foulest of intentions!—it is not only a thief but a cannibal, and it feasts upon the larvae which it bears off to its den. Sometimes, however, it is not so successful, but is caught in the act—and the fight that ensues bears some resemblance to real warfare, for, by means of jaws and

sting, the cornered invader will seek to defend itself against the irate guardians of the nest.

Thus the whole affair, while hardly taking on the dimensions of a great battle, reminds one of the fights that human communities have sometimes waged with bands of freebooters. But the likeness to human warfare is not so great as in the case of the so-called "slave-making" ants, which are probably somewhat better known, and which wage the most typical of all ant battles.

The term "slave-making," as various writers have pointed out, is perhaps misleading; ants do not make slaves as we understand the term. One might almost say that they are too humane, for their captives are not retained by force, nor are they in any way deprived of liberty or subjected to coercion. Yet certain species of ants do loot the nests of other species for the sake of gathering larvae and pupae to develop into workers to serve them; and the plundering expeditions are often the source of battles that are extensive in range and furiously fought. For example, there is a European red ant known as the Amazon, which occasionally sends out its warriors by the swarm to raid the nests of another species called the Mining Ants. Upon their approach, crowds of the Miners rush out to meet them, falling upon them with great energy and determination, while others occupy themselves with equal energy and determination to bear the larvae and pupae off to safety. Manifestly, here is organized activity, here is discipline and intelligence!—there is not that panic which one might expect, but a concerted attack upon the foe and at the same time a concerted effort to deprive the intruders of their spoils. Every inch of the ground is disputed, sometimes the assailants are even forced to restore their stolen goods; yet, for all the vehemence of the defense, the aggressors are the more powerful, and manage to enter the nests of their foes and to make away with much plunder. None the less, the defeated ones harry their retreating columns with such fury that they have to march off in close order for a distance of several paces.

It is noteworthy that, though the fighting waxes hot and vigor-

ous, there is no direct attempt to maim or slaughter, the object on the one side being the capture of prisoners, and on the other side the re-capture of the kidnapped or the defense of the still unmolested young. Only when any ant interferes with the purposes of the foe is it likely to be wounded or slain.

For a full description of the battles of ants—a description that will convey an excellent idea of their resemblance to human warfare—it may be best to repeat the observations of an eye witness. The following passage (quoted in Edward Step's *Go To The Ant*) is concerned with two familiar European species:

"On the 15th July, at ten in the morning, a small division of Sanguine Ants was dispatched from the garrison, and arrived in quick march near a nest of Negro Ants, situated twenty paces distant, around which they took their station. The inhabitants upon perceiving these strangers, rushed forth in a body to attack them, and led back several prisoners. The Sanguine Ants made no further advance; they appeared to be waiting some reinforcement. From time to time, little companies of these insects came from the garrison to strengthen the brigade. They now advanced a little nearer, and seemed more willing to run the risk of a general engagement; but in proportion as they approached the Negro dwelling, the more solicitous did they seem to dispatch couriers to the garrison, who, arriving in great haste, produced considerable alarm, when another division was immediately appointed to join the army. The Sanguine Ants, although thus reinforced, evinced little or no eagerness for combat, and only alarmed the Negroes by their presence. The latter took up a position in front of their nest of about two feet square, where nearly their whole force was assembled to await the enemy."

Frequent skirmishes take place, and the Negro Ants make vigorous efforts to save their pupae and larvae; but finally "the Sanguine Ants, sufficiently reinforced, throw themselves in the midst of the Negroes, attack them on all points, and arrive at the very gates of their city. The latter, after a brisk resistance, renounce its defence, seize upon the pupae deposited on the outside, and

convey them to a place of safety. The Sanguine Ants pursue, and endeavor to steal from them their treasure. The whole body of Negro Ants is in flight; some pass through the enemy's ranks, and at the hazard of their lives, enter once more their habitations, and expeditiously carry off the larvae, that would otherwise remain devoted to pillage."

THE BATTLE OF THE ANTS

Surely, this is actual warfare! And surely, when one considers how long the ants dwelt on earth before the arrival of man, one must conclude that the earliest battles were fought not by crude humans with stone axe or wooden club, but by insects that swarmed along the ground when mighty prehuman monsters thundered overhead.

CHAPTER III

UNCIVILIZED WARRIORS

The first human battles were of course forgotten ages ago. There were no historians to record them; or, if there were historians, they too have been forgotten; and we do not know when the conflicts were waged, nor where, nor how. We can only suppose that they arose in the days when cave-bears and mammoths still roamed the land; and we may imagine that they began when some hairy chief, armed with club or wooden spear, led his followers into hand-to-hand combat with the invaders who had settled in their cave or monopolized their hunting ground.

But this is the merest conjecture, and we cannot hope that any eye will ever penetrate the darkness of those lost centuries. If we would form some idea of the contests of our early ancestors, the simplest course will be to turn to those savages that still inhabit the earth, or to those that have inhabited it within human memory. The resemblance will not be perfect, of course, for the aborigines of ten thousand years ago or fifty thousand years ago cannot have had the same environment or racial heritage as the aborigines of to-day. Yet there are sure to be some analogies, and the present can hardly fail to reflect certain features of the past. The logical order of discussion therefore need not be the chronological; but we may wait till a later chapter to consider the evidence of archeology as to prehistoric warfare.

When we turn to the savages of the modern world, we must be ready for surprising discoveries. We must expect to find some prevalent notions overturned, and must be prepared to learn that the actual savage warrior is not at all like the savage warrior that we imagine. The general conception, I need hardly point out, is

that the typical uncivilized person is a bloodthirsty person indeed; that primitive man is a lover of carnage and battle, and that he is never better pleased than when wielding a gory spear or chopping off the heads of his enemies. Such a conception, pic-

PRIMITIVE MAN

turesque though it be, has the single drawback that it does not correspond with the facts—for the warlike qualities of savages have been vastly exaggerated and their peaceful qualities frequently overlooked. If one will take the trouble to inquire into the ways of the natives of Africa, of the Pacific Islands, and of

the wildernesses of Asia and America, one will find that warfare is not only much less prevalent but much less favored than is commonly supposed. Indeed, one may seriously doubt the often-repeated statement that warfare is a "relic of barbarism," and may wonder whether, on the contrary, it is not a product of civilization.

To begin with, one will discover that there are some peoples whose vocabulary boasts no word corresponding to "war." Among the Eskimos, for example, intertribal combat is unknown; and it has been reported that white men, trying to convey to them some idea of our civilized conflicts, have found it impossible to make themselves understood. On this point the testimony of the celebrated explorer, Friëdjof Nansen, will be of interest. Speaking of the Greenlanders, he declares that "Fighting and brutalities of that sort . . . are unknown among them, and murder is very rare. They hold it atrocious to kill a fellow-creature; therefore war is in their eyes incomprehensible and repulsive . . . and soldiers and officers brought up to the trade of killing, they regard as mere butchers."[1]

And the Eskimos are not alone in this point of view. In a contribution to "Hibbert's Journal," entitled *The Peaceable Habits of Primitive Communities*, W. J. Perry points out that, in widely scattered parts of the earth, from Lapland to the Philippines, and from Tierra del Fuego to Ceylon, there exist tribes that do not know the meaning of warfare. Although differing widely in race and in environment, all these tribes are similar in the simplicity of their lives and in their almost complete lack of social organization; communism is the general rule among them, and violence and cruelty are unknown. Yet these are among the crudest of savages! They are the lowest living representatives of the human race! They are so backward in development that even agriculture is unknown among them! And they lead one, accordingly, to a conclusion as strange as their strange mode of life —for, since they have no chieftains and possess nothing beyond

[1] Friëdjof Nansen, *Eskimo Life*.

the rudiments of property, it would appear that the end of the reign of peace and the beginnings of warfare do not arrive until the day of Ownership and Authority.

Let us now advance upward in the scale from these utterly primitive peoples to those that no longer enjoy mutual harmony and no longer hold it hateful to kill. Even among these, one is bound to admit, the wars show no closer resemblance to those of civilized nations than a child's cap pistol shows to a sixteen-inch siege gun. In the first place, the conflicts are rarely very costly in life; we are told for example, how, in the inter-communal contests of the Namau people of New Guinea, the warriors will shout, dance and gesticulate vehemently, but will avoid excessive danger by a rule forbidding them to come to close quarters.[1] Likewise, we are informed of a war in East Africa which, while lasting three years and regarded as a major operation, resulted in a total loss of three men to each side. Using this as a basis for judgment, one is bound to regard a modern Chinese tong war as a gigantic military undertaking; while the contest of a sheriff's posse with a gang of escaped bandits is to be considered warfare on a grand scale.

But savage conflicts are not only vastly inferior in scope to civilized struggles; they are surprisingly different in spirit. Let us consider, for example, the confessed purpose of most of the wars of advanced races: in the majority of cases they have either been avowedly waged for political motives, as when Cæsar fought Pompey, or when the American colonies battled for independence, or when the southern states struggled to secede; or else they have been frankly aimed at renown and glory, at conquest or resistance to conquest, as when the victorious phalanxes of Alexander swept through the East or the legions of Rome exacted homage from the entire Mediterranean world. Not so, however, with savage warfare. Its objects are simpler and cruder; and the conquest of territory and the glory of victory make far less

[1] J. H. Holmes, *In Primitive New Guinea.*

appeal to the savage mind. In general, we will find that the so-called warfare of savages divides itself into three classes: blood-feuds; raids for the capture of slaves, booty or human flesh; and raids for the fulfillment of religious or superstitious ends. And in none of these will one find more than a casual resemblance, either in motive or in action, to the wars of the more cultured world.

In the case of the blood-feud, it is true, one is reminded of the deadly conflicts formerly waged among the mountaineers of Scotland and among the backwoodsmen of Kentucky and Tennessee. Except for the fact that the savages are not usually armed with guns, there certainly is some resemblance both in aim and in method; frequently the reason for fighting, among the primitive peoples as among the untutored whites, is the desire for revenge or retribution for some injury or fancied injury. Thus, we are told that, among the Australian aborigines, "Intertribal feuds began as a rule with some offense," such as "Killing by magic, violence, etc., and were settled by duels. There was hardly anything corresponding to a state of war, where armed parties went into battle intending to kill as many adversaries as possible; the judicial combats ended, as a rule, in reconciliation . . . When one party got the worst of it, they retired from the field in a body; even in this case, however, the defeated tribe returned in the evening . . . it could not, therefore, have been more than a temporary state of hostilities, for the enemy had evidently left the scene." [1]

Substantiating this conclusion, we are informed by another writer that, "in contrast with the loose ideas generally held, war in the tribe cannot be deemed a normal condition," while "wars for conquest are not to be found." [2] That which we are prone to take for a military expedition is in reality a party organized for purposes of punishment or revenge—and the error we commit is

[1] N. W. Thomas, *Natives of Australia.*

[2] G. C. Wheeler, *The Tribal and Intertribal Relations in Australia.*

a little like that of a visitor who, arriving in the state of Georgia or Mississippi and witnessing the lynching of a negro, would describe the country as in a state of war.

But if, even in our own civilized land, punitive bands may at times go to horrible extremes, we can hardly expect them to keep within humane limits in more savage countries. It is but natural that they should occasionally commit abuses, and that by degrees such abuses should become more frequent and be sanctified by custom. Hence they may move in a vicious circle, so that the fighting, originally intended solely for retribution, may bring some other and coveted reward, which in time may come to be the actual motive of the contests.

This seems, in fact, to be actually what has happened on Easter Island. J. Macmillan Brown informs us that, according to the traditions of the island, the clans would prepare for war upon the call of the nearest of kin to a murdered person: "No clansman dared refuse such a call. And when they met they fought till the slayer was slain, and then it ended with a sociable banquet on the bodies of those that had fallen. But that did not prevent reprisals; the vendetta was endless and closely interwoven with the appetite for human flesh." [1] Or, as the author declares by way of summary, "Their wars were nothing but local shindies or riots arising from the lack of all apparatus for securing justice or keeping the peace, and ending in an amicable banquet on the bodies of those that had been knocked on the head." [2]

From the blood-feud to cannibalism would therefore seem to be but a short step; and it is not impossible that warfare among many savage peoples, originally intended for purposes of revenge, has been perpetuated because of the opportunity it provides for satisfying the appetite for human flesh.

At all events, it is known that the Niam-Niam and Monbuttu tribes of Africa have conducted wars for the sake of obtaining

[1] J. Macmillan Brown, *The Riddle of the Pacific.*
[2] *Ibid.*

human flesh; while in West Africa human flesh was formerly sold in the market like that of sheep or cattle. It is conceivable that this practice, like the practices of the Easter Islanders, originated as a by-product of blood-feuds or raids for booty; but, having stimulated a depraved appetite, cannibalism became in time a cause as well as a result of warfare.

One suspects that something very similar has occurred among the cannibals of New Guinea, Borneo and the other Pacific islands; and one knows that some such development has been connected with the practice of head-hunting. This custom, which was formerly widespread and flourishing, owed its origin in some sections to the blood-feud or vendetta, and in other regions was adopted for religious or ceremonial purposes; but, whatever the excuse for it, it has been the primary source of warfare among many of the Malays and Papuans. And here, if ever among savage races, we may observe warfare artificially cultivated, much as curious customs of marriage or religion or sorcery are cultivated elsewhere. Strange to say, many of the head-hunters do not appear to be especially brutal by nature; observers agree, for example, that the Dyaks of Borneo, at times among the most remorseless of cutthroats, are on the whole a kindly and hospitable folk; and A. R. Wallace characterizes them as "among the most pleasing of savages," adding that "They are good-natured, mild, and by no means bloodthirsty in the ordinary relations of life." Head-hunting with them is a custom, and who is there that would not do as custom directs? The practice is to be followed for the very good reason that it has been followed; it is no more to be questioned than anything else that is ancient; hence it does not necessarily "imply any extraordinary barbarism or moral delinquency."

Yet we have reason for believing that it is something more than a custom. Friedrich Ratzel, in his voluminous work on *The History of Mankind*, makes the statement that head-hunting among the Dyaks, "though it originally proceeded from religious and political motives, soon extended its circle of victims, and the desire of possessing human skulls became a passion."

And here, as in the case of cannibalism, we will observe how a vicious practice, once begun, will tend to perpetuate itself by planting insidious seeds in the human mind—indeed, we will note more than a slight resemblance to cannibalism, since the habit of hunting heads has sometimes encouraged the habit of devouring the bodies of the beheaded, and head-hunting is therefore under the suspicion of being practiced in order to gratify a man-eating appetite.

DYAKS OF NORTH BORNEO

It should be pointed out, however, that cannibalism is not the usual motive of head-hunting. When not resorted to for purposes of revenge, head-hunting has sometimes been employed (as in Borneo) as a substitute for human sacrifice, which was formerly the custom at the funeral of chiefs. Again, it has been the means of securing heads to plant, as a guarantee of good fortune, beneath the foundations of a new building; on other occasions, it has been invoked as a superstitious rite for agricultural purposes, the belief being that the heads must be obtained if the crops were to grow; while, among a tribe known as the Ilongotes, there was

a romantic little custom requiring a bridegroom to bring his bride a number of heads as a wedding gift.

But, though many savages have been known to be most energetic in their quest of heads and ardent in their worship of skulls, I must not convey the impression that head-hunting expeditions bear anything but the remotest resemblance to warfare. More often than not, they are mere raids, conducted with all possible secrecy, and aiming to succeed by means of a surprise attack rather than by open combat; and not infrequently the chosen victims are women and children rather than able-bodied warriors. If it be thought necessary to secure the head of a clansman of an offending group, that head is secured, and as quietly and as expeditiously as possible; and if, on the other hand, some heads are required for religious functions or in order that the crops may prosper, the tribesmen set out to obtain the essential objects in as discreet and business-like a manner as the civilized trapper who covets the bounty on wolf pelts.

From capturing the head of an enemy to capturing him alive and enslaving him would seem to be but a simple step; and, indeed, we will find that slavery is among the objects of savage warfare. It is true that it is not known to abound in the head-hunting countries; but it has prevailed among certain savage races, and, like head-hunting, has represented either a specialized form of the raid for booty or else a variety of the raid for religious or ceremonial reasons. One is sorry to have to report, however, that the custom has been sadly stimulated and encouraged by the coming of the whites. "Let us not forget," Friedrich Ratzel warns us, "that the bloodiest and most ruinous wars waged by the natural races have been those that they carried on not with themselves but with Europeans, and that nothing has incurred violence and cruelty among them in such a high degree as has the slave trade, instigated by the avarice of more highly civilized strangers, with all its horrible consequences of slave-hunting."[1] How the slave-hunting desire worms itself into the

[1] *The History of Mankind.* Volume I.

psychology of men, and how it is connected with degeneracy and war, is further indicated by Ratzel in the statement that, "When men are a form of capital, their tendency is, like other capital, to accumulate; for the desire of owning slaves is just as insatiable as the craving for property and wealth in any other form. Therein lies the greatest danger of the institution. Excessive slavery . . . splits up the nation, of which an ever-increasing portion fall into slavery; it brings on war, devastation, tyranny, human sacrifice, cannibalism." [1]

It is in West Africa that the slave raids have been most widespread and notorious; and it is there, also, that the white man has been most largely responsible for bringing warfare to peoples that, if left to themselves, would have been fairly peaceable. "The method followed," as one observer tells us, "was to give the people of the coast tribes guns and powder and encourage them to make war on their helpless neighbors farther inland . . . The smaller and less warlike tribes were either enslaved wholesale or dispersed into forests and mountains. The larger were compelled to subordinate everything to defense . . . A military character and a military organization were everywhere in the end, so far as the great lakes and the central watershed, the conditions of tribal survival." [2]

It is computed that, as a result of the slave wars, not less than eight million persons were sold in America, while at least five times as many perished in the conflicts or during the aftermath; yet "the sole motive . . . was the desire of profit in the hearts of men in Europe, Asia and America, who from their wealth were counted respectable beyond the ordinary."

In many countries, as Friedrich Ratzel indicates, the slave wars have had an object more repulsive to the modern taste even than slavery—the object of human sacrifice. Strangely enough, this most abhorrent of all practices has not usually been connected with peoples in their earliest stage of development; we do wrong

[1] *The History of Mankind.* Volume I.
[2] Norman Leys, *Kenya.*

to picture it as the peculiar delight of naked and grimacing savages rollicking about the grass-roofed huts of some virgin jungle. The reader will recall that it was known to the civilized peoples of the ancient world; that the Bible speaks of it, and that the patriarchal Abraham once came within a hair's breadth of taking the life of his own son; that Assyria and Phoenicia resorted to it, and that there is evidence of its prevalence at

AZTEC PRIEST SLAYING WAR CAPTIVE

Mycaenae; that the Carthaginians offered up living victims before the altars of Moloch and Baal, and that it was not unfamiliar to the old Romans, to the Gauls and to the Druids of Britain. But perhaps nowhere has it been more religiously practiced than among the Aztecs. Just how many victims this people sacrificed each year we do not know, except that the numbers ran far into the thousands; it is reported that seventy thousand captives perished at the dedication of the great temple of Huitzilopotchli in 1486; and the companions of Cortes counted as many as a hundred and thirty-six thousand skulls preserved in a single

edifice.[1] Yet the significant fact, from our point of view, is not that the victims were so numerous, but that human sacrifice developed into a form of fanaticism, which was not only connected with warfare, but became a prime cause of conflict.

"The great object of war with the Aztecs," Prescott informs us, "was quite as much to gather victims for their sacrifices as to extend their empire. Hence it was that an enemy was never slain in battle, if there was a chance of taking him alive . . . As the supply of prisoners began to fail, the priests, the Dominicans of the New World, bellowed aloud for more, and urged on their superstitious sovereign by the denunciations of celestial wrath. Like the militant Churchmen of the Middle Ages, they mingled themselves in the ranks, and were conspicuous in the thickest of the fight by their hideous aspects and frantic gestures." [2]

Even this, however, does not more than begin to indicate the importance of religion among the Aztecs as the motive power of war. In his passion to capture victims for sacrifice, the warrior had not only the prospect of the gratification of his fanaticism if he succeeded, but the promise of everlasting reward if he failed. "The soldier who fell in battle was transported at once to the region of ineffable bliss in the bright mansions of the Sun. Every war, therefore, became a crusade; and the warrior, animated by a religious enthusiasm, like that of the early Saracen, or the Christian crusader, was not only raised to a contempt of danger, but courted it, for the imperishable crown of martyrdom." [3]

Certainly, it would be difficult to imagine a shrewder or more thoroughgoing cultivation of the psychology of war!

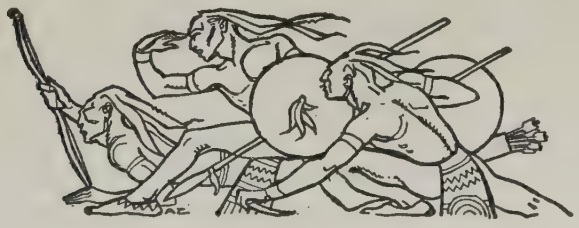
In furtherance of their purpose of securing captives to be slain at the altar of the god—and to be eaten in the name of the god—the Aztecs had a definite and comprehensive military organization. The king was the commander-in-chief, and the armies

[1] Prescott, *The Conquest of Mexico*, Vol. I.
[2] *Ibid.*
[3] *Ibid.*

were divided into bodies of eight thousand men, which in turn were split up into companies of three or four hundred; garrisons were established in the larger cities, for the sake of suppressing revolt and enforcing tribute, and the conquered provinces were compelled to pay their quota of recruits; while a stern military code, not dissimilar to that of more civilized peoples, provided the death penalty for the disobedience of orders, for attacking the enemy before the given signal, or for plundering booty or prisoners. Yet for him who conducted himself with circumspection there were honors to be paid; there were various military orders, each with their distinctive privileges and insignia; while there existed also "a sort of knighthood of inferior degree," which, as Prescott drily remarks, "was the cheapest reward of martial prowess." "Whoever had not reached it was excluded from using ornaments on his arms or his person, and obliged to wear a coarse white stuff, made from the threads of the aloe." [1]

It is curious, in this respect, to note how similar are the methods that military leaders in various ages and lands have employed to play upon the pride of their followers, to stimulate a competition for honorary trinkets or for rank, and so to lend artificial encouragement to a warlike psychology.

[1] Prescott, *The Conquest of Mexico*, Vol. I.



CHAPTER IV

UNCIVILIZED WARRIORS (CONTINUED)

We have now considered two of the chief sources of warfare among savage and semi-savage peoples: blood-feuds, and raids for religious or ceremonial purposes. But there is a third outstanding motive, a motive that in some regions has been the most prominent of all: the greed of gain has been the incentive of fighting among many peoples who are not warlike by nature and do not love war for its own sake.

This is particularly true of the natives of Africa. As among certain more highly civilized races, the acquisition of property is considered sufficient excuse for actions that might otherwise be regarded as repugnant or dishonorable; and the spirit of the warrior is the spirit of the seeker of wealth. The testimony of innumerable observers is in accord upon this point. If we turn, for example, to Major St. J. Orde Browne's volume on *The Vanishing Tribes of Kenya,* we will read that these East African savages "cannot be described as naturally warlike in disposition; there is no sort of feeling that war is honorable or desirable in itself, and when it occurred it was always for the purpose of obtaining some definite object, which was generally some sort of plunder. A successful leader was respected and admired, but more because he had secured some material benefits than because of his valour or prowess. If possible, the same results would always have been obtained by craft or fraud, for preference. . . . War as such was undoubtedly detested by most sections of the community, though the enterprising young men probably enjoyed the excitement; but all classes regarded it as a most promising way of obtaining riches,

and it therefore remained popular with the most powerful sections."

This conclusion is substantiated by Norman Leys in his volume on *Kenya*. "The wars of the Masai," he tells us "were, like those of the Scottish clans, purely plundering expeditions, but without the Highlanders' excuses of poverty and over-population. . . . Cattle were the great objects of these raids. Men were scarcely ever attacked unless they attempted to defend their cattle." Yet, though the object of the expeditions was to capture animals rather than to slay men, the raiders were well trained and organized, and were so confident of their prowess that they "even boasted of never attacking without giving notice." One wonders whether the sending of notice was not a step toward terrorizing their opponents into submission; for, among the unwarlike peoples whom they encountered, resistance was never very brisk or determined; their adversaries, in common with most uncivilized warriors, were wont to take to their heels after the first casualties; and the reputation of the Masai made most of their raids "easy and nearly bloodless victories."

Cattle-stealing seems likewise to have been the chief object of warfare in the Konde (Lake Nyasa region of East Africa); though wife-stealing, insults, and the expulsion of an unpopular chief were also occasional causes of strife. "When a chief wished to go to war he held secret council with his headmen and official advisers, the objective of the 'war' being to 'eat' the cattle of another chief." [1] Dreams and portents were then consulted; the medicine men provided drugs for protection against the foe, a particularly potent decoction being procurable for a fee; prayers and war dances followed, consuming upon occasion as much as two or three days—and then, shielded by all the defenses of magic and religion, the warriors would stride forth gallantly on the trail of the coveted cattle.

The actual fighting, in common with that of many primitive

[1] D. R. Mackenzie, *The Spirit-Ridden Konde.*

peoples, was accomplished in part by means of the tongue—the blows at the enemy were accompanied by much bluster and boasting. When the opposing forces came within a spear's throw of one another, the missiles would begin to fly; but "here and there a great hero stood out to hurl insulting language at the enemy, challenging them to 'come on' and be scattered by his single arm." [1] But apparently the courage of the fighters consisted

THE CHALLENGE TO COMBAT

chiefly in words; at the earliest casualties, the losing side would retire, though after retreating a short distance it would regain its boldness and turn back upon the foe. It does not follow, however, that there would be any earliest casualties; sometimes all the warriors returned safely from "these far from desperate encounters"—and then great would be the rejoicing as the victors held a feast on the cattle of their foe. However, "The defeated chief, if he had any cattle left, also gave his men a feast"—and so perhaps the war would end with all parties in the best of humor.

[1] D. R. Mackenzie, *The Spirit-Ridden Konde.*

The comparatively harmless character of these conflicts is possibly to be explained by the fact that they were "mostly a sudden rush to arms of untrained and unprepared men, with not even, in the less important cases, a declaration of war. . . . The idea of a standing army for defense and attack did not rise above their mental horizon, and when war came a wild rush to arms was their only resort."

Somewhat similar are the findings of Sir Harry Johnston as to warfare in the Congo—although in this case the conquerors seem to be more savage in their motives and practices. "Except for the slave-raiding *razzias* in the north, south-center and east, *war* is never made on a large scale. It is chiefly provoked by migratory race movements. One tribe invades the domain of another and then fighting ensues. The conquerors espouse the women of the conquered community, sell or enslave the boys, kill and eat the adult male prisoners. There are also petty wars between town and town, usually resulting from the abduction of women or the stealing of goats." [1]

It is interesting to note, in passing, some of the defensive measures adopted by the Congo tribes. Some of them erect fortifications in the shape of stockades around the villages or the chiefs' compounds; others beset the approaches to the towns with sharp and almost invisible splinters of palm or bamboo, calculated to pierce the soles of intruders; while a tribe known as the Banyanzi, still more ingenious, display a strategy that its foes no doubt discover to their cost. In the center of the road these people place a pitfall, which they take care to leave only partly disguised; while on both sides of the road are other pitfalls that are altogether disguised—with the result that an approaching enemy, if he be alert, but not too alert, will probably take the path of escape that leads "out of the frying pan into the fire."

Perhaps the most warlike of the African tribes—or, at any rate, the most successfully warlike—have been the Zulus. The

[1] Sir Harry Johnston, *George Grenfell and the Congo*. Volume II.

story of their conquests and depredations is well known: a small and unimportant people at the end of the eighteenth century, they suddenly developed an aggressive military character, and, setting out upon the warpath, brought a considerable portion of South Africa under their control. By 1824 they had reached the apogee of their power; while, maintaining their supremacy with a force of from twelve to fifteen thousand men, they were objects of terror to their more peacefully inclined neighbors. Nor was the terror without justification; in common with most conquering peoples, they were wont to enforce their will by means of massacre and wanton cruelty. Upon entering the territory of a foe, they would give the people the choice of incorporation in the Zulu empire or of virtual extermination—and the task of extermination, once undertaken, was accomplished with thoroughness and efficiency, the only survivors being the young boys and girls who could serve as carriers for the invading army.

Yet it must not be imagined that the object of the Zulu advance was territorial conquest. Their dominions, even at the largest, were not very extensive; like the vast majority of savage races, they had little or no regard for land as such; and, like their fellow Africans, they fought in order to capture cattle rather than to extend their domains. Cattle, in fact, represented their chief form of wealth; the women and children lived largely upon milk, and flesh was not disdained by the men; while the general attitude is indicated by the ceremonial speech which the youths were required to make to the king upon their initiation into manhood: "We are men, O king; we are no longer boys. Give us cattle to herd and to defend."

The Zulus, in a word, were little more than cowboys in time of peace and organized cattle thieves in time of war; and their entire society was built upon a basis of cattle theft.

And, in the interests of their herds, they established a warlike organization unique among savage peoples. From earliest childhood, the Zulu was inured with the military spirit; little effort was spared to inculcate a psychology of bloodshed and plunder;

each regiment had children in training, and the segregation of boys for military purposes, as among the Spartans, began at the age of seven. As an indication of the standards held before the maturing Zulu youth, one need only mention that no male could be officially admitted to manhood before he had killed a man; while, as an example of the methods employed to keep the fighters in a warlike mood, one has only to state that cowards in the ranks were killed after each battle, and that, for the sake of maintaining the "morale," it was customary to accuse a few men of cowardice after every engagement.

Under such circumstances, is it remarkable if the Zulus fought desperately? They were battling, as it were, between the twin jaws of destruction: an artificial principle of survival had been established, and they knew that, if they did not fight with all possible ferocity, the accusations of their own men might prove as fatal as the thrusts of the foe.

Perhaps the prime factor in the conquests of the Zulus was the merciless discipline maintained by the war-chieftain, Cheka. Yet scarcely less important was the terrorizing reputation which they inspired by their massacre of entire populations; while the high training of the men in physical endurance, the introduction of hand to hand fighting, the well organized system of espionage and the tactics of surrounding and annihilating an enemy, were other elements of importance. On the whole, the measures that made the Zulus invincible were those that tended to produce a psychological spur to fighting; while those forces that crushed resistance in the foe were largely those that instilled in him a psychological sense of impotence.

In contrast with the Zulus, one is tempted to mention another conquering race, a race dominant in the New World before the coming of the whites—the Incas of South America. True, the Incas were not savages, and the communistic civilization they devised was in some respects the most advanced the world has ever known; yet their institutions did exhibit certain barbaric features, and many of the peoples embraced in their empire were

of savage or semi-savage stock. Like the Zulus, the Incas were irresistible in warfare; but, unlike the Zulus, they did not fight for the possession of cattle, nor primarily for the possession of property of any kind. With a bold imperial aim that indicates their kinship to the most cultured nations of the earth, they strove above all things for the extension of sovereignty; and the object of most of their wars was the subjection of new peoples to their authority. Yet they exhibited none of the avidity of an Alexander or a Tamerlane, and did not permit their conquests to exceed their powers of national assimilation. They "recognized the value of moderation even in conquest and never annexed more territory than they were able to colonize at once in their own way. Thus fighting within the boundaries of the empire was of very rare occurrence." [1]

It is edifying to observe the methods that the Incas employed in their seizure of territory. Guided by a spirit of diplomacy, they did not plunge precipitately into the fray; their tactics were calculated and well considered, and they had no desire to take by the sword that which they could acquire by means of skillful persuasion. Once they had decided to add any particular territory to their kingdom, they would send gifts to the inhabitants, together with enticing descriptions of life under the Inca rule and suggestions that the people voluntarily submit themselves to Inca control. Simultaneously, with a view of making the path of conquest easy, they would dispatch messengers to the neighbors of their intended victims, demanding an alliance with the Incas or at least a guarantee of neutrality, and threatening dire penalties should the demands not be met.

And bold indeed was the tribe that would defy the Incas and lend aid to their foes! The avenging hand would smite fiercely and cruelly; the leaders of the opposition would be slain; the warriors would be put to death or carried away into slavery. Yet to those who submitted to their demands, the Incas would be

[1] Otfrid Von Hanstein, *The World of the Incas.*

benevolent rulers; all plundering in the subject territory would meet with stern punishment; and the well ordered government of the conquerors would be quickly established.

But despite its conquests, as Von Hanstein remarks, the Inca kingdom "was a peace-loving state that certainly never made war for the love of fighting." We can observe among the Incas no reveling in slaughter, no extremes of cruelty such as we find among their Mexican kindred, the Aztecs. At times, to be sure, when convulsed by the passions of the battlefield, they would not hesitate to maim and murder—but were they different in that respect from any other race that has ever wielded the sword? On the whole the people pursued their prescribed peaceful occupations with but minor interruptions from youth to old age; and few governments have ever provided for their citizens a greater measure of security.

It should be added, none the less, that their military system was as carefully organized and controlled as their system of civil administration; that fortifications were established on all the frontiers of the country, and garrisons equipped with well trained soldiers; that excellent roads facilitated the march of the army, and couriers relayed dispatches at remarkable speed; that universal military service was the rule, and that every man of a specified age—probably between twenty-five and fifty—was subject to be called for the national defense (or, as was more often the case, the national offensive).

Considering the fact that gunpowder was unknown, the Inca armies were splendidly equipped. Marching to battle to the music of shellhorns, drums, reed-pipes and copper trumpets, the warriors would display short swords of hard wood, and axes and clubs of stone and bronze; they would flaunt bows and arrows, lances pointed with fish-bone or flint, and slings by means of which to hurl red-hot stones wrapped in burning rags; while, from the breasts of the princes, would gleam golden coats decorated with the emblem of the sun; and on the heads of the leaders one might behold wooden helmets engraved in the likeness of

wild beasts and perhaps ornamented with the skulls of jaguars.

But magnificent as the army appeared when setting out for battle, it presented a still more arresting sight upon its triumphant return. As in other empires before and since and notably in the case of Rome, the arrival of the conqueror at his capital was made the occasion of a barbaric display—the occasion for a spec-

INCA SOLDIERS

tacle calculated to dazzle the popular mind with the glamour and glory of war. To the accompaniment of shouts of rejoicing and the beating of drums, the leader would ride toward the gaily decorated and befeathered awaiting multitudes; and before him two thousand plumed warriors would advance with the trophies of gold and silver taken from the conquered lands. But still stranger sights would follow—the dead and blown-out bodies of fallen foes; then multitudes of nude captives in chains; then, after the procession of the vanquished, the ruler's family in festal garb and with golden weapons; then fifteen hundred dancing maidens, their ankles adorned with gold and silver; then, finally,

the royal retinue, and the sovereign himself upon a throne of gold.

Here, manifestly, the ostentation and ceremony of victory rival that of the most civilized races of the ancient world. And if the Incas, in waging wars for conquest, are an exception among the peoples we have discussed, the reason is evidently that they had progressed an exceptional distance up the slope of civilization, and had arrived at that advanced stage where not only Wealth but Glory and Power seem among the desirable objects of existence.

While the Incas were conquering their neighbors and erecting a powerful empire in South America, their brothers far to the north were engaged in warfare of a less systematic and more casual type. On the wide prairies and among the impenetrable forests and mountains of what is to-day the United States, occasional bands of braves would bend the bow and swing the tomahawk in conflicts as inferior in scale to those of the Incas as their society was inferior in organization. But it must not be imagined, as has been imagined too frequently, that the Indians of North America were incessantly on the war-path; one must not picture them as blood-greedy savages whose chief occupation was to scalp their enemies and whose chief delight was to torture prisoners; they were in reality less combatively inclined than the white man has generally acknowledged, and warfare was by no means the universal rule among them. Leaving out of account their battles with the European despoilers of their land—battles which we may more properly consider in a later chapter—their wars were not bloody to an extent comparable with those of their civilized contemporaries; and, previous to the introduction of certain aids and incentives to fighting from the country of the white man, they had small acquaintance with destruction and murder on a large scale.

Listen, for example, to what Charles A. Eastman—himself an Indian by birth—has to say regarding the conflicts of the redskin: "Intertribal contests were not based upon the same motives nor

waged for the same objects as the wars of civilization—namely, for spoil and territorial aggrandizement. There was no mass play; army was not pitted against army; individual valor was held in high regard. It was not usual to take captives, except occasionally of women and children, who were adopted into the tribe and treated with kindness. There was no traffic in the labor or flesh of prisoners. Such warfare, in fact, was scarcely more than a series of duels or irregular skirmishes, engaged in by individuals and small groups, and in many cases was but little rougher than a game of university football." [1]

The only atrocity of this early warfare, as Mr. Eastman points out, "was the taking of a small scalp lock by the leader"—and even here the cruelty had the excuse of a semi-religious motive. But not all the tribes took scalps; and the habit of scalping reached its climax not through the incentive of the Indian but because of the inspiration of the white man. "It was only after the bounties offered by the colonial governments, notably in Massachusetts and Pennsylvania, for scalps of women and children as well as men, that the practice became general, and led to further mutilations, often stigmatized as 'Indian,' though in reality they have been practiced by so-called civilized nations down to a recent period. That one should do murder for pay is not an Indian idea but one imposed upon the race by white barbarians." [2]

It is doubtless true that many of the Indian tribes did have a love of fighting; it is furthermore true that this love of fighting, as among the Zulus and other savage races, was carefully trained and cultivated, and that the successful warrior was held up for general approbation and applause. Under such circumstances, it was but natural that the youth should grow up with the idea that nothing was more meritorious than to fight; it was but natural that he should seek to emulate his elders, whom he saw decorated and honored for feats of skill and bravery on the battle-

[1] Charles A. Eastman, *The Indian To-Day.*
[2] *Ibid.*

field—and, under the stimulus of a warlike spirit, it was unavoidable that there should be occasional conflicts.

The American Indian therefore differs from the majority of savages, who, as we have seen, have but small regard for renown and glory. Yet, in his preoccupation with such objects, he was apt to fight in the manner of an athlete coveting applause rather than of a soldier faced with a need of survival. Many of the original contests of the Indian, indeed, had the spirit of a game; it was the desire of the brave to perform some feat of outstanding courage and skill, much as—in a lesser degree—it is the desire of the modern baseball hero to steal many bases or to knock home runs. Thus—as opposed to the methods of civilized warfare, which oblige every combatant to avail himself of all advantages of equipment—it was regarded as an evidence of bravery among certain tribes to go into battle without the aid of any weapons that could do damage at a distance: "It was more creditable to carry a lance than a bow and arrows; more creditable to carry a hatchet or a war-club than a lance; and the bravest thing of all was to go into a fight with nothing more than a whip, or a long twig—sometimes called a coup-stick." [1]

Here, obviously, we have the spirit not of men filled with a thirst for blood, but of contestants desiring to excel in a skillful bit of sport.

The same spirit of competition and play is in evidence in another custom of the Indians—a custom which untrained observers have misinterpreted as reflecting a love of sanguinary trophies. Frequently, upon the death of a foe on the battlefield, the braves have been seen to rush toward him in a mad rout, striking him or tearing off his scalp. Yet the taking of the scalp is but a minor incident; the important thing is for the warriors to touch their stricken enemy, since the tribal rules provide honors for the first three—or, in some cases, the first four—who succeed in reaching the lifeless body. It is easy to see how the warriors would

[1] George Bird Grinnell, *The Cheyenne Indians.*

compete for the credit of this achievement, much as our college "track men" compete for the prestige of winning a race; and it is not difficult to understand how the friendly competition for honors, even more than the competition with the foe, would engender a love of fighting and would appeal to that desire for distinction and applause which lies somewhere concealed in the heart of every man.

Aside from the incentive of physical rivalry and of renown, most of the intertribal wars of the Indian were inspired by the blood-feud: the American aborigine, in common with the savages of many lands, was frequently aroused at thought of injuries or insults to himself or to his tribesmen. Thus, among the Cheyennes, as Grinnell informs us, the avenging of wrongs was a dominant motive; men and women alike regarded it as a legitimate excuse for warfare. Accordingly, it was likely to incur an endless vendetta. "If people belonging to the village had been killed in some recent fight, the women in the camp went about and begged the young men to go to war, to take vengeance on their enemies. . . . The killing of enemies brought comfort and consolation to those whose relations had been killed by those of that tribe—it wiped away their tears." [1] On some occasions, volunteer war-parties would set out with only this justification in mind, while in other cases, when the injury was more severe, the whole tribe would participate—and one can easily imagine that, once they had taken revenge on the foe, the foe would be filled with an equally righteous desire to take revenge upon them, in response to which they would feel the need for still further retribution upon the enemy, so that the feud would sway back and forth, back and forth, back and forth almost interminably.

But the motives for Indian warfare before the arrival of the "paleface" were as nothing beside the incentives provided by the newcomers. Even aside from the wars with the whites themselves, and aside from the vastly increased deadliness of inter-

[1] George Bird Grinnell, *The Cheyenne Indians.*

tribal conflicts owing to the introduction of gunpowder, the invaders indirectly offered a new and irresistible impetus to fighting. For they brought with them the horse—and the horse was at once a marvel to be admired, and a possession of unrivaled and magical value. It equipped the red man to cover an extent of territory previously inconceivable; it enabled him to carry loads once impossible to transport; it was of valuable assistance in hunting, and was invaluable in entering and exploring untried country, in pursuing foes and in escaping pursuit. Hence it came to be esteemed not only for itself, but almost as a medium of exchange—there was no article that a man would not barter for a horse. And since horses were rare and could most easily be obtained by capturing them from one's neighbors, the Indians of the plains began to wage wars for horses, somewhat as the African native wages wars for cattle. Specialists in the seizure of horses began to rise; horse-thievery developed into a profession, paying rich dividends to the audacious; it became the object of the warrior to avoid his enemy but to steal his enemy's steed; and it is related that, in some of the conflicts, the fighters totally disregarded their wounded foes in order to devote themselves to the coveted animals.

And thus did property—in a four-footed form—give birth to the motive of greed in the heart of the red man, and supply him with the most powerful incentive to warfare that his race had ever known.

And yet, in a lesser degree, property had already laid its heavy hand upon the Indian, somewhat as it had laid its hand upon the black men of the African jungle. In this connection, let me call attention to W. J. Perry's volume on *The Growth of Civilization,* wherein he points out some vital facts and draws some important conclusions. Mr. Perry remarks that the Indian tribes of the United States can be divided into two groups, "the food-producers" and the "food-gatherers"; he shows us that the environment of both classes is the same and that their origin is the same, yet that the former are frequently warlike whereas the

second are altogether peaceful. And the reason for this difference is not hard to determine. The "food-gatherers," belonging to the group in which agriculture and hence property is unknown, and in which the needs of leadership are accordingly reduced to a minimum, have no incentives to the development of a warlike psychology; while the "food-producers," being drawn into dissension by ownership and by a more or less arbitrary authority,

NORTH AMERICAN INDIANS STEALING HORSES

have been led to adopt a military organization. This organization, which does not differ from tribe to tribe, was probably imported from without (possibly from Mexico); and, once established, it has become a self-begetting monster that grows by feeding upon itself. "The only reasonable explanation of the facts," concludes Mr. Perry, "is that the adoption of the military organization introduced a violent mode of behavior as part of the regular relations between tribes. . . . The military machine is a powerful agency in the militarization of mankind."

Which is to indicate, in a word, that the warlike spirit owes its growth to psychological causes artificially stimulated rather than to any natural necessity. It is this view that is emphasized by Mr. Perry when he states, "Action and reaction go on in a society that has learned violence, and the final result is a great accentuation of this form of behavior. Treat a child violently, and it will react violently; it will look on violence as natural. Such is the vicious circle."

An examination of the weapons of savage peoples will tend to support the view that most tribes were originally hunters and that warfare was a subsequent development. With but one or two exceptions—as when the Zulus, already a warlike people, introduced the stabbing "assegai" or dagger—the weapons employed in battle are of equal or almost equal utility in the chase. For example, that most characteristic of primitive inventions, the bow and arrow, is obviously as capable of slaying a rabbit as a man; indeed, it is significant that those of the African Bushmen are so feeble as to be worthless in war; while the system in vogue among certain South American Indians, who employ different bows for fishing, for hunting, and for fighting, would appear to be but a development from the time when bows were used for but one fundamental purpose—which, inevitably, would be the purpose of food-gathering rather than of conflict. The same may be said of the blow-gun, a long slender tube by means of which the South Americans, the Dyaks of Borneo, and certain Philippine natives discharge poison darts with fatal effect according to the principle of the common "pea shooter"; and the very practice of poisoning the arrows, which is common among many savages and is particularly efficacious among the pygmies of Central Africa, is clearly quite as useful in slaying game as in destroying men. Again, the South American bolas, which consist of several rounded stones fastened together with cords that enable them to be hurled violently at a foe, were originally inventions of the hunter rather than of the warrior, as is indicated by the fact that the peaceful Eskimos employ similar instruments for killing birds; while

the boomerangs of the Australians, the slings of the Society Islanders, the clubs of the New Zealanders and the lassos of the Moxos of Brazil, all manifestly belong to the category of weapons of the hunt. And as for the remaining savage weapons—of which the throwing-knife, the lance, the spear, the axe and the harpoon are among the most important—they all obey the same principles; they all are useful for attacks upon animals or in domestic pursuits; and though in some cases they show special adaptations for the sake of warfare, the vast majority if not all of them seem to have been devised for securing food rather than for fighting. Yet, once they had been employed successfully in the hunt, they might easily have come to be employed against men as well, and the confidence and power which they gave might have been among the forces making for war.

The very spirit of savage warfare, not less than the actual weapons that are used, bears testimony that early fighting was but a development from early hunting, and that it originally had something of the qualities of a game or competition. I have already indicated how this is true of the North American Indians; and further evidence on this point is offered in a passage from Francis Parkman, wherein he points out that the Indian's idea of military honor "differs widely . . . from that of a white man" and that the redskin finds it hard to share in the civilized man's easy acceptance of the losses of battle. "He sets an inestimable value on the lives of his own party, and deems a victory dearly purchased by the death of a single warrior . . . his reputation is woefully abridged if the mournful wailings of the women mingle with the exulting yells of the warriors." [1] How different is this from the attitude of the white conqueror blandly speaking of "deathless honor" and "wreaths of imperishable glory" for those that have perished!—how much nearer to the point of view of one mindful of human values and untrained to a toleration of slaughter!

[1] Francis Parkman, *The Conspiracy of Pontiac, Vol. I.*

Even the most warlike of savages—when not subjected, as in the case of the Zulus, to a severe discipline—have shown themselves unable to enter into that spirit of unmitigated slaying which characterizes the conflicts of the civilized. Consider, for example, those once-dreaded cannibals, the Maoris of New Zealand. Like the American Indians, they were wont to regard fighting somewhat in the light of a sport—a sport which must be played according to the rules, and which would no more permit indiscriminate murder than the rules of football would permit the indiscriminate pummelling of an opponent. "The Maori has won the reputation of having played the game fairly, if there is fairness in war," declares a recent writer. "Tales are told of how they stopped firing when the British ran short of ammunition, and waited for additional supplies to come up, for why fight a man upon such uneven terms? they asked. They have never understood why the people sent out of their citadels for water should have been shot, for is not water a necessity?" [1]

Does not this offer sufficient proof that, in the mind of the Maori, warfare represented a daring form of play rather than a desperate struggle for survival?

A similar desire to "play the game" has been exhibited among the Bangala of Equatorial Africa, who, we are told, once held a Peace Conference "in which it was agreed that bows and arrows should be eschewed by all parties henceforth in their warfare as being 'too dreadful.' " [2]

If need be, we might multiply the examples indefinitely; but enough has already been said to indicate that the spirit of the savage warrior is by no means consistently bloodthirsty. In very few cases (and only when there is an advanced military organization) do we find calculated and deliberate wars of extermination; in very few cases do we observe an effort to extirpate whole populations, as when white settlers annihilated the Tasmanians or the Boers attempted to wipe out the Bushmen. A liking for war as an

[1] Frances Del Mar, *A Year Among the Maoris.*

[2] Sir Harry Johnston, *George Grenfell and the Congo.* Vol. II.

enjoyable recreation has possessed the hearts of certain savages, and many more have resorted to it for religious or superstitious motives, or as a means to easy riches or to the gratification of a vengeful emotion; but few if any seem to share the civilized view that war is a necessity of nature and that men fight not because they desire but because they must.

And where indeed, among all the conflicts of primitive men, do we find that biological compulsion which is thought to summon the aborigine forth to battle? Where is that overmastering need of survival which compels man to swing the club and wield the bow and plunge the dripping dagger into the heart of man? Do we find it in the peaceable lives of the Eskimos? of the Bushmen of South Africa? of the Negritos of the Congo, the Kubu of Sumatra, the Punan of Borneo, or any of those other "food-gathering" tribes that have not yet evolved to the stage of fighting? Or do we observe it in the blood-feuds of the Indians or of the Australian natives? or in those quarrels of the New Guinea savages which have to continue until the same number on each side are killed or wounded? or in those vendetta, resulting from the twofold organization of communities, which custom perpetuates even after the reason for them is no longer understood? Again, do we hear the voice of biological necessity in the religious worship that prompts human sacrifice? or in the ancestral traditions or curious agricultural beliefs that stimulate head-hunting? or in the appetite for human flesh that occasionally has a part in savage warfare? Moreover, is it not greed and the desire for easy wealth, is it not a primitive "get-rich-quick" passion and the emulation of a pernicious example, that actuate most of those raids for booty which constitute the warfare of certain savage tribes? Here —where we would seem to be nearest to a biological motive— we are really as far from anything biological as in the case of the ceremonial killing of the Aztecs; for it is rarely if ever that savage peoples have been known to attack their neighbors merely for the sake of the first necessities of life, merely in order to satisfy that hunger whose neglect would mean group extinction.

Rather, as in the case of the Kenya tribes which we have mentioned, it is the secondary things, the man-made implements and articles of exchange, which are the objects of raids for booty; accordingly, since these have value chiefly because of the psychology of man, it is the psychological element that predominates.

And without endeavoring to deny the biological factor altogether, I must conclude that the earliest wars have their root in human psychology—not in an instinctive psychology which is incapable of cultivation, but in a developed psychology that is malleable in the hands of tribal usage and tradition. It is because of the psychology of social obligation that the Negrito of the Adaman Islands will set out to revenge a murdered clansman, aiming to slay some one on the other side, though not necessarily the actual culprit; it is because of the psychology of custom that the Banyoro of East Central Africa, after compelling their king to commit suicide before getting too old, will permit the princes to gather their followers and fight with their brothers for the throne; it is the psychology of religious fanaticism that actuates the head-hunters of Borneo when they are not moved by a milder psychology of superstition or of resentment at injuries done; it is the psychology of greed that moves the Masai negro when he plans to seize the cattle of his neighbors, and the American Indian when he aims at horse-theft; and mingled with it all there is no doubt at times, as among more civilized peoples, something of the psychology of jealousy, suspicion, misunderstanding, and even of an artificially nourished prejudice and hatred.

CHAPTER V

THE ANCESTRY OF WAR

The twilight of history in most lands has been a crimson one; and the sun of recorded knowledge has more often than not arisen amid sanguine clouds. The earliest legends of many peoples, and their earliest written annals, celebrate the deeds of battling heroes and sword-wielding kings; the earliest epics are a chronicle of triumphant slaughter, and among the half-fabulous names of an almost forgotten antiquity, the most honored are those of men who strode into battle gallantly and drew their quota of human blood. Turn to the Homeric tales, and one will find the illustrious Achilles consigning Hector to the realm of shades; turn to the Bible, and one will observe the Chosen People sacking the cities of Canaan in pursuance of the will of Jehovah; turn to the old Roman legends, and one will read of ravage and destruction, offset by such golden and gory deeds as that of Horatius at the bridge; turn to the myths of the Norsemen, and one will be regaled by embattled giants or witness the flight of those armored maidens, the Valkyries.

Does it not seem to follow, accordingly, that most peoples, having progressed far enough to possess written records, have reached the stage of exalting war and feats of war-like prowess? There are indeed a few exceptions, as I shall presently indicate; yet there is evidence in superabundance as to the military leanings of most nations when they first appear in the theatre of history. The question therefore arises whether man has not been a fighting animal since the days when his forebears fashioned rude

stone implements by the firelight of ancient caves; and the general assumption, on the basis of what we know of history rather than of what we know of prehistory, is that our race has had a love of strife from the earliest times, and that the man of the Old Stone Age was never so happy as when pounding or impaling his neighbor with wooden club or spear.

Yet our observation of existing savages does not seem to lend support to this conclusion; we have seen that warfare is by no means held in universal esteem among the uncivilized nor even universally practiced, and that the more primitive tribes are in general the ones least inclined to fight. Hence it would not be surprising to learn that our Paleolithic ancestors were in reality not the bloodthirsty warriors we have imagined, but rather peacefully disposed huntsmen. The precise truth, of course, lies hidden in a darkness that no eye is likely ever to penetrate; yet we are not altogether without evidence, since archeology may step in where there are no written records. All our findings in caves populated during the Old Stone Age, all our excavations and all our observations of prehistoric art, would seem to indicate that the first men knew no such thing as warfare. For one thing, their paintings portray no scenes of conflict, though it is well known that a martial people will glory in picturing its deeds of prowess; but, rather, they represent the objects of the chase, which would substantiate our belief that the lives of the men were passed in hunting. And, for another thing, we have as yet found no Paleolithic remains that would seem clearly to point to warfare, and in particular no skulls or skeletons damaged by battle axes or bows. It is true that the weapons of the cave man, had they been composed of wood, would have disappeared ages ago; but weapons of flint, which would have been more powerful, and hence presumably in greater demand, would probably have been preserved. It is furthermore true that we have indications that cannibalism was practiced in the Old Stone Age, and this may possibly be a sign of warfare; but, again, this institution may have owed its rise to religious or ceremonial motives or else it may have been

merely exceptional, and may have been resorted to only in time of dire privation.

But when we advance to the Neolithic or New Stone Age, there is clearer evidence of fighting, for human vertebrae have been found with flint arrowheads driven into them, and bones have been discovered that were apparently injured by the blows of heavy implements. It should not be assumed, however, that we have here any proof of warfare; for, aside from the fact that the wounds may have been accidental, there is the decided possibility that they were dealt in the quarrels of individuals rather than in the conflict of a multitude.

Recent investigations would seem to demonstrate, however, that the seeds of warfare were planted sometime during the Age of Polished Stone and the Age of Bronze (which are coming to be identified as but the phases of a single era). Yet, at the same time, the indications are that, at the beginning of this epoch, there was no such thing as organized fighting: the stone axe-heads that have been found were probably used for domestic or agricultural purposes; the bronze daggers were obviously too short to be of any avail in war; and modern inquiry points to the belief that, in common with the small and carefully worked arrowheads, they were intended for ornamental if not for mortuary purposes.

"During the Neolithic period," we are told, "there is abundant evidence of colonization, of the opening up of new ground, and of a quick, luxuriant growth in civilization and in refinement, but none of serious war. No doubt there were squabbles between villages, and occasional raids of savages in which cattle were carried off, and perhaps women stolen."[1]

In accord with this view are our findings regarding the lake dwellers. "They seem to have been a peaceful folk and exposed to no great dangers from outside attack, at least in Neolithic time. . . . Neolithic settlements seem to have been more frequently abandoned because of the growth of peat than by any sudden or

[1] G. F. Scott Elliot, *Prehistoric Man and His Story*.

violent destruction. Conditions probably changed in this respect during the Bronze period."[1]

Conditions assuredly did change during some later period—and how are we to account for the event? Manifestly, we must be confined largely to surmise—but there are several facts of which we may be reasonably sure. In the first place, it was the development of metals that gave the first great incentive to warfare. So long as man had to be content with tools of flint, he was relatively ineffective as a slayer of his kind; but once he found himself in control of the destructive powers of bronze and iron, he learned that it was easy as never before to deal death and terror; and the ability to kill might readily have engendered the will and the desire to kill, and these in turn might have led to the discovery that it was simpler as well as more exciting to live by slaughter than to live by work. If we of to-day occasionally look forward to a better world wherein swords will be beaten into plowshares, we may with equal reason look back toward a world wherein plowshares were beaten into swords; for it is probable that rods and implements of metal, first used for domestic and peaceful purposes, were gradually developed into weapons of war; and thus the earliest dagger, which may have been little more than a knife for cutting food, was lengthened until it became a sword; and thus likewise the primitive axe, designed originally for felling trees or shattering stone, might have been transformed into the deadly battle mace.

But we may go far beyond all such speculations. In a carefully reasoned and thoroughly documented work entitled *Downland Man*, H. J. Massingham offers a theory that challenges attention not only by its own inherent probability but by the array of data adduced in its support. Building upon observation of the megaliths or stone and earthen monuments of the English downs, Mr. Massingham concludes that there once existed in Britain, as elsewhere, a primitive or "archaic" civilization which rose to a

[1] John M. Tyler, *The New Stone Age in Northern Europe.*

considerable proficiency in agriculture and the arts of peace. These arts, which derived ultimately from Crete and from Egypt, were undermined in the end by what Mr. Massingham terms the "parasitism of the Celtic peoples"—which is to say that there was an onset of warfare, and that the warriors preyed upon the prospering civilization until it prospered no longer. Just how the metamorphosis may have occurred is indicated by Mr. Massingham when he explains that, "Portions of the archaic civilization at its periphery split off under ambitious or discontented chieftains during the Bronze Age, built up new dynasties (under transformed gods) in the wilds and then fell upon the settled communities."

And thus was ushered in the reign of the war-god, which, while subject to an occasional brief suspension now and then, has never since relaxed its hold upon the world.

It is Mr. Massingham's view that, before the battle lords began to overrun the earth, there existed an era of tranquillity unimaginable to us to-day because it is so totally foreign to our training and moods of thought. In this connection, he calls attention to Elliot Smith's book on *Primitive Man*, wherein we find the statement that, "All the available evidence seems to point clearly to the conclusion that until the invention of the methods of agriculture and irrigation on the large scale practiced in Egypt and Babylonia, the world really enjoyed some such Golden Age of Peace as Hesiod has described. Man was not driven into warfare by the instinct of pugnacity but by the greed for wealth and power which the development of civilization was itself responsible for creating."

In other words, the experience of our forebears would seem closely to parallel that of present-day savages, among whom, as we have seen, the "food-producing" or agricultural races are inclined toward warfare, while the "food-gathering" tribes scarcely know the meaning of conflict.

In favor of the view that a "Golden Age of peace" did actually exist before wealth and power had given birth to war, Mr. Massingham builds up an interesting thesis based upon the gradual

transformation of the sun-god into the god of war. He points out how, in Babylon, the war-god Shamash deposed the fertility god Tammuz; how, in India, the Dravidian sun-god Varuna was "swallowed up" by the Aryan war-god Indra; how, even to-day, Melanesia and Polynesia "possess traces of a former sun-cult, dispossessed by a war-cult"; how the pre-Columbian deity of North America, the sun-god, was overcome in Mexico by the Aztec war-god, Huitzilopotchli; how, in various other parts of the earth, in Assyria and Rome and among the Celts and Teutons, the same process has been at work, the same exaltation of the deities of the whirlwind over the deities of light, a monotony of "indescribable wastage, repeated in nation after nation, and always in the same terms of loss, debasement and decay, always by the conjunction of war and the collapse of civilized life."

But how, specifically, did the change come about? In order to answer this question, we will have to return to what we have already stated regarding the introduction of metal. "With the discovery of copper," declares G. F. Scott Elliot, "there seems to have been a sudden rapid growth of mining and of trade. Immediately afterwards there is clear evidence of serious, pitiless and disastrous warfare." [1] And the explanation is that civilization and savagery, before the dawn of history no less than at a later date, existed side by side—and that civilization provided savagery with the implements of destruction. During the Bronze Age, it would seem, tin and copper mines were worked by the cultured cities of Crete, Greece and Troy; and, at the same time, "Axes and daggers were being turned out in quantities and traded northward to the barbarian ancestors of the northern race. Commerical greed would seem, even at this early date, to have been unaffected by any, even the most obvious forebodings. . . . Some 4000 years ago, the rich cities of the Mediterranean supplied wild savages of the marshes and forests of Europe with the best bronze weapons." The result, of course, was inevitable; in time the weap-

[1] G. F. Scott Elliot, *Prehistoric Man and His Story.*

ons were turned against their civilized makers and sellers; at about the beginning of the seventeenth century B. C. the barbarians began to swarm southward, tall powerful blonds whom there was no resisting—and the civilization of the Mediterranean suffered an eclipse and sank for a while far below the earlier level.

But the world had not learned its lesson. Upon the invention of iron, men repeated the same stupidities. By the fifteenth century B. C., swords and spears of iron were already in use in England and France—imported among the barbarians by the successors of those very men who had already brought ruin upon their own heads by the introduction of bronze. And once more the inevitable befell—about the twelfth or thirteenth century, more barbarians came streaming down upon the Mediterranean; and once more their metal weapons, drawn from civilized sources, made them redoubtable if not irresistible.

By this time war was an established human institution, and was coming to be organized in method and vast in scale. It was no longer an uncommon thing for armed hundreds or even thousands to clash; and the gleam of driving javelin and spear, the clattering of sword on shield, the thudding and crashing of the descending battle axe, the whistling of arrows and the screaming and groaning of the wounded and dying, were becoming almost the things of everyday; while the military banners flashed and fluttered more frequently than of old, martial songs were more often sung and tales of warlike prowess more often related, and more and more the minds of the people were being disciplined to a toleration of bloodshed and to a worship of the intrepid slayer.

Yet there is evidence that certain of the Mediterranean states were, upon the whole, peacefully inclined before the arrival of the warlike invaders. This is notably true of the "mother of civilization," Egypt, and of her island neighbor, Crete. In the latter case, as in the case of most ancient kingdoms, there is much that has been lost beyond recall; but recent excavations have made surprising revelations of the extent and the magnificence of

the culture that flourished in times commonly regarded as prehistoric. We know that a prospering civilization had arisen a score of centuries before the birth of Christ, that its influence over the Mediterranean world was incalculably great, and that, long before the end of the second millennium B. C., it had fallen into permanent decay. And the destruction came with appalling suddenness. "A civilization in full strength and growth was suddenly and fatally arrested," we read in James Baikie's volume on *The Sea-Kings of Crete*. "Everywhere through the palace at Knossos there are traces of a vast conflagration. . . . Nor was the catastrophe the result of an accident. There is no mistaking the significance of the fact that in the palace scarcely a trace of precious metal, and scarcely a trace of bronze has been discovered."

Clearly, the raiders had done their work with thoroughness, for the art of Crete—once its proudest accomplishment—never recovered from the blow. After the invasion, "Technical skill is almost as great as ever; it is degeneration in the inspiration of the art that has begun. The spirit of the nation has been broken, and its art is no longer living." [1]

Yet Crete was not by nature a fighting nation, whose very conquests—as in the case of Assyria—brought it nearer to the hour of doom. "So far as the evidence goes, the Minoan Empire does not seem to have been an especially warlike one . . . the insular position of Crete, and the predominance which the Minoan navy established on the sea, saved the island Empire from the necessity of becoming a military power, and the absence of the spirit of militarism is reflected in the national art." [2] For, instead of the armored heroes, the impetuous war chariots, the chained captives and the golden booty that are apt to inspire the artists of martial peoples, the Cretans delighted to represent such tame and tranquil things as flower-gatherers and dancing maidens, harvest festivals and religious processions.

Yet there is reason to believe that these people, unwarlike

[1] James Baikie, *The Sea-Kings of Crete*.
[2] *Ibid.*

though they were, were ruined by their own warlike sons—that colonists from their own land, pressed back by the irresistible tides of the barbarian invasions, developed a military spirit and became the despoilers of the country of their fathers. And, if this be true, it will provide a pointed illustration of how combative forces, bred upon the verge of civilization, may ultimately turn upon civilization itself and deal it a death-blow.

One can readily imagine the scenes of terror that convulsed the peaceful Minoans when the pillagers swooped down upon them. One day all was pomp and splendor in the great palace of Knossos; the next day, out of the tranquil vastness of the Mediterranean, a strange fleet is sighted, making with all speed for the shore. Excitement trembles through the city, and the people whisper ominously as the one-masted native war-vessels, with their single banks of oars, are launched hurriedly to meet the invaders; shouting and crying, the women and children rush down to the water-front, as ship after ship, armed with bowmen and swordsmen, goes gliding off into the sea. But closer and closer looms the hostile fleet, a myriad sails gleaming, iron prows glittering proudly in the sun—then suddenly from afar there come the shouts and shocks of conflict; and the foreign galleys, driving before a favorable wind, ram the Cretan ships with terrific impact and leave but drifting masses of wreckage. And the breeze wafts from the sea a low melancholy monotone, as of the wailing of a multitude; and a thousand little black shapes are seen bobbing up and down amid the waves, and soon are seen no more. Then for a while all is thunder and confusion, till out of the welter of drifting hulks and charging vessels there emerge a dozen huge ships with alien colors flying. Straight for the shore they make, free from all pursuit, the waters unchallenged before them. Cries of horror and dismay shudder from the throats of the watching horde; screaming and howling, dashing one another aside and tumbling over one another in their panic, trampling upon the bodies of the young and crushing the aged and infirm, they scamper like harried rats to places of hiding.

An hour later a rabble of sword-wielding barbarians have passed the undefended walls of the palace of Knossos. They swarm madly in all directions like ants that have come upon some rich booty; their eyes gleam wildly, their faces are distorted with cruelty and greed; they yell with exultation as they snatch up some golden plate or goblet or swing their blades through some richly ornamented vase; they lead forth shrieking captives from nooks and crannies between the walls, chop off the heads of the men, submit the women to unmentionable indignities; their swords and helmets are streaked with blood, blood flows thickly along the floors, the bronze and silver trinkets they steal are blood-stained, the very walls and tapestries of the palace are blotted with crimson. Then a still more terrifying red overspreads all things, the very air burns with a lurid glow, and there is a crackling of flames; and louder and louder that crackling grows, louder and louder, louder and louder, till it is heard above the din of plundering and has drowned out even the roaring of the warriors and the moaning and wailing of the chained and dying.

Now the conflagration has all things in its keeping, and the wealth and power of Crete have gone up in cinders. And the people, proud and happy the day before and for many long centuries, shall be proud and happy no more; and the blazes, as they flash and flare and then waver and flash and die down amid the charred debris, have told the story not only of the end of the kingdom of Minos but of almost every nation that prospered and grew mighty during all the millenniums of the ancient world.

PART II

THE CHILDHOOD OF THE WAR-GOD

CHAPTER VI

THE EGYPTIAN LION AND THE ASSYRIAN WOLF

If the Cretans were upon the whole a peaceful people, they were no more unwarlike than their neighbors, the Egyptians. The dwellers in the valley of the Nile, who achieved one of the earliest of all recorded civilizations, provide an exception to the rule that most nations make their appearance in history to the accompaniment of the rattling of armor and the clashing of swords. Until the invasion of the Hyksos or "Shepherd Kings" in the year 1688 B. C., the Egyptians paid very little heed to warfare or to preparation for war; and, if we are to believe the historian Manetho, they were so totally unskilled in the arts of fighting that the conquest was made "without a battle." Yet, once the intruders had taken possession of the land, the resentment they aroused and the force of their example transformed the country into a military empire. "It was under the Hyksos and in the struggle with them," says James Henry Breasted, "that the conservatism of millennia was broken up. . . . The Egyptians learned aggressive war for the first time, and introduced a well organized military system, including chariotry, which the importation of the horse by the Hyksos now enabled them to do." [1]

But while war, in the sense of systematic and large-scale fighting, had been unknown along the Nile previous to the instruction provided by the Hyksos, there had been what Breasted terms "a series of loosely organized predatory expeditions"—expeditions of so slight and casual a nature as to "clearly display the

[1] James Henry Breasted, *A History of the Ancient Egyptians.*

still unwarlike character of the Egyptian." The chief of these were quarrels over mining rights; and though not comparable in scope or effect to the operations of later days, they still were undertakings of some interest. So early as 3300 B. C., according to A. Moret and G. Davy, "The Egyptians had to defend the mines against the Asiatics and advance the domain of their arms. So from economic greed was born military conquest. The oldest known military autocracy seized the mineral regions of Sinai which it needed, and 5,300 years ago began the long career of aggressions and of so-called economic wars which are the counterparts of civilization." [1]

Even at an early date, the conflicts gave some indication of the devastating campaigns that were to come. On an old Egyptian warrior's tomb, for example, we may observe scenes from an expedition against the city of Nedia. "The town is represented by an oval enceinte flanked by towers . . . Inside it the native population is panic-stricken and lamenting, while Egyptian soldiers place ladders against the wall and attack it with blows of the battering-ram. Then the women and children who survive the sack are being led off into captivity." [2]

A similar scene, depicted on a relief in the sun temple reared by Sahura, tells of an expedition to Syria. The troops are shown embarking on transports, and returning amid scenes of wild triumph; we see them standing on great heavily rigged ships to acclaim their ruler; we observe the Asiatic prisoners stretching out their hands imploringly for mercy—while, on other reliefs, the king is represented as a griffon trampling his foes to death.

But such spectacles were altogether exceptional in the early history of Egypt—and the average inhabitant probably saw no more of warfare than does the average native of Switzerland or Sweden to-day. "During the period of monarchical organization," Moret and Davy conclude, after mentioning the early mining raids . . . "the Egyptian Pharaohs did not pursue what

[1] A. Moret and G. Davy, *From Tribe to Empire.*
[2] *Ibid.*

we should call an aggressive foreign policy . . . except for the mines of Sinai, a reserve of metal on which the state laid hands, they conducted no expedition of conquest . . . The foreign policy was guided solely by the ambition to establish a unified and solid kingdom, secure against any attack by neighbors who had lagged behind at a rudimentary level of civilization."

After the Hyksos invasion, however, the pristine peacefulness was dead. Egypt had become militarized; the Egyptian had been "educated as a soldier." As among many civilized and uncivilized races before and since, man's milder emotions were for a while in abeyance, and the greed of gain and the passion for glory were in the ascendancy. "Having thoroughly learned war and having perceived the enormous wealth to be gained by it in Asia, the whole land was roused and stirred with a lust of conquest, which was not quenched for several centuries. The wealth, the rewards and the promotion open to the professional soldier were a constant incentive to a military career, and the middle classes, otherwise so unwarlike, entered the ranks with ardour." [1] For the first time in their history, the Egyptians had conceived something like a national feeling; and this national feeling, which was in reality a little akin to the feeling of the wounded underdog, rendered them vicious of temper and urged them to snap not only at those that had offended them but at innocent bystanders as well.

Yet, though the military flame flared vigorously for a while and converted Egypt into a conquering empire, there are grounds for believing that it did not remain long enkindled in the minds of the people, and that it was supported by the ardor of the rulers rather than by the desire of the subjects. "The Egyptian of pure race," G. Maspéro declares in his vivid volume on *Life in Ancient Egypt and Assyria*, "does not like the military profession, and the miseries endured by soldiers furnish literary men with inexhaustible subjects for their satire." In contrast with the onerous life of the soldier, they delight to picture the safe and

[1] J. H. Breasted, *A History of the Ancient Egyptians.*

honored life of the scribe; and the popularity of their views is indicated by the abundance of what we of to-day should term military "slackers." "At the first rumor of war, at least half of the men whose age renders them liable to service, hasten to take refuge in the mountains, out of reach of recruiting agents. They remain in hiding until the operations are over and the conscripts on their way." [1] But for those that are forced to stay behind or prefer to "take their chances," there are no smiles and honors when they are chosen for the army; mothers do not beam with pride, nor fathers burst into congratulations; there are no stars hung up in the home in deference to the "service men" and there is no pious talk of "loyalty to Fatherland and God." Instead, those whom the army absorbs "are mourned by their families as if they are dead"; and the female relations of the conscripted ones unashamedly "burst into sobs, throw dust upon their hair and face, and lament as they are accustomed to do at a funeral." [2]

Such being the spirit of the people, it is not surprising that the army was not long composed of native Egyptians. Early in the military history of the Empire, the Pharoahs showed a willingness to let foreigners do their killing for them, and mercenaries began to be employed; and before many generations these hirelings became exceedingly numerous, so that it is said that, during the reign of Rameses II, in the thirteenth century B. C., there was a body of five thousand troops in which not a single native Egyptian was to be found. Yet it is probable that these professional fighters did their work with thoroughness, for the victories of Rameses were many; while there is a record that his successor, Rameses III, on one occasion slew as many as twelve thousand in a single battle.

By the time of the second Rameses, warfare had already reached an advanced plane of development; and the ingenuity of man had contrived innumerable devices for defense and for destruction. Among the Shardana mercenaries whom the mon-

[1] G. Maspero, *Life in Ancient Egypt and Assyria.*
[2] *Ibid.*

arch employs, a long sword of iron, a shield and a metallic casque surmounted by horns are commonly in use; while, among the troops in general, the weapons are a wooden shield covered with an iron plate eight inches wide; a spear six feet long; the javelin; the battle axe; the club; the dagger; the bow and arrow; the short sword; and occasionally a knife with a wide curved blade. Another notable device is the war chariot—a two-wheeled car

RAMESES II AND HIS LION

drawn into battle by fiery steeds; and upon this vehicle the king himself may go dashing into the thick of the fight.

Of all the Pharaohs of Egypt, Rameses II is perhaps best fitted to inspire terror in the hearts of the foe. For, as he rides into the fray, a most redoubtable ally goes pacing at his side—an African lion which, while tame enough on ordinary occasions, is driven almost to madness amid the shocks and noises of the battlefield. And possibly the beast is the most effective of all Rameses' warriors, for the enemy, though prepared to face the spears and arrows and sword-thrusts of the Egyptians, can hardly be ready for the claws and slashing fangs of the giant cat.

If we turn from the Egyptians to their contemporaries the Babylonians, we will find ourselves in an essentially similar atmosphere. But we cannot expect to say a great deal as to early warfare in the valley of the Euphrates and Tigris, for there are vast gaps in our records, and the very names of many of the kings—and possibly the names of whole dynasties—are hidden from our view. There are indications, however, that the first fighting occurred as the result of raids for booty, much as in the case of Egypt and of certain savage tribes whom we have considered. "The agricultural wealth of Babylonia," states one authority, "offered a tempting prey to the hardy tribes who dwelt among the hills upon the western border of Elam." [1] And the dread of the pillager from the highlands is indicated by a Sumerian description of Elam as "The mountain that strikes terror." It is not improbable that the early Chaldeans lived in constant dread of the despoiler; and that more than once, roused by some daring night attack, they found the barbarians charging their towns with brand and torch, looting the homes and temples, carrying off grain and metal and precious fabrics, bearing the women into captivity and slaying all men that opposed them. Faced with the menace of such thievery and murder, it would not have been unnatural for the people, though originally peaceable, to develop warlike dispositions and in time to become the instigators as well as the victims of raids.

That this was actually the case is indicated by the fact that the Mesopotamian city-states engaged in warfare which seems to have been inspired in part by the greed for booty, and in part by the desire for revenge for booty taken by the foe. Thus, the city-states of Lagash and Umma, which had reached the height of their glory well over four thousand years ago, are known to have launched bitter expeditions against one another; and in the "Stele of the Vultures," which proclaims the triumph of Eannatum, the priestly ruler of Lagash, we are given some intimations of the nature of the conflicts. We see the successful leader beating

[1] Leonard W. King, *A History of Sumer and Akkad.*

down a vanquished enemy; we observe him as the master of ceremonies in the execution of prisoners who are sacrificed to the gods; we watch him striking with his mace at a cage crowded with naked men; we behold him, spear in hand, facing a captive of lofty rank, who makes the gesture of submission; while, in other scenes, we take note of the twenty burial mounds heaped up by Eannatum, or else view the vultures as they fly off with the heads and limbs of the slain.

And so, even at this early date, war was costly in human life. Even at this early date, it was accompanied by bloodshed and the callous treatment of captives, and by corresponding rejoicing in the renown and glory of triumph. And, even at this early date, men had given much thought to the methods and implements of battle, and had devised ingenious weapons, and tactics that foreshadowed the tactics of later days. Employing a method that was re-discovered and improved by the Greeks two thousand years later, they advanced to the attack in a solid phalanx; and their purpose, unlike that of most ancient warriors, appears to have been not so much to fight individual duels as to crush the foe by the impact of the entire phalanx—in other words, they were the earliest known proponents of what may be called the machine method in battle, the method that thoroughly subordinates the initiative and power of the individual to the initiative and power of the whole and makes each man little more than a cog in a gigantic mechanism.

As a proof that the Sumerians conceived of warfare in terms of the mass rather than of the particular fighter, one need only mention that the leading ranks were protected by enormous shields or bucklers covering their bearers from head to foot—and that these shields were designed as a defense for the rear of the phalanx as much as for the front. The one duty of a shield-bearer during a battle was to keep his shield in position; and, while he was warding off the hostile spear-thrusts, his helmeted comrades were expected to swing the battle axe or to drive the lance through the bodies of the foe.

Regarding the later warfare of Babylonia we need say very little. We know that there was a large amount of fighting, as when Khammurabi drove back the Elamites in the twenty-fourth century B. C.; and when the Hittites sacked the city of Babylon in 1925 B. C.; and, later, when the Kassites made their successful invasion. But the conflicts of Babylon, though of considerable interest, are completely overshadowed by those of her great neighbor, Assyria. It was Assyria that brought warfare in Chaldea to its devastating climax; it was Assyria that specialized in fighting, and that made conquest a trade; it was Assyria that developed the most thoroughgoing military despotism the world had yet known, and that set a precedent which, even after twenty-five centuries, strikes terror at the very memory. In Assyria we see the earliest known example of a nation completely devoted to the craft of arms, a nation organized on a basis of combat and disappearing from history when its martial prowess fails; and, in tracing the methods and the career of Assyria, we can get a clearer insight into the nature and significance of warfare than through a detailed examination of twenty more pacific states.

Opinions regarding Assyria differ strangely, and even after thousands of years she has both detractors and admirers—while that impartiality which one would expect of history would appear to have passed her by. In general, however, she seems still to arouse horror and repugnance. James Baikie, for example, declares that, "With the possible exception of the Huns, or the wild hordes of Tamerlane, there has probably never existed . . . a power so purely and solely destructive, so utterly devoid of the slightest desire to make any real contribution to the welfare of the human race." [1] And James Henry Breasted tells us that in Assyria "The State was a vast military machine, more terrible than any mankind had ever yet seen." [2] But A. T. Olmstead, in a lengthy and carefully reasoned work,[3] comes to the defense of

[1] James Baikie, *Lands and Peoples of the Bible.*
[2] James Henry Breasted, *The Conquest of Civilization.*
[3] A. T. Olmstead, *History of Assyria.*

the Assyrian, contending that he merely "suffered the usual human limitations," that he "was a child of his age," and that he "was the shepherd-dog of civilization, and he died at his post."

In order to judge Assyrian warfare with all possible fairness, let us accept Mr. Olmstead's generous view rather than the harsher verdict of other historians. Let us agree with Mr. Olmstead that the barbarities of the Assyrian have been rivalled on innumerable occasions in ancient times and in modern; that "There is not an Assyrian atrocity which has not had its parallel or its equivalent in the civilized history of the last hundred years." But, while making such admissions, let us be careful not to overlook the known facts; let us avoid the fallacy of believing that the horrors of the Assyrian were not horrible simply because they have been matched or exceeded in later days, or because the Assyrian was a typical human being rather than an exception.

What, then, are our precise findings regarding the great Semitic empire? We know that its ruler was a war-lord; that its central deity, Ashur, was a war-god; that the whole kingdom had a military organization; that military governors and garrisons had command of the provinces, and that the entire citizenry was subject to the levies of the army. We also know that, when the peasantry began to be exterminated by the incessant fighting, vast masses of troops had to be recruited from foreign provinces; that, as the centuries went by, the wars became progressively more ambitious and vaster in scope, as well as more costly in resources, and that, as Olmstead himself admits, "In the most primitive sense, Assyrian wars had an economic basis, for they secured booty in the field and taxes thereafter on which the governing classes might live." And the consensus of opinion would seem to be that, whatever the contributions of Assyria to civilization, most of her wars were but developments of the raid for booty; that, as Baikie expresses it, "She was the greatest of all robber communities, and her stable industry was plundering."

If we would determine whether or not she deserves this title,

let us follow her in some typical campaigns. For example, let us consider the career of one of her most celebrated kings, Ashur-nasir-apal, whose long reign (885–860 B. C.) was largely devoted to warlike expeditions among the mountains to the east of Ninevah. "With all his wars," Olmstead reports, "the amount of territory actually added to Assyria was small"—and what, then, was the purpose of his conquests? In view of the fact that he swept all things before him, are we to assume that he failed in his aims? or that he had other objects quite as dear to his heart as the acquisition of new lands? His procedure in the invaded country, obviously, will furnish the best explanation—let us therefore observe his conduct upon entering a typical town. Let us travel in imagination to the Armenian city of Amedi, located on a tall bluff of the West Tigris—we may here behold Ashur-nasir-apal, who, by means of his battering-rams, has just gained entry, has flayed the leader of the opposition alive and displayed his skin on the city wall, and has exacted his share of booty. First before one's eyes there pass the horses and chariots, the cattle and the sheep; then the carriers heavily laden with metals, with silver and gold, bronze and lead and iron; then other carriers groaning beneath bronze vessels, caldrons and bowls; then, with manifold lamentations and with heads hung low, the chief's sister and the daughters of his nobles, who are being annexed to the royal harem; then, finally, slaves with two thousand measures of barley, and fifteen thousand Ahlame mercenaries newly added to the Assyrian army.

With such spoils to be gained—and Olmstead tells us that the tribute in this case is "far from oppressive"—is it remarkable if the Assyrians were never without an incentive to conquest?

It must be noted, however, that Ashur-nasir-apal was not so mildly disposed as always to confine his exactions to mere booty —even though, indeed, a few royal ladies were thrown in for good measure. Like most robber barons, he was terrible in his wrath to those that opposed him; and, if we are to accept his own testimony, he committed deeds of wholesale cruelty—deeds

which are to be explained not only by a natural brutality, but by the practical consideration that the brigand who inspires most terror is usually the most successful in his profession. No later historian could have told the story of Ashur-nasir-apal so well as he has told it himself in the official narrative:

"To the city of Tela I approached. The city was very strong; three fortress-walls surrounded it. The inhabitants trusted to their strong walls and their numerous army; they did not come down or embrace my feet. With battle and slaughter I attacked the city and captured it. Three thousand of their fighting men I slew with the sword; their spoil, their goods, their oxen and their sheep I carried away; many captives I burned with fire. I captured many of their soldiers alive; I cut off the hands and feet of some; of others I cut off the noses, the ears, and the fingers; I put out the eyes of many soldiers. I built up a pyramid of the living, and a pyramid of heads. On high I strung up their heads on trees in the neighborhood of their city. The young men and their maidens I burned with fire. The city I overthrew, dug it up, and burned it with fire; I annihilated it."

It may be that the monarch has exaggerated for the sake of effect; yet it is hard to believe that he has exaggerated altogether. Moreover, the very spirit of self-exaltation and authority which led him to write such descriptions would be the spirit that would induce him to commit the deeds he has described. One should note, incidentally, that, even apart from the atrocities committed, he has not omitted mention of the booty, the cattle and the sheep—details without which any account of an Assyrian triumph would seem incomplete.

In the days of Ashur-nasir-apal the Assyrian empire had not yet been established; let us therefore travel forward to the time of its greatest renown and power. Crossing an interval of some two centuries, we will reach the era of Ashur-bani-apal, one of the most magnificent of all the Assyrian monarchs. This great king has been victor in many campaigns; more than once his cohorts have come down "like a wolf on the fold"; and many

cities lie in ruins and many plains lie waste as the fruit of his conquests. We may accordingly do well to observe one or two of his battles, and to discover for ourselves in what manner he wins his glory.

Immediately upon the declaration of war—and the fact that the potentate desires it is sufficient excuse for such a declaration—the troops make ready for the battlefield; and such is the efficiency of the Assyrian organization that they can be assembled within a few days. A rare and glittering display they make as they march off to the combat!—the heavy infantry, composed of bowmen and spearmen encased in iron, with daggers gleaming, and here and there a flashing lance. Their heads are protected by conical helmets ornamented with two side pieces that cover the ears; their shirts are of heavy leather that guards the chest and arms; their spears, tipped with iron or bronze, are six feet in length; their shields, of enormous size, and constructed of metal, are provided only for the hand-to-hand fighters, and the archers walk undefended.

Still more impressive are the cavalry, which are one tenth as numerous as the infantry, but which, with their prancing chargers, make a much more terrifying spectacle. But most picturesque of all—and most characteristic of ancient warfare—are the great rumbling chariots, which are bigger and heavier in Assyria than in Egypt, and which are each drawn by two huge steeds, with a third sometimes leading, held in reserve lest either of its companions should be disabled or slain. On the floor of the car, which may rise several feet above ground, three men are alertly standing: the driver, whose sole duty it is to guide the horses; the warrior, armed with spear or bow; and the groom, equipped with a shield whereby to protect his two comrades. And in one of these chariots—one may presume that no care is spared for its defense—the king himself may ride forth to battle (though it is not customary for Ashur-bani-apal to follow the practice of his predecessors by leading the troops in person).

But all—monarch and army alike—are protected by the sym-

bol of the great god Ashur: the winged image of the sun's disk, which, mounted on a support and carried into battle, means "the living presence of the god in camp and conflict." [1]

The actual scenes on the battlefield are almost impossible to resurrect. After the passage of twenty-five hundred years, we can hardly recreate the spectacles of frenzy and terror when the opposing armies met: the charge of the chariots in a long straight

ASSYRIAN CHARIOT

line, plunging like huge impetuous shells through the living ranks of the foe; the welter of crushed and dying forms when the chariots have passed, the groaning men and convulsed and writhing horses; the uproar as the infantry clashes, as spear smashes on helmet, and lance is shattered against shield, and arrows whirr and hiss and smite their living targets with deathly thuds; the clamor and the confusion of exultant voices and the voices of the stricken blending in a heaven-splitting din; the chaos of fleeing footmen that drop their weapons and fly in a thousand directions

[1] A. T. Olmstead, *History of Assyria.*

before the wild rush of the cavalry; the tumult of duellists swinging blood-dripping swords above the blood-red sod, aiming their blades at mail-clad heart or head, till both assailant and assailed lie moaning side by side or both are swept away before the mad dash of the horses.

And what a scene of devastation the field shows after such a battle! What gory deeds follow even when the thunder of the conflict has died away! "The whole plain is strewn with broken chariots, quivers, bows, lances, the corpses of men and horses," is the picture painted by one commentator. "Here a group of archers still tries to resist the cavalry who harass it; further on, a wounded chief, ready to fall from his horse, raises his hand to sue for mercy from an archer who is aiming at him. A foot soldier strikes down a wounded Susian with a club; others cut off the head of the enemy and carry it away as a trophy. All the wounded who can still stand upright are hurrying away as fast as they can; those who are no longer able to walk try to find a bush or a ditch in which they can hide until nightfall; it is their sole chance of life, and heaven knows, it is a very slight one. Every head cut off brings praise and part of the spoil to the soldier who brings it in; the victors, therefore, carefully search the field of battle, examining the long grass and the ridges of land as though seeking ordinary game. The birds of prey have already assembled over the field, ready to commence their odious meal. The canal is full of mutilated bodies and of drifting chariots; the Assyrian archers, standing upon the bank, shoot at the men still struggling in the water." [1]

But this is not all; the blood-letting is not over yet. Probably some prisoners have been taken; and these, with certain chosen exceptions, are reserved for execution. The method is most business-like and efficient: the superfluous ones are forced to kneel in long rows, their backs to the executioner; and that functionary, as he passes along the line, crushes the skull of each man with a single blow of his club.

[1] G. Maspero, *Life in Ancient Egypt and Assyria.*

ASSYRIAN TRIUMPHAL PROCESSION

Meanwhile, with a systematic skill unequalled even among the head-hunters of Borneo and New Guinea, the accomplishments of the battle have been recorded. "The scribes, standing in their huge tents, registered the heads cut off; every soldier brought some, threw them upon the common heap, then dictated his name, mentioned his company, and retired, cheered by the hope of a recompense suited to the number of his victims." [1]

But the human fruits of the battle need not be confined to the men captured and slain. Following many of the engagements, women and children would be taken by the swarm; and these, pursuant to the most approved practice of the times, would be spared in order to be sold into slavery. Some of the more fortunate, however, would be doomed to no worse fate than exile; and, traveling to the colonies in vans under the superintendence of the soldiers, they might expect to start life over again in new homes—provided they did not perish from the hardship and fatigue of the long journey.

But it must not be imagined that every battle in the age of Ashur-bani-apal was fought in the open. Quite as typical, and perhaps quite as numerous, were the assaults upon besieged cities; and here again the Assyrian had opportunity to show his skill in the attack. Having reached the battlements of the enemy town, the invaders would construct a fortified camp, surrounded with brick walls and towers and safe from sudden aggression; then, having posted slingers and archers all around the city for service both by day and by night, they would defy the showers of stones, of giant beams, of blazing tar and of boiling water in order to pound at the walls of the stronghold with the redoubtable battering-ram.

The battering-ram is an instrument conspicuous in the siege tactics of most ancient war-powers; and, at the risk of diverging, it may be well to describe it at this point. The following picture, which we owe to the historian Josephus, applies in particular to the machine employed by the Romans; but, except for a few mat-

[1] G. Maspero, *Life in Ancient Egypt and Assyria.*

ters of minor detail, it will resurrect the Assyrian implement as well. "The battering-ram," we are told, "is a vast beam of wood, like the mast of a ship; its fore-part is armed with a thick piece of iron at the head of it, which is so carved as to be like the head of a ram, whence its name is taken. This ram is slung in the air by ropes passing over its middle, and is hung like the balance in a pair of scales from another beam, and braced by strong beams that pass on both sides of it in the nature of a cross. When this ram is pulled backward by a great number of men with united force, and then thrust forward by the same men, with a mighty noise it batters the walls with that iron part which is prominent; nor is there any tower so strong, nor wall so broad, that can resist any more than its first batteries, but all are forced to yield to it at last." [1]

Yet, although usually efficacious in the end, the battering-ram could not be expected to bring instantaneous success; and days might pass while the assailants warred against the arrows, spears and fiery brands with which the defenders sought to impede their work. Occasionally, when driven to desperation or hoping to gain some strategic advantage, the besieged might sally forth to engage in direct conflict with the Assyrians—and then woe to those that had the ill fortune to be taken alive! By comparison, those captives whose careers were ended with clubs were to be congratulated, for the wretches taken during a siege were subjected to a punishment sufficient to expiate the most infamous crime. The spears of their captors would be plunged through their bodies; then, quivering and moaning, and with the sharp blades still piercing the bleeding flesh, they would be carried aloft on the shoulders of the soldiers much as roasted chickens may be carried on spits; and, having reached a chosen spot near the walls of their city, they would be deposited in a long row, one end of the spear that impaled them being planted in the ground while they were suspended helplessly upon the pointed end. And there, still living, they would be left, within sight and earshot of the town, near

[1] Josephus, *Wars of the Jews.*

enough for their friends to hear their groans yet too far for their torments to be ended with an arrow. Hours and even days would pass while they were slowly perishing; and, as time went by, their comrades in ever-increasing numbers would be added to their ranks, until finally, it is said, the multitude of spears and of impaled prisoners would come to resemble a forest.

Even after the battering-rams have done their work and the assailants have mounted the walls, the wrath of the Assyrians does not relax. The town is looted for every scrap of precious metal, for every foodstuff and valuable manufacture it may contain; then every stone is thrown down methodically; every palm tree and fruit tree is cut to earth; the dykes are broken and the public works destroyed; and the surviving population is led captive into Assyria. But even in this task of destruction the Assyrian exercises discretion: "The anger of Ashur and Isthar is never imprudent; they only give free vent to it at the expense of the weak, and the excesses in which Assyria indulges toward them amply compensate for the self-restraint which she is obliged to exercise from time to time toward the strong." [1]

Now let us follow the victorious army back to the gates of Nineveh. As always among a war-enamoured people, there must be a pageant of rejoicing, there must be a celebration to make the triumph seem really impressive and to turn the popular mind toward further conquest and glory. The great king of Assyria is not chary of the tokens of his delight—far from it! he shows that he is an Oriental monarch, and knows how to reward and to entertain as well as to punish and to fight. First of all he presents a magnificent spectacle, a grand exhibition of war: there is a procession of the conquering soldiers, who march through the streets amid joyous acclamations; then come the prisoners, a few of whom are in handcuffs and with irons on their feet, and most of whom are apparelled in filth and rags; while among them, for the particular delectation of the crowd, are some of noble extraction, who excite jeers and laughter because of the rings which

[1] G. Maspero, *Life in Ancient Egypt and Assyria.*

pierce their lips and noses, and by means of which they are led like oxen. But the eyes of the multitude are quickly distracted to the great vans filled with booty, with the gold and silver and bronze implements and works of art and priceless fabrics of the sacked cities; then they observe with wonder the long lines of captured animals, of sheep and goats and oxen, the four-footed wealth of whole provinces; then follow the captured slaves, who are perhaps smiling with an ironic joy, since they have but exchanged one master for another and may have the pleasure of seeing their former oppressors oppressed.

By way of genial diversion in the midst of the festivities, there now comes a little sport at the expense of the prisoners. Some serve as the targets for stones, beneath which they are speedily crushed; others have their eyes put out with the points of javelins; one or two, after being blinded, are chained between wild pigs and exposed at the city gates, the objects of the insults of all passersby; others are subjected to the peculiarly Assyrian punishment of being flayed alive; and some of these, after being divested of their skins, are sacrificed to Isthar and flung into furnaces, while others are quartered and their flesh is distributed among the various provinces as a warning of the ways of the Assyrian to those that oppose him.

The prisoners having been thus disposed of, the frenzy of joy approaches its height; and the king, after flinging open his palace doors, bids all, slaves included, to dine at his expense. For seven days the gates remain unbolted; for seven days the people flock to and fro, feasting and drinking, receiving from the monarch whatever boon they may ask—the palace has been converted into an enormous banqueting hall, through which, as the gay hours flit by, the entire population of Nineveh passes in increasing stages of intoxication.

And while the people unstintedly enjoy themselves upon his bounty, Ashur-bani-apal sits in his garden, feasting with his favorite wife and her attendants; and to his face, as he dines, there comes a grim smile of satisfaction, for now the world is his—

and as a visible proof of his prowess there hangs before him, from one of the garden trees, the severed head of the king of the vanquished.

All of the above will indicate that the Assyrian spared no effort to cultivate a psychology of war. His entire administrative system was based upon a single conception, a conception common enough among the nations of the world, yet never developed to a more logical degree: the view that thievery in the name of one's country is commendable, and that killing under proper auspices is worthy of reward. And thievery and killing were not only legitimate but desirable according to the Assyrian code. The soldier who set out for the battlefield was hardened to a toleration of slaughter by thought of the respect paid to the slayer; his sensibilities to human suffering were blunted by sight of the tortures habitually inflicted upon prisoners; his native greed was aroused by anticipation of the booty to be won, while a spirit of rivalry was awakened by a competition in the seizure of spoil and the taking of heads. Again, his sensual desires were provoked by an alluring promise, for he knew that the reward of victory would be seven days of feasting and triumph; and in this motive he was at one with the non-combatant population, for they too were certain to reap the fruits of the king's munificence during the week of celebration. And for all alike, there was an allurement and glamour attached to the conquest, as testified by the acclamations of the crowd, the gleam and glitter of the procession of warriors, booty and slaves, and the sumptuousness and splendor of the wide-open palace of the king. Here, certainly, was all the concentrated magnificence of the earth! here, certainly, were pomp and riches beside which all commonplace daily things were as worthless straw!—the minds of the people would be borne away on a great wave of emotion, they would clamor and exult and shout lavish praises of the war-god, and the small voice of reason could not expect to make itself heard above the thunder tones of mass hysteria.

Both the sanctity of religion and the authority of the State were upon the side of the war-god. It was the great Ashur himself that commanded the conflict; it was Ashur that rode forth amid the shrieking and frenzy of the battlefield; it was Ashur that ordered the victory and directed the punishment of those audacious enough to oppose him. How, then, presume to believe the strife not a glorious thing? Did not the great living representative of Ashur—the Assyrian sovereign himself—proclaim that it was glorious? And was not the sovereign also a god? Indeed, did he not admit that he was a god? Assuredly, here was no matter for common men to question—theirs but to heed the mandates of the deities, Ashur and Ashur-bani-apal, and, with pious humility, to march forth to battle and take their share of plunder and of heads.

An admirably efficient organization! one will say. How, then, does it happen that the Assyrian empire came so soon to its end? For a century or two the rod of Nineveh made the earth sway and tremble—but twenty-five centuries have already passed above the imperial city's grave. Should not the Assyrian, vigorous and warlike as he was, have survived long after his more peaceful neighbors had been shattered to dust? Was he not following the biological principles of survival, the principles that give the earth to the strong at the expense of the weak? So one would suspect —but history proves the contrary; history proves that he was following the biological principles of extinction. And upon this point all authorities are fairly well agreed. "Assyria was too small a state to bear the heavy burden of imperialism," comments Olmstead, the defender of the land of Ashur-bani-apal. "For a moment, the Assyrian won great glory and much financial return, but he was bled white in the process, and his collapse was without hope of recovery." And H. R. Hall, in his volume on *The Ancient History of the Near East*, writes to similar effect: "The very vigour and energy of the Assyrian kings and their people were the cause of their comparatively speedy downfall . . . So long as their conquests were not too far extended, did not de-

mand too much blood from their subjects, and were not absolutely continuous, their empire was not weakened by the difficulty of controlling distant possessions, and could recuperate itself between its wars of conquest. But the terrible succession of war-lords inaugurated by Tiglath-pileser IV broke the back of the nation . . . they strained their power to the breaking-point by the attempt to rule entirely alien and distant conquests."

The principle of the decline of Assyria was simple—it was the principle of exhaustion. The entire kingdom was specialized on a military basis; there was "No peace-organization of any proper kind to keep the empire together"[1]—and when the war-organization failed, Assyria's downfall was swift and irreparable. Yet a perspicacious observer might have foreseen that downfall generations in advance. For a long while, the quality of the Assyrian army had been deteriorating; under the strain of the unrelenting demands for men and ever more men, inferior elements had to be admitted in fast-increasing numbers; the once-energetic Assyrian peasantry was no longer able to supply troops in any great quantity, and as a result the quality of the army deteriorated and Assyria waned as a fighting power until she was no longer able to hold the possessions she had won. After the Elamite war, Ashur-bani-apal's army contained probably no more than a nucleus of Assyrians, and in consequence he was obliged to abandon Egypt, his most prized possession; while the instability of the empire from the days of the earliest conquests is indicated by the fact that regiments had usually to be garrisoned in the provinces, and that it was perilous to recall them even in an emergency, since their withdrawal was likely to provide the occasion for a general revolt.

The very severity with which Assyria disposed of her opponents was probably due in part to the consciousness that the whole empire was balanced precariously and that any prolonged warfare or unchecked flame of rebellion was likely to reduce her to the point of exhaustion. But her severity was not sufficient to

[1] H. R. Hall, *The Ancient History of the Near East.*

save her, and her increasing militarization only brought her nearer to the point of impotence; and had not the armies of the Scythians and Babylonians dealt a death-blow to the Assyrian power, some other nation would surely have accomplished that task, for the war-lords were no longer able to swing an efficient sword and they had no other recourse to save them.

CHAPTER VII

PERSIAN HORSEMEN AND PUNIC HIRELINGS

One of the most extensive of the ancient Oriental monarchies, and one of the most dangerous to the civilization of the west, was the great empire of the Medes and Persians. Every school boy has heard, of course, of their assaults upon the Greeks and of the battles of Marathon and Thermopylae; every school boy can tell one that they swept down from the Asiatic coast with armies of incredible size and power, and that they had a king so unbelievably childish that he sought to impose his will by lashing the waves. All such information, one need hardly add, is highly colorful and interesting—but what, one may ask, are the actual facts regarding the Persians? What was the nature of their armies? who were the men that composed them, and how were they trained? in what manner were they commanded? what was their equipment, what their methods upon the battlefield? and how did they contrive to make their long marches across the endless reaches of the Persian mountains and plains?

The first fact that strikes one is a matter of common knowledge: that, judged by the standards of ancient fighting, the armies of Persia were unusually large. Whether or not there be any truth in the statement that at times their fighting men totaled in excess of a million, at least it is certain that the Persian armies were exceedingly numerous, and that their very numbers were calculated to terrorize even a stalwart foe. It has been pointed out, indeed, that the Persian king relied upon numbers rather than tactics to gain him his victories; that on some occasions the multitude of his troops would enable him to outflank or sur-

round the enemy; while on other occasions, when no outflanking movements were attempted, he would be able to confront his adversary with detachment after detachment of fresh troops—with the result that the foe, having to fight continuously and without relief, would in time be worn away and compelled to submit.

The army of the Great King (as he was called by his contemporaries) was recruited not only from Persia proper, but from the entire empire—and a most wild-looking and diversely colored assemblage it must have been, for each tribe arrived decked in its own particular costume, and the garments of the herdsman and the mountaineer were varied by those of the nomad of the desert and the settled dweller on the plains. But all, though of sundry races and manners of life, would sometimes be entrusted to the charge of a single commander; and not infrequently the leader would be the king himself. It was not thought honorable that the monarch should not share the common hazards, that he should not risk his person on the field of battle; and while one can recall some exceptions (as when Xerxes reared himself a throne on which to sit and watch the expected victory of his fleet at Salamis), yet in general the Persian sovereign did not disdain the perils which the humblest of his subjects had to face. This system, however, had its disadvantages; more than once it opened the way to disaster when the monarch was smitten by a hostile spear or arrow, or else when, though uninjured, he became panic-stricken and fled.

While not so warlike or destructive as the Assyrians, the Persians developed a definite and powerful military organization; and, like their contemporaries the Spartans, they were careful to train the psychology of the young in martial directions and to establish the profession of fighting as the preferred profession for the mature man. In common with those who, in later ages, have aimed at the cultivation of a religious psychology, the Persian militarists believed in making converts of those of tender years: at the age of five, accordingly, the Persian lad was taken

from the charge of his mother and initiated in a long and arduous career of training. He was inured in hardship, and tutored in the ways of combat; he was expected to rise at dawn, and to exercise in running, in shooting with the bow, in slinging stones and in hurling the javelin; upon reaching his seventh birthday, he was taught to ride, and shortly afterwards began to hunt; while, as the years went by, he gained practice in bearing extremes of heat and cold, in performing long marches, in crossing rivers without wetting his weapons, in sleeping in the open at night, in living with but a single meal in two days, and occasionally in supporting himself on the roots and wild nuts and berries of the land. All the while he would participate in frequent athletic contests, and in competitions with the bow and javelin; and for fifteen years, or until he had reached the age of twenty, this strenuous discipline would continue.

Yet, upon his fifteenth birthday, the youth was held to have reached man's estate; and at that time he was enrolled in the army, and thenceforth for thirty-five years he was subject to military service.

It is not difficult to see that, under such circumstances, the army would not be lacking in men—and that, having had unceasing practice in sham warfare, the youth would be eager to match his skill against the reality. And since Persia was not a very populous country (it is not believed that its inhabitants could have numbered much in excess of a million or two), it does not seem unreasonable to accept the view that the demands of the army "must have absorbed, at the very least, one-third, if not one-half, of the adult male population"; and that exclusive of the slaves, "The bulk of the nation must, from the time of the great conquests, have passed their lives mainly, like the Roman legionaries under the Empire, in garrison duty in the provinces." [1]

Let us now take a glance at the Persian army upon the march.

[1] George Rawlinson, *The Five Great Monarchies of the Ancient Eastern World.*

As might be expected, it is a long, straggling and motley affair, and yet presents an imposing and picturesque appearance. War chariots are fewer than in the case of the Assyrians, but their impressive size to some extent atones for their small number—their huge lumbering wheels are from three to four feet in diameter, and their bodies rise over the wheels nearly five feet above ground. But much more important than the charioteers are the infantry, which form the bulk of the army; and these, whose ordinary dress in early times is a leather tunic, are defended either with a shield of wicker work, which covers them from head to foot, or else with a coat of mail constructed of quilted linen or of almost impenetrable scale armor. Their offensive implements are ordinarily a sword, a bow, and a short spear, while occasionally they also carry a battle axe—and in this, it will be seen, they do not differ fundamentally from the infantry of other ancient countries.

But the Persians do not place their entire reliance upon the infantry—their cavalry are famous and powerful, and have aided in many a victory. The mounted men in the beginning were armed like the infantrymen, but under the younger Cyrus they wore helmets and coats of mail; while the later Persians, in addition to employing a light and agile cavalry, adopted an innovation that must have been both grotesque and terrifying. Imagine, upon the heels of the plodding infantry, a troop of armor-clad quadrupeds!—imagine a squadron of horses that come clanking and clattering slowly across the field, not with the glossy black or white or sorrel hides common to their kind, but with glistening garments of iron! Like their riders, they are encased almost wholly in mail—and though they are especially big and powerful beasts, they do not prance and gallop like other steeds, but plod sedately on their way, with heads bent down—bowed beneath a burden almost too great to bear. Nor are they of any great use in battle—their movements are so slow that flight is difficult if not impossible, and in the confusion of the conflict the weaker animals are apt to sink and fall, while their larger com-

panions, panic-stricken, stumble over them or trample them to earth.

Another beast employed by the Persians—though only to a small extent—is the elephant; while the armies also contain camels, upon whose backs archers are mounted. These must furnish a curious sight as they come jogging slowly on to the field of battle; but it must not be thought that they are wholly ineffec-

PERSIAN ARMORED HORSE AND CAMEL

tive; it is said that once, when Cyrus engaged Croessus at Pterie, they won the battle by creating consternation among the horses, who could not bear either the sight of them or their smell.

Burdened with their vast swarms of fighters and with their great variety of equipment—with light cavalry and sometimes with armored cavalry, with chariots and on occasion with camels and elephants—the Persian armies can move only in a cumbrous and laborious fashion. Usually they seek to avoid winter warfare entirely; but, even with the advantages of the summer weather, they can rarely travel more than twenty or twenty-five miles in a day; and then the exertion is so great that they frequently have to pause for whole days at a time, or even for two or three days

at a stretch. Nor is this hard to understand—they are not accustomed to march through a settled country along established roads; their only highway is that which they make for themselves across weed-infested plains or over stony deserts or the thickets of untrodden hills; they must cross bridgeless rivers, and skirt the edges of dangerous swamps, and wind through the wind-blown and rocky defiles of the mountains; and at times they have

PERSIAN WAR ELEPHANTS

great difficulty in pulling the carts and litters up the irregular slopes, and at times the wheels sink into the clinging mud and there is immense trouble and delay in pulling them out. And even after all such obstacles have been surmounted, other problems remain to be faced—it is by no means easy to find a suitable spot for the evening's encampment, for usually an open plain is desirable, and the vicinity of water is essential. Moreover, there are certain precautions which must not be neglected: if it be thought that the enemy is within striking range, a ditch several feet deep must be dug about the entire camp, or, if the

soil be sandy, sacks must be filled and piled up as a sort of improvised fortification. It is not difficult to see that, after trudging with his pack through a score of miles or more of the pathless wilderness and after laboring with pick or spade toward constructing the night's defenses, the Persian soldier would feel that he had done a day's work and would be ready for nothing but supper and sleep.

Let us now take leave of the Persians, and travel westward to the coast of the Mediterranean. We will there find ourselves in a small country that has played a disproportionately prominent rôle in world history—the land of Canaan. Like most regions bordering upon the great inland sea, Canaan has known fighting and bloodshed in abundance throughout the centuries; but many of the conflicts, strange to say, have been waged not by the natives but by invaders of the moment. Still, the ancient Hebrews have not been an altogether peaceful folk; they have engaged in many a famous battle with Syria and Babylon, and later are to bleed beneath the sword of Rome. It would be pleasant to linger for a moment over the wars of the kingdoms of Israel and Judaea, and in particular over the struggles of the Maccabees; but all this is an often-repeated story; and, moreover, it would scarcely repay attention here, since the conflicts of the Jews did not differ essentially from the conflicts of their more powerful contemporaries. It is worthy of passing note, however, that the Hebrew laws on the whole enjoined greater kindness to foes than was common in the war-laws of the time; for example, they forbade such ravaging of the countryside as was customary among the Assyrians, and expressly prohibited the felling of fruit trees. Yet they embodied a curious blending of the humane and the savage; and perhaps it would be difficult to find mercy more strangely allied with ruthlessness, and bloody vengeance more singularly tempered by practical interest, than in the old Mosaic law: "When you have beaten your enemies in battle, slay those that have fought against you; but preserve the

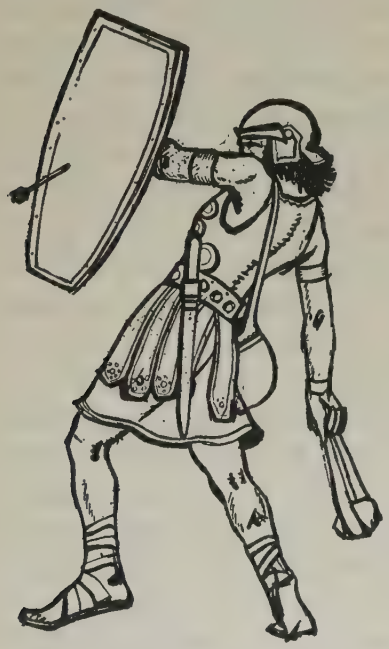
others alive, that they may pay you tribute, excepting the nation of the Canaanites; for as to that people, you must entirely destroy them." [1]

From Palestine to Phoenicia is not a long journey, as journeys go; but we will not pause to take more than casual note of the realm of Sidon and Tyre, since it was as sea-warriors rather than as land-warriors that the Phoenicians were notable, and we must therefore leave them until our chapter on sea fighting. But we will take flight along the southern coast of the Mediterranean to a famous Phoenician colony celebrated for its naval warfare but also of importance on the land—the mortal enemy of Rome, Carthage. We will here find ourselves in an altogether different atmosphere than in any country we have yet visited; we will observe a far closer military resemblance to Egypt than to either Assyria or Persia, and yet will discover that the likeness is far from perfect, since the citizen of Carthage seems never to have felt such a flare of warlike enthusiasm as the Egyptian experienced following the downfall of the Hyksos. Indeed, the remarkable thing about the Carthaginian, as about the typical Egyptian, is that he rarely if ever went forth to battle; that, while a vast amount of fighting was performed in the name of the empire he had established, he preferred to pay others to wield the sword for him and to remain calmly at home in the pursuit of manufacturing or trade.

Hence we find that the system of employing mercenaries, which was becoming established in contemporary Greece and which had already been tested in Egypt, was adopted by Carthage as the backbone of the military organization. And what an advance this system marks in the evolution of war! How clearly it shows the impress of an onsweeping civilization! Men no longer fight because of merely primitive motives—they no longer fight because of dread of the foe, or because of vengeance that needs to be satisfied, or because of the goads of religion or even of the greed for booty. In a far, far more practical way, they fight be-

[1] Josephus, *Antiquities of the Jews.*

cause they are paid to fight; they sink their sword through the heart of a foe, or tear out his entrails or batter out his brains, not because they have any animosity against him—why need there be animosity?—but because they are paid for their work. Certainly, here is a business-like basis for warfare; and it is one which, as we shall observe, has had considerable efficacy throughout the ages.



BALACREAN SLINGER

And so we find that the bulk of the Punic army was composed of hirelings recruited from foreign nations. They were of sundry races, spoke various languages, and were led by their own chieftains; and their services were ordinarily secured from their governments by the method of group purchase. Among them were half-naked Gauls from the forests of the north; Iberians from the Spanish peninsula; red-hooded nomads from the verge of the Sahara; Balacrean slingers with their deadly pebbles and leaden pellets; and Numidian cavalrymen robed in the skins of leopards or lions. A picturesque and varied assemblage they must have been, and one calculated to make the foe quail and tremble! —and yet, redoubtable as they were, they were a constant source of dissension and trouble. It is not to be thought that a nation can lightly tamper with men of the type that will hire themselves out to kill; Carthage was no exception, and at times, like many another power, she found her mercenaries fractious and unmanageable: either they would mutiny for their pay, or there would be disquieting intrigue and plotting among them, or they would

threaten to turn against the very country for which they fought. Indeed, so disturbing an element were they that, as Mommsen remarks, more than once Carthage "found her paid serfs more dangerous than her foes." [1]

Yet there was no apparent way to avoid the evil. In common with many nations before and since, Carthage was in a paradoxical position: although her citizens were not by nature warlike, she had risen to a commercial position that demanded warfare; and since commerce had erected an empire which only the sword could retain, she was constrained to enter into frequent conflicts for the sake of her trade. And such conflicts were for her abnormal things, for she had created within her people neither the psychology nor the physique of the fighter. "Anxious as the Carthaginian government was to induce its citizens to take part in military service, it could neither furnish the artisan and the manufacturer with the bodily vigor of the husbandman, nor overcome the native aversion of the Phoenicians to warfare." [2]

Yet Carthage, it will be remarked, was the nation that produced Hannibal—Carthage was the nation that sent an army swinging across the Alps and into Italy, smiting the Romans time after time with such defeat as the Latin arms had never known before, and dealing terror to the very City of the Seven Hills. All very true!—yet Hannibal represents merely the isolated instance of the power of a great leader; and it was in spite of the mercenaries, and not because of them, that he made his victorious march across the Italian plain. There is a single factor—aside from his ability to control the troops—that will explain his successes; and that factor is the introduction of a sort of military sleight-of-hand, the introduction of tricks and cleverness to baffle and outwit his opponent. In other words, Hannibal was a master of that form of deception known as strategy; and his methods are of importance in the history of war as representing

[1] Theodor Mommsen, *The History of Rome*, Vol. II.
[2] *Ibid.*

almost the earliest recognition that battles may be won by other means than by the strength of battalions.

"Excepting in the case of Alexander, and some few isolated instances," states Theodore Ayrault Dodge, "all wars up to the second Punic War had been decided largely, if not entirely, by battle-tactics. Strategic ability had been comprehended only on a minor scale. Armies had marched toward each other, but fought in parallel order, and the conqueror had imposed terms on his opponent. Any variation from this rule consisted in ambuscades or other stratagems. That war could be waged by avoiding in lieu of seeking battle; that the results of a victory could be earned by attacks upon an enemy's communications, by flank maneuvers, by seizing positions from which safely to threaten him in case he moved, and by other devices of strategy, was not understood." [1]

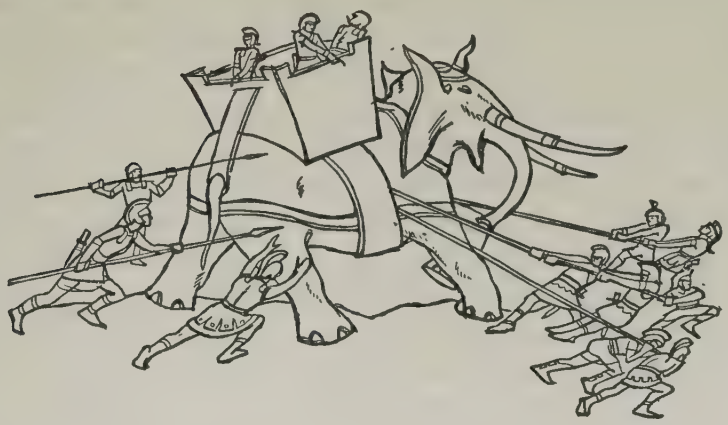
Examples of ancient strategy are not hard to recall. As good an illustration as any—and an instance that shows the ingenuity and the trickery usually involved—is the device which Hannibal employed in 217 B. C. on the Falerian plain in Italy. Desiring to make his exit through the mountains, and having no easy method of egress, he decided to accomplish by ruse that which he could not readily achieve by straightforward action. The Roman general Fabius had command of the pass which Hannibal intended to use, and to march directly against him would have been hazardous in the extreme; the necessity, therefore, was to dislodge him by indirect means. And Hannibal, being master of the indirect method, called to his aid a corps of the strangest allies that ever soldier employed. Not men but cattle were his assistants!—and most effective assistants they were, although the help they rendered was purely involuntary. He bade his followers select two thousand vigorous bullocks and fasten bundles of dry fagots to their horns—then, toward the middle of the night, he had the fagots lighted, while the Punic infantry drove

[1] Theodore Ayrault Dodge, *Hannibal.*

the bewildered beasts up the slopes toward the Roman army. Is it any wonder if Fabius and his men were startled? Is it any wonder if, seeing the flaming brands flashing toward them through the darkness, they fancied that they were victims of a night attack? And is it surprising, if, misled by the strange tumult resounding from beneath them and above, they drew up their troops in battle formation and went forth to meet the foe? But alas! they did not meet the enemy they had expected—having scaled the heights where they thought the Carthaginians were assembling, they were confronted only by a multitude of maddened bulls! It may well be imagined that these, infuriated as they were by the fires, proved disconcerting adversaries!—all fighting was now out of the question; only confusion and a panicky flight remained! And while the Romans were collecting their wits and no doubt cursing the cleverness of Hannibal, the Carthaginian general marched quietly forward, and, almost without a struggle, took possession of the pass.

But there were occasions when the strategy of Hannibal proved still more disastrous to the Romans. Consider, for example, the Battle of Lake Trasimene—not the most bloody of Hannibal's victories, and yet one of the most sanguinary conflicts of ancient times. Hannibal's tactics in this case were not so unusual as in the episode of the cattle, and his device was a simple ambuscade: taking advantage of the Roman practice of marching in a careless straggling fashion, he chose a spot above the lake and concealed his troops at intervals in the woods along the road where the enemy was expected to pass; then, at a trumpet signal, he bade his squadrons charge through the fog into the thick of the unwary Latin legions. Truly, that must have been a terrifying moment—suddenly, amid the silence of the wilderness, the blaring of the battle call; then, out of the veiling banks of mist, the Punic phalanxes charging with heavy tread; then, from another direction, the shouts and thunder of galloping horsemen, mingled with the shrieks and screams of men smitten by the swords of the foe! What an opportunity, soldiers of Rome, to show your

strength and valor! But strength and valor can hardly avail against the Punic trap!—not many of you shall live to see your homes again! Rarely had a Roman army known such confusion and such slaughter; there was but a mad, bewildered, panic-stricken mass of fighters, on one side the woods, on the other the lake, and the enemy all around them; while for hours the butchery continued, and the Roman troopers were but as hay before the scythe of the reaper. Attacked from all sides at once, they seemed scarcely capable of defending themselves; some fled, only to fall into the enemy's hands; some turned their swords against their own breasts, some leapt into the water to avoid the irresistible onslaught. Of the forty thousand legionaries, not over ten thousand escaped—the rest, either captured or slain, were victims not of the superiority of the invading army but of the strategy of its leader.



CHAPTER VIII

THE BATTLE LORDS OF GREECE

Following the conventional method, we have delayed our discussion of Greece until after the consideration of Egypt, Persia and various other countries of Africa and the Orient. Yet there would be some logical excuse for turning to Greece before Persia, some excuse for naming her in the same breath with Egypt and Babylonia; for recent excavations have indicated that Grecian civilization reaches back much further than was once imagined, and that the earliest cultured Greeks were contemporaries of the first known dwellers in Mesopotamia or the valley of the Nile. Some idea of the vastness of the lapse of time may be gleaned from the statement that Plato or Pericles could have looked back upon civilized predecessors as remote from them as they are from the modern denizens of Athens. Yet of those early Greeks we can of course know very little, for the records are fragmentary and incomplete; though we do know that they reached a considerable artistic attainment—and though we have evidence that warfare was the destroyer of their progress.

I have already stated something as to the incursion of northern barbarians upon the Mediterranean world; I should add that the first invaders are thought to have arrived about the fourteenth or fifteenth century B. C., and to have been followed some three or four hundred years later by the Dorians. Archeological remains prove that the intruders were well armed: unlike the original Ægeans, who fought mainly with slings and arrows, they were equipped with long iron swords, with iron-pointed spears, and with shields with a central boss. They must have seemed most imposing and savage in their full panoply of bronze armor, their

helmets adorned with crests and plumes, their studded belts of bronze and leather, and their legs protected with greaves. And that they spread terror and destruction is all too probable. Sometimes a silence is more eloquent than any words—and the silence that follows their appearance is most meaningful. There is a period of some three or four centuries (about 1100 to 776 B. C.) without known history, a period that has well been likened to the "Dark Ages" that followed the sacking of Rome; and civilization seems to have been under an almost total eclipse. "The stability and order of life in the Ægean was broken up and the lamp of culture flickered out," states one commentator.[1] Some arts, such as the faience and gypsum or stucco relief, were blotted out altogether; others showed an incalculable decline. "The writing seems to have perished and been reinvented or reimported later on. The use of weights and money perished for a time out of the Greek world. These things were closely bound up with a flourishing commerce, and now the sea had become unsafe for commerce. Sculpture had to begin again from the beginning, and though the shapes of pottery in some cases seem to survive right through, yet the designs suffer an extraordinary degradation and barbarization before they begin again to be admirable." [2]

Although we can by no means be sure in the matter of dates, the Homeric wars probably occurred sometime toward the beginning of the "Dark Age." And, certainly, it is in Homer that we have our earliest written records of Hellenic conflicts. The story of the expedition against Troy, of the fair Helen and the dreaded Achilles, of Agamemnon and Ulysses and the sacking of Ilium, has been told so often that we need not dwell upon it here; but it will be important to note that, by the time of which Homer writes, warlike usages had become common and a warlike psychology predominant, so that men were wont to seek glory in battle, to express their love of battle in songs, and thus to stimulate the popular emotions to an interest in conflict and a desire

[1] J. C. Stobart, *The Glory That Was Greece.*
[2] *Ibid.*

for the fray. It is worthy of mention, moreover, that the methods of the warriors were not those of imperiled creatures goaded by an inexorable need of survival; rather, they were the tactics of men who fight because of reasons embedded in custom or in their own psychology. Thus, when we see the great Achilles sulking and refusing to go forth with his companions, we can observe the psychological element in full command; thus, also, when

ACHILLES DRAGGING THE BODY OF HECTOR

we behold the same Achilles dragging the dead body of Hector in the dust behind his chariot, we can surmise that one of the objects of warfare was not only to slay the foe but to display his death. Again, when we read that spirited contests were sometimes held in the effort to regain possession of a corpse, we find the struggle easy enough to understand from a psychological point of view, but can discover no biological basis at all,—no resemblance, let us say, to the action of the hawk that strikes down the sparrow because, without the sparrow's blood, it must perish. Early warfare in most lands, and notably in Greece, is an affair that depends upon the feelings and customs of men and not upon any compulsion of nature.

One might almost say that the entire heroic tradition—the

tradition that exalts the battle feats and the slayings of an Achilles or an Ajax—represents a sort of half-unconscious propaganda designed to turn the minds of the young in the direction of war. And such propaganda, it need hardly be added, was peculiarly suited to the fighting of the times; for warfare in early Greece, however callous and bloody it may have been, was not a matter of machine tactics; it did not subordinate the individual to the multitude, but rather subordinated the multitude to the individual—indeed, the multitude was of but small importance, while all the interest centered about the duels of particular contestants. Hence the competitive impulse and the pride of victory were powerful forces inciting the would-be hero to fight, much as they incited the knight of the Middle Ages. These forces would be particularly strong since it was not given to every one to enact the rôle of the duellist; for a man must have armor in order to cut a gallant figure, and armor was the possession only of the few. But for those few there was an incentive such as not many warriors of a later age were to have, for they knew that the unarmed majority counted for little and that the battle was likely to be won, if at all, by their own skill and courage. And so, in the highest spirits, they would stride forth to the field of combat, much as a football hero strides forth when half a city watches and applauds—it was not necessarily that they detested the enemy, not that they had any grudges to redeem, any property to despoil or any religious functions to fulfill; it was not that they had any love of inflicting pain for the sake of pain or of spilling blood for the sake of blood, but merely that they had an unparalleled opportunity for personal distinction, and that they did not wish the chance to escape them.

Yet let us not imagine that the early Greeks had not a certain delight in actions that we of to-day should regard as merely cruel—the cruelty was an object in itself, since it was a source of honor and acclaim. It is well known that in Greece, as in the classical world in general, it was customary not only to loot and burn a captured city but to slay the inhabitants or else to carry

them away as slaves—and the plundering and the slaughter were encouraged by a psychology that stamped them as admirable. As James Henry Breasted remarks, "There was savage joy in such treatment of the vanquished, and such deeds were thought to increase the fame and glory of the victors." [1]

But fame and glory were not the only incentives to warfare. Possibly, as in other lands, there were occasional raids for booty; and certainly, from the earliest historic times and probably also in the prehistoric era, there were not infrequent blood-feuds. The reason for such conflicts was perhaps not far different from the reason among savage races; and the leading cause is doubtless to be found in the clannishness of the Greeks. This is indicated by H. J. Rose when he writes, "As to the foreigner, which may mean a person living within easy walking distance, he has no rights at all, and may be killed with impunity. But should he kill one of the clan, it is always permissible, generally a sacred duty, to avenge the death. Hence arises the blood-feud, perhaps the ancestor of war, certainly one of the factors which produce that unpleasant phenomenon." [2]

The foundations of the institution in the psychology of the age is explained by another author: "The blood feud was deeply rooted in Attic sentiment. It arose from the belief that the spirit of a man killed cries to his kin for vengeance and cannot be appeased until blood has had blood. If the injured spirit is not thus set at rest, it remains hostile and has for its allies the powers of the earth, which refuse fertility to a land tainted with guilt. The son inherits the feud as he inherits his father's goods and has no choice but to seek revenge." [3]

With custom and tradition thus fortifying the vengeful emotions of man, is it remarkable if there was perpetual dissension and bloodshed in early Greece?

But the dominant cause for warfare among the Greeks of the

[1] James Henry Breasted, *The Conquest of Civilization.*
[2] H. J. Rose, *Primitive Culture in Greece.*
[3] F. E. Adcock, in *The Cambridge Ancient History.*

GREEKS LOOTING AND BURNING A CITY

historic era was their political chaos—their division into innumerable petty city-states. Whereas in the Homeric period the unit was the tribe, the essential division following the Dark Age was the free city; we see each little community establishing its own government, conducting its independent trade, and vying on its own behalf against the armed might of its neighbors. In order to gain some idea of the confusion and the dissension that reigned, one has only to imagine conditions in the United States to-day if there were no central government nor even any state government, but if cities such as New York, Boston, Philadelphia and Baltimore all maintained their individual sovereignty, all established citizen armies and were ready upon any pretext to declare war upon their neighbors and to ravage their neighbors' land.

It is known that the Hellenic states on the whole did little if anything to avert perpetual dissension, and that the more powerful of them were zealous to instill a military spirit and to achieve military supremacy. Sparta, in particular, stands out for all the ages as one of the most notable instances of a community organized not for peace but for war. The constitution of this state has been well described as "fitting for a military camp where martial law was to prevail and where the one end of all law and all social order was to turn out the best soldiers and the best soldiers' wives." [1] All ordinary interests were subordinated to the one great interest of fighting; all desires except the desire for the battlefield were frowned upon by custom and discouraged by the law; the city was little more than a permanent camp for which peace was abnormal whereas strife was welcome and expected. The breeding of muscular limbs and the development of a warlike psychology were the two great aims of the Spartan system; the art and the culture that throve in Athens were not for the Spartan youth, and even in the time of Plato the typical citizen had not learned to read: from the age of seven until the age of twenty he passed his days in a sort of military

[1] H. B. Cotterill, *Ancient Greece.*

academy, and at twenty he entered the army; but even then, though allowed to marry, he was compelled to live among other men in the barracks. He was not permitted to engage in trade, and found every sort of civil work discountenanced; all necessary labor was performed for him by the Helots, and he was expected to devote himself exclusively to the business of fighting—while, as if his professional training had not sufficiently cultivated a desire for the battlefield, he was drilled in a sort of "camouflage" calculated to conceal the miseries and the terrors of war and to exaggerate its glory and glamour. The stoicism of the Spartan is proverbial—it was not in his code of honor to admit that sorrow was sorrowful, or that misfortune was unfortunate, or that life was to be preferred to death. Thus when, in the year 371, the news was brought of the grievous defeat by the Thebans at the battle of Leuctra, the men's choir was not stopped nor the games ended, and the women were warned to make no lamentations; while on the following day, according to Xenophon, "you could see the families of the slain going about in public with cheerful, smiling faces, but as for those whose menfolk had been announced as living, they went about in gloom and shame."

Among a people so trained to a repression of natural emotions, and so given to the wearing of falsefaces, one would not be surprised to find many of the citizens conforming to custom by feigning a love of warfare, or else disguising its horror beneath the cloak of patriotism or of a simulated enthusiasm, or fanning the fighting spirit by proclaiming their pride in that which actually brought them only torment.

It is possible that, upon the establishment of their city, the Spartans were no more warlike than their fellow Greeks, and that their military qualities were developed primarily by the attempt to maintain a usurped position. How this may have happened is explained by H. B. Cotterill when he declares, "The original Helots had been masters of the country, and their descendants, conscious of this, and being doubtless often equal to the Spartiates in civilized instincts, bitterly resented their lot, and

the constant danger of insurrection was one of the main reasons why Sparta lived under martial law. A very striking specimen of the measures adopted by the Spartans to meet the danger was the Crypteia, or secret society of young Spartiates, who were empowered by law to kill at once any Helot whom they might suspect as dangerous. To cover such glaring injustice by a show of law it was customary for certain magistrates (the *ephors*) every year, when assuming office, to *declare war* formally against the Helots!" [1]

This is not the only case in history in which a military organization has been stimulated by slavery, nor in which slavery, once established, has encouraged a resort to military measures.

But except for the extreme warlike specialization of the Spartans, the system of fighting and of preparation for fighting was much the same throughout Greece. It was everywhere customary to build up citizen armies, and to train all the citizens for war; and, until the rise of mercenaries during the latter centuries of Greek national life, the typical warrior was not unlike the typical soldier called out by a modern European country under the system of universal service. In Athens, for example, all citizens who were physically fit were liable to military service from their sixteenth to their sixtieth year; they were trained in running races and flinging spears and taking long marches with the object of making them efficient fighters; and one of the chief differences between them and their modern successors was that the discipline they underwent was less severe.

The basis of the Athenian army was the hoplite or heavy infantry soldier. Armed with bronze helmet, cuirass, and greaves, with crest of horsehair or bright feathers and large round or oval shield vividly painted, he was no doubt like most ancient warriors in presenting a colorful sight. His weapons were a stout lance six feet long, and a double-edged sword about twenty-five inches in length; while, by way of additional assistance, each hoplite was accompanied by a lightly armed attendant, a slave or poor

[1] H. B. Cotterill, *Ancient Greece.*

citizen who could not afford armor and whose duty it was to carry his master's shield and baggage and to act as skirmisher to guard the camp before battle. In later days there was also another form of infantry, the peltasts, who bore small shields and long lances; while the cavalry, usually of but minor importance in Greek warfare, was composed of those few men rich enough to own a horse.

The typical battle was little more than a test of brute strength. As one Persian observer commented, all that Greek warfare required was two armies about evenly matched, an unimpeded plain, and straightforward slaughter. Yet the preliminaries were manifold and varied, and on many occasions probably consumed more time than the actual struggle. First—and not least important, to the ancient way of thinking—the omens were consulted; and woe to the army if lightning had smitten a tree at the camp's verge, or if a meteor had been seen flaming across the sky, or if a soothsayer had had a dream of fire and destruction! But let us assume that there had been no such sinister portent; a fowl would then be slain and its entrails examined; and having found that the relationship between the creature's liver and the issue of the battle was propitious, the men could quell their misgivings regardless of the fact that the men of the opposite camp were no doubt quelling their own misgivings on similar grounds. They could listen with confidence to the speech of their leader, who would urge them forth to combat in the name of fatherland and the gods; they could sing the paeons with gusto and exaltation, and set out for the battle with enthusiastic shouts of derision, loud catcalls and trumpetings that echoed the shouts, catcalls and trumpetings of the foe.

Advancing shoulder to shoulder in a solid phalanx, the men of both sides would press forward heavily to meet the enemy. And the initial stage of the conflict would be somewhat like a football game on an enormous and sanguinary scale; there would be a terrific and confused pushing, the men of the front ranks prodded onward by those behind, yet opposing a nearly un-

broken line of spears to an enemy glowering almost within hand's reach. Shrieks and cries, the crashing of lances and the clattering of armor would make an incessant racket, and now and then would come the moans of those crushed by the irresistible impact. But tighter, and still tighter, and ever tighter the two masses of pressing men would become, until they were merged into one; and in all directions lances would lunge and flash and short swords stab; from all sides would shrill the screams of men pierced on cheek or neck or breast. Writhing figures would toss and groan on the ground with heads little more than clots of blood or abdomens bathed by crimson streams; here and there, almost drowned out by the wailing and the yelling, one might hear the throaty rattlings of death; here and there some palpitating form, stretched prone on the earth, would quiver its last as some armor-clad leg would plunge or stumble across it; while for long, how long no man could say, the clashing and clamoring and stormy confusion would endure, until at length one side had emerged triumphant and the defeated warriors, stripping off their armor, had gone racing from the field.

Such being the normal conditions of battle, one might imagine that the Greeks would have had no great love of warfare; that they would have resorted to it only under extreme and irresistible provocation. The facts, however, do not support this surmise; it would seem that the Greeks fought upon any pretext or without any pretext at all. And the reason is not difficult to discover: in ancient Hellas, as in modern Europe, the memory of man could not cover more than the space of a generation, and those who had known the darker side of war would soon die out or else forget or glorify their experiences, while those who had never known war at all would picture it in glamorous colors. This is indicated by Thucydides in his comments upon the beginning of the Peloponnesian War—that devastating struggle which was not only to entail the ruin of Athens, but was to devitalize the Hellenic race itself by the destruction of the flower of its youth. Yet the people prepared for this blighting contest as

though for a festival. "On neither side were there any mean thoughts," says the historian; "they were both full of enthusiasm: and no wonder, for all men are energetic when they are making a beginning. At that time the youth of Peloponnesus and the youth of Athens were very numerous; they had never seen war, and were therefore very willing to take up arms." [1]

One has only to read of the ostensible cause of the Peloponnesian War to understand that methods of war-making have not changed much in the course of two thousand years. Just as the pretext for our own World War was not some great issue involving the destinies of empires, but rather the death of a single individual in one of the smallest states of the earth, so the actual blast that ignited the Athenian-Spartan conflagration was little more than a spark that concerned the fate of the comparatively few. It was not Athens and Sparta that began the struggle; it was Thebes and the small neighboring town of Platea. This tiny city-state, an ally of Athens, was invaded as the result of an intrigue by a band of Thebans who desired to kill certain persons of an opposing faction. Worsted in a struggle with the Plateans, many of the intruders were taken prisoners; and these, despite the endeavors of their own government to save them, were speedily put to death. The whole affair was in gross violation of the Thirty Years' Truce; accordingly, there could be only one result—the cities of Greece, without making any attempt to negotiate or to settle their difficulties by peaceful means, enthusiastically began to prepare for the most wasting conflict in their history.

But even had hostilities not broken out at the particular moment, there must eventually have been a crucial struggle, for both Sparta and Athens were pursuing a course that led toward warfare. We have already observed the extreme militarization of the Spartans, and their cultivation of a warlike point of view; the Athenians, likewise, were planting plentiful seeds of combat,

[1] Thucydides, *Book II.*

for by their policy of imperialism they were gaining enemies who were only too happy to see them challenged and to take arms against them. "The feeling of mankind was strongly on the side of the Lacedaemonians," states Thucydides; "for they professed to be the liberators of Hellas. Cities and individuals were eager to assist them to the utmost, both by word and deed; and where a man could not hope to be present, there it seemed to him that all things were at a stand. For the general indignation against the Athenians was intense; some were longing to be delivered from them, and others fearful of falling under their sway." [1]

There are several features of the Peloponnesian War that we may particularly note. One is that the Athenians, in some ways the representatives of the most advanced civilization the world has ever known, sank to the level of the most bloodthirsty savages under the stress of the emotions of conflict. Consider, for example, the case of the island of Melos, which had remained neutral in the conflict, and whose only offense was its refusal to submit itself to the arrogant Athenian sovereignty. After a conference in which the Athenians proclaimed that the sanction of might and of the gods was on their side, they besieged the island, conquered it, massacred all the men and bore all the women and children away into slavery!

Yet the Athenians who committed such infamies were the Athenians that gave us Euripides, Plato, and Praxiteles,—the Athenians that reared the Parthenon, and offered us matchless works of poetry and drama, and produced philosophy that is the prized heritage of mankind, and fashioned such statuary as the world has never seen before or since.

A second noteworthy feature of the Peloponnesian War was that the indirect damage it caused—as in the case of many a later conflict—was in some respects more pronounced than the direct. This is particularly true with regard to the great plague at Athens, which is said to have cost the life of one citizen in every five

[1] Thucydides, *Book II.*

in addition to incalculable foreign victims and slaves. The horror of this unexpected outgrowth of the war is indicated by Thucydides in a vivid passage: "The crowding of the people out of the country into the city aggravated the misery; and the newly-arrived suffered most. For, having no houses of their own, but inhabiting in the height of summer stifling huts, the mortality among them was dreadful, and they perished in wild disorder. The dead lay as they had died, one upon another, while others hardly alive wallowed in the streets and crawled about every fountain craving for water. The temples in which they lodged were full of the corpses of those that had died in them; for the violence of the calamity was such that men, not knowing where to turn, grew reckless of all law, human and divine. The customs which had hitherto been observed at funerals were universally violated, and they buried their dead each one as best he could. Many, having no proper appliances, because the deaths in their household had been so numerous already, lost all shame in the burial of the dead. When one man had raised a funeral pile, others would come, and throwing on their dead first, set fire to it; or when some other corpse was already burning, before they could be stopped, would throw their own dead upon it and depart." [1]

It is needless to add that, but for the overcrowding which was the direct result of the war, the contagion could never have gained headway and in all likelihood would never have appeared at all.

Following the Peloponnesian War, the power of Greek arms underwent a noticeable decline; but the future still held developments of importance. And not the least of these was the rise of the mercenary. We have already seen how, in Egypt and Carthage, soldiers were hired to kill much as tailors are hired to fashion garments or carpenters to construct houses; and it is notable that in Greece, likewise, the wielding of the sword and lance gradually came to be esteemed as a remunerative profes-

[1] Thucydides, *Book II.*

sion. If a man of daring and enterprise sought to make his way in the world, all he had to do was to engage a corps of adventurers, hire them out to any city or prince that might desire their services, and lead them forth to battle either under his supreme command, or else under some other leader but subject to his own immediate supervision. Naturally, all manner of ruffians and desperadoes might be expected to enroll, and every variety of intrigue and dissension might be anticipated—but, on the other hand, once it was known that a man made a business of war, his employer might be sure that he would be guilty of no weak leniency in the treatment of the foe, no needless compunctions at the sight of blood and no unnecessary restraints in ravaging foreign territory. The professional attitude, as perhaps ancient observers noted, may be an advantage even when it comes to looting and slaying.

If we are to accept the word of Xenophon, it was the commercial motive that predominated among Greek mercenaries. Speaking of the members of his famous "Ten Thousand" and their reasons for embarking upon the expedition into Persia, he declares, "Most of them had not sailed from home for this service for want of a livelihood, but because they had heard a good account of Cyrus; some brought men with them, and others had sunk money in the expedition; others again had run away from fathers and mothers, and some had left children behind them, and hoped to make something and return; they had heard that the other men with Cyrus did very well for themselves." [1]

It was with such motives that the men of Xenophon's expedition journeyed far across the plains and mountains of an unknown land; it was with such motives that they confronted the wild tribes, battled the armies of the "Great King," and encountered hardship and starvation—it was with such motives, and because the younger brother of the Persian monarch had royal aspirations and the money to pay for their fulfillment.

In addition to the introduction of mercenaries, the latter cen-

[1] Xenophon, *Anabasis.*

turies of Greek national life saw several innovations in warfare. There was, for one thing, the development of siege engines and siege tactics, which had not been very popular or very successful before the fourth century, and which had been disdained by Sparta in particular. Again, there was a notable change in the methods of battle, as to be seen in the phalanx devised by Epaminondas of Thebes and perfected by Philip of Macedon. One observes that Epaminondas had considerable reliance on the power of morale, since he formed a corps composed of one hundred and fifty pairs of "lovers" sworn to conquer or to die (the lovers being, in the Greek sense of the term, devoted males such as Damon and Pythias). But one also observes that he did not overlook the importance of tactics; in defiance of the conventional plan, he massed his soldiers fifty spears deep upon the left as opposed to the twelve spears' depth of the foe. And thus, at the battle of Leuctra, he was able to break the enemy's right by the solid impact of his men, and to deal Sparta her first great defeat in a land battle. Epaminondas, as it happened, had the ill luck to be slain while winning his second victory, and thereupon the power of Thebes waned; but Philip of Macedon, who chanced to be in Thebes as a hostage, was not slow to take advantage of the new tactics. With them in mind, he built his famous "Macedonian phalanx," a solid mass of men sixteen files deep, armed with projecting eighteen-foot pikes; and this device, which represented a tremendous advance in machine methods, was not only a prime factor in the success of Philip, but was a leading element in the march of his son Alexander through lands that had never before seen the sword of Greece.

CHAPTER IX

THE ROMAN MARS

While the story of Greece is largely written in letters of blood, the Greeks as a race had never the same appetite for war as we find among certain other ancient nations. Sparta alone excepted, they did not undergo anything like the military specialization attained by the Assyrians; and they were notably less given to sword-wielding than their conquerors, the Romans. The difference between the two peoples is manifested not only by their actions but by the religious code they espoused, by the very gods they worshipped; for whereas, in Hellas, the carnage-loving Ares is one of the least popular of the major divinities and inspires less ardent worship and is represented by fewer statues than the deities of peace, in Rome the great battle-lord, Mars, is the most prominent and widely honored of all the members of the native pantheon.

If we of to-day knew only this fact concerning the Romans, we might be sure that they were a people well practiced in warfare. And we might surmise much which is now common knowledge: that, like the Assyrians, they were a plundering and a devastating race; that one might observe in their State the deification of might and the exaltation of conquest; that many of their wars were mere raids for land or booty conducted on a magnificent scale, and that the practical motive was always predominant; that, in order to make the material seem less material and to strengthen a love of fighting, they surrounded all things military with a glamour of renown and approbation, emphasized the spectacular phases of battle and sanctified their conflicts with all the wiles of honor and religion.

We might surmise all this because observation will tell us that this has been the invariable rule among peoples for whom the war-god had been the leading deity.

From the earliest times, the Roman state was organized upon a military basis. We do not find that, as in Egypt, there was any historic era when fighting was not prevalent and the people were peacefully disposed: although tradition tells us that the reign of Numa Pompilius was a golden age of peace, we know that the Romans waged wars of conquest and widely expanded their dominions under the seven kings; and we likewise know that, under the regal administration, there was a definite and comprehensive organization for warfare. Every citizen was expected to bear arms, and membership in the army was regarded as a privilege rather than as a duty; every citizen had to provide his own weapons, armor and other equipment; while neither freedman nor slave was allowed to enlist, and the denial of the right to serve was regarded as a bitter disgrace. Yet the army, although a sort of honorary society of citizens, was constructed upon a plan curiously eloquent of the reasons for its existence: it was reared upon a basis of Property, and the infantry was marshalled in five classes chosen in accordance with the possessions of the warriors. Thus, the first division, composed of those with a fortune of a hundred thousand "asses" or over, were clad in full armor and formed the front ranks; the second section was constituted of those with a fortune of from seventy-five to a hundred thousand "asses"; while the third, fourth and fifth were graded in a similar manner, and beneath them and in a different group stood those who had no fortune at all. All was arranged in a most systematic fashion; the equipment varied with the numbering of the group, and whereas the first class was completely armored, the fourth and fifth had no defensive weapons at all. Political organization, likewise, came to depend upon military organization, and a man's voting power was decided in accordance with his position in the army: so that the members of the first infantry group, when

linked with the members of the cavalry, had sufficient power to control all the governmental operations even though, from the numerical point of view, they were vastly inferior. For the early institutions of Rome were based upon a peculiar theory: that the man with the most property should take the most active part in defending the state, and at the same time should have the greatest influence in the direction of public affairs.

Like the Persians and the Spartans and other peoples with warlike leanings, the Romans trained their boys at an early age for the profession of arms. Before the Latin youth reached his seventeenth birthday—at which time he was eligible for regular service—he was systematically drilled and disciplined in the handling of weapons and in athletic exercises; he was given continuous practice in marching, running, jumping, swimming, the carrying of heavy weights and the wielding of the sword and the javelin. And thus a twofold purpose was served: for not only was his body hardened to bear the trials of the campaign, but his mind was turned in the direction of warfare and his desires were stimulated toward the practical application of the knowledge he had acquired.

That he could employ such knowledge effectively was early demonstrated to the dismay of the enemies of Rome. First the states of Italy, and then the states of the entire Mediterranean world, came to dread the Roman warrior cutting his way through armored hosts with shield stubbornly lifted and terrible two-edged sword slashing at foeman's flesh and marrow. It is no part of our purpose here to enumerate the conquests of Rome from the day of Romulus to the day of the imperial Cæsars; but it is important to remember that the army of the Kingdom and the early Republic, being a fraternity of restricted membership and one for which the citizens were especially drilled and trained, was likely to be a source of continual pride in the minds of the people; while pride in its turn, as one of the most exacting of human emotions, would demand repeated satisfaction by displays

of the army's prowess. And so mass egotism would complete that which mere covetousness had begun, and wars for conquest would be numerous and incessant.

This, in fact, is what one actually does find; Rome is constantly waving an aggressive sword before which weaker peoples are cowering. Yet it must be noted that, toward the closing years of the Republic, there occurred a change in organization which reflected an even deeper change in spirit—thenceforward the army is no longer the peculiar organ of the propertied citizens. It was Marius, the spokesman of the people, that inaugurated the change; and the innovation was due in part to a growing distaste for the perils of war among those amply dowered with gold, and in part to the decreasing numbers of men qualified for military service. By an unprecedented stroke, Marius flung wide the gates of the army to the disbarred rabble; and thus, while he went far toward undermining the pride of the citizens in their legions, he added inestimable fuel to the fighting spirit and opened the way to the establishment of warfare as a profession. The import of the new development is pointedly indicated by H. L. Havell when he states, "The gulf which separated citizen from soldier henceforth grew wider and wider, and, conversely, the tie between general and soldier was drawn ever closer. Needy and desperate men looked to their commander as a patron, from whose hand they might obtain the means of licence and a provision for their old age. When he made this innovation Marius was unconsciously . . . taking a long step in the direction of a military despotism." [1]

But though the seeds of degeneration had been planted, it was long before the deterioration became pronounced. During the better part of the next century, the Roman army continued to batter down opponent after opponent; and even under the early Empire it appears to have sustained the reputation it had won. The secret, no doubt, was in the rigorous training which the soldier underwent: he still was inured to hardship, and drilled in

[1] H. L. Havell, *Republican Rome.*

long and onerous marches; he still had to trudge down the long road with a pack whose weight is estimated at forty-five pounds, in addition to armor, shield and harness; he still was compelled to build and fortify his camp when the march was over, and to make the very bricks that walled it; he still was employed at times for the purposes of general labor, and it was by his sweat and toil that many of the public works were erected, that aqueducts were constructed, harbors dredged, canals excavated, and now and then a mine or quarry operated or an irrigation project completed.

But if, on the physical side, the constant employment and training of the Roman soldier did not suffice to convert him into an effective fighting unit, there were psychological spurs such as no great military people has ever neglected. The greed for booty was of course one element, for it was customary to apportion each combatant a share of the spoils; the desire for direct remuneration was another, since from the fifth century B. C. or even earlier the men were paid for their services; while among the most subtle and powerful factors of all were the honors accorded for distinction in battle and the penalties dealt for infringement of discipline. There was a graded system of decorations for courage or distinguished service, the higher officers receiving wreaths and a sort of spear, *hasta pura*, and the privates and non-commissioned officers being granted necklets, bracelets, and medals which were little more than large round metallic plates.

And if these—like the *croix de guerre* and the iron cross of a later day—were nicely calculated to appeal to man's natural lust of honor, the punishments for violation of duty were no less shrewdly devised to arouse the dread and horror of the would-be malefactor. Defiance of authority and remissness in the performance of labor were invariably penalized, the chastisement differing with the degree of the offense; if the misdeed were a mild one, the culprit might escape with a fine; or he might be assigned to hard work in the trenches; or else he might be lowered in rank, or again, he might undergo the humiliating experience of

being stripped of his armor and of standing for hours in civilian attire in the middle of the camp as the target for the jests and gibes of his fellows. But if his offense were more serious and he were regarded as incorrigible, he might not escape with any of these halfway penalties, but might be expelled from the army; and if he had deserted, or was found to have played the traitor, he would face the prospect either of having his head removed or of being beaten to death.

Punishments, however, were not confined to the crimes of individuals; whole companies or whole regiments might be made to feel the avenging rod. In ordinary cases, they would be disciplined by having to use rations of barley instead of wheat; while, in cases of extreme infraction of the rules, they would be submitted to a process of decimation—which would mean that one man out of every ten, chosen by lot, would have to pay with his life for the sins of his fellows.

But it would appear that this rigorous treatment, during the days of the Empire at least, had a twofold effect: it not only served to make obedient mechanisms of those that had enlisted, but it acted as a restraint upon those that had not enlisted; and, whether owing to a hatred of discipline and of the military life or because a natural loathing of warfare was asserting itself, Imperial Rome had difficulty in securing her desired supply of recruits. Yet the size of the army was not large in relation to the extent of the Empire. At the time of the death of Augustus, there were about three hundred or three hundred and fifty thousand men in the service out of a population of perhaps a hundred million; and not even this comparative handful was obtained with ease. As in Egypt more than a thousand years before, men shrank from military service and resorted to desperate measures to avoid it; self-mutilation grew common, and a surprisingly large percentage of the male population came to lose their thumbs; while in many cases those forced into the legions represented the dregs of the population.

And the result of the popular withdrawal was the intensifica-

tion of professionalism. More and more the army came to be composed of those who entered it as the means to fortune; and the military caste established itself firmly and ever more firmly as the years went by. There developed in time a sort of hereditary succession; contemporary figures are eloquent of the increasing tendency of soldiers' sons to follow the careers of soldiers. Thus, the Egyptian lists compiled under Tiberius show but two soldiers' children out of every twenty recruits, while the figures of the year 168 A. D. enumerate twenty out of every thirty-seven. Again, we are told that "the oldest list of Trajan's time from Lambaesis shows four soldiers' children out of seventy-eight recruits, whereas, in the later ones of Hadrian's time they form a third to one half of all the recruits." [1]

With the growth of the professional spirit there came a vast increase in the power of the army as a distinctive self-seeking unit, whose aims and requirements were apart from the aims and requirements of the people it was believed to serve, and whose political aspirations were destined to subserve its own greed and to make the very empire tremble. For, as Nilsson comments, "Every profession tries to look after its own interests, but none has such means of securing them as a professional army . . . the minority which bears arms is the real master of the great unarmed majority of the citizens." [2] And so we find that the Roman legionaries, in the interests of their own finances, became the makers of kings; we observe, late in the second century, that the emperor Septimus Severus won the throne with the aid of the Illyrian and Pannonian troops, who sold the leadership of the Roman state "by regular auction." "As a reward for their services they demanded 20,000 (serterces) per head. The money was procured by prescriptions and confiscations in the provinces." [3]

Needless to add that a nation which has sunk to such corruption is in the final stages of decline! Needless to point out that the dis-

[1] Martin P. Nilsson, *Imperial Rome.*
[2] *Ibid.*
[3] *Ibid.*

ease of the army is symptomatic of the disease of all Latin civilization! We might anticipate that, from this time forth, the degeneration in Roman arms would be swift and pronounced; and this is precisely what we find, for the days of the redoubtable, world-sweeping swordsman are no more. Barbarians commence to be admitted into the army, so furthering the process that Marius initiated by the admission of the Roman multitude; then, in the course of time, not only individual barbarians but whole swarms begin to be incorporated, fighting not in the time-honored Italian fashion, but in their own peculiar manner and under their own particular leaders. And the sunset of Roman power is now to be observed. Not only the composition of the army but its organization and methods begin to be transformed; by the third century the system of the early Empire has begun to disintegrate, and by the fourth it has been altered almost beyond recognition; cavalry has been introduced to replace the once-reliable foot soldier, and eventually its importance becomes supreme. No longer has the Empire the strength to act in its own defense: the deterioration of the army is vividly exemplified by the battle of Forum Trebonii in the year 251, when the emperor Decius and most of his men are slaughtered by the barbarians; and, again, more than a century later, the feebleness of the Roman infantry is appallingly demonstrated at Adrianople by the death of the Emperor Valens together with all his chief officers and forty thousand of his followers.

So much for the army of Rome. Let us now retrace our course to the days when the Eternal City was truly mistress of a world; and let us inquire into the nature of the wars wherein her troops inscribed her signature in flame and blood across most of the countries of the west. We would expect that Rome, as the nation that conducted warfare for a longer period of time over a wider area than any other empire that history records, would show us conflicts not only in bewildering profusion but in astonishing variety; and we find, in fact, that the causes of her struggles are multitudinous and their nature diverse, and that they illustrate virtually

every motive and method known to the ancient world. It will be impossible, of course, for us to do more than to touch upon their salient characteristics; but, to begin with a generalization, I might state that the Roman Empire represented a logical development from that unorganized robbery which we observe among primitive folk; its wars were mostly contests for the acquisition of property or for the protection of property already acquired, and the abstract renown that ensued was vastly less esteemed than the concrete practical returns.

Let us consider a specific example. The most devastating of all the contests waged by the Republic were the three Punic wars, and by the annihilation of Carthage, Rome gained vastly in renown—yet was it for the sake of her renown that she launched into the contests? However the glory and prestige of battle may have served as a subsidiary motive, it is evident that the Punic wars were first of all contests for commercial supremacy, since Carthage, by her control of the avenues of the sea, imposed a menace to the growing influence of Rome. And the commercial factor is to be observed throughout. The first Punic War was precipitated by the Roman endorsement of the Mamertines, a band of notorious Sicilian outlaws and robbers: an alliance with these brigands seemed to promise relief from the unbroken commercial control of the Carthaginians about the coast of Italy. And the Second Punic War was an indirect product of the first, for the depredations of Rome had incurred the undying hatred of Hamilcar and of Hannibal, and it was the aggressive policy of the latter that directly caused the conflict; while the Third Punic War, aside from being the logical fruit of the first two, was in part the work of the insistent propaganda of Cato the Censor, "Carthage must be destroyed! Carthage must be destroyed!" It is not to be thought that this practical-minded old man, in delivering his repeated appeals, was concerned more with the glory of his people than with their material welfare.

Still more conclusive evidence as to the Roman motives in warfare is offered by the treatment of conquered provinces. What

was the common procedure once a country had been subdued? Did the Romans manifest a beneficent regard for the welfare of the vanquished, and take care to see that they received the advantages of a superior culture and political administration? Or having won sufficient honor and glory, did they quietly withdraw and content themselves with their wreaths and laurels? Every student of history knows that they did not. Following the precedent set by

ROMAN LEGIONARIES LOOTING A TOWN

still earlier conquerors, they first plundered the territory they had invaded, and then held it for future profit. After a city has been taken, says Polybius, "half of the army disperse to pillage and the other half keep their ranks and afford them protection [1]—which means that looting was no longer disorganized, as among primitives, but had been developed to a point of system and order. And in pursuance of the principle that he who breaks into the town of a neighbor has a right to all he can take, the Romans would bear away stores of bronze and silver, of ivory and gold, of artworks and ornate vases and tapestries and foodstuffs and implements of labor. But in many cases they would carry off property

[1] Polybius, *Book X.*

more valuable still: having put all the adult males to the sword, they would gather together the women and children as they might gather together droves of oxen or sheep; and these they would drive away with them to become chattels of the slave market.

But the subjugation of a country would ordinarily be in the nature of a preliminary exaction. Even though the land had been wellnigh depopulated—for there were cases of almost complete depopulation—it would serve the purposes of Roman imperialism by acting as a milch-cow to be milked for the benefit of the conqueror. It was from the corn of the provinces that the hungry rabble at Rome received their free rations; and it was the sweat and produce of the provinces that enabled the Roman governors to establish themselves like Oriental despots, ruling with rods of iron and taxing their subjects almost to the last drop of blood. So flagrant did the abuse become that it created a scandal even at Rome, when Cicero railed against the scoundrelly Verres: it was said that the governor of a province had to reap three fortunes, one to meet his debts, one to remunerate his judges, and one to compensate him for his exertions. Yet the evil endured for generations; and since the military career was the gateway to a governorship, it is obvious that the mercenary-minded did not disdain a resort to arms. There was, indeed, a constant temptation to consuls and proconsuls to subdue foreign territory in order to profit by ruling it; and this temptation—which does not seem to have been too strongly resisted—was among the main forces making for that warfare which breeds imperialism.

Apart from the desire for the acquisition of land and its material products, one of the causes of Roman warfare was the need for slaves which the ancient social order implied, as well as the abnormal demand for slaves which the peculiar institutions of Rome produced. That Rome ever declared a war for the sole object of taking slaves is questionable, but that the capture of slaves was one of the subsidiary motives is not to be denied, for they were secured in abundance in most conflicts. Even the lenient Cæsar, for example, on one occasion sold as many as 63,000 slaves in

Gaul. And either, as in this case, the captives were disposed of for profit, or else they were taken to Rome or distributed among the provinces for definite and desired ends. When not employed in domestic or agricultural pursuits or doomed to the mines, they were made the living agents of what may be termed the great Roman "national game"; they were reserved for gladiatorial purposes, and were trained in special schools before being compelled to amuse the populace by the butchery of the arena. That numerous candidates were required for this profession is proved not only by the fact that it throve in most of the provinces, but that, in the reign of Augustus, who had no taste for the exhibitions, ten thousand men are recorded to have fought; while Titus (surnamed "The Clement") ordered a performance lasting a hundred days, and, under Trajan, five hundred pairs of gladiators were secured to fight at one time. These men all had to come from somewhere; and since ordinarily they were either slaves or criminals, it is obvious that, had not war furnished a supply, the exhibitions would have been in danger of languishing from want of human material.

Nor is this the only relationship between gladiatorial combats and war; there is a more subtle but perhaps still more potent connection: militarism was in a sense the spiritual father of the spectacles of the arena, which in their turn begot a psychology favorable to further militarism. Had it not been for the callous attitude of mind engendered by the incessant ravage and destruction of war, the Roman populace might never have become sufficiently hardened to revel in the sanguinary displays; while, on the other hand, the brutality induced by the exhibitions must have made the people insensitive to any degree of military carnage and cruelty.

In a still more obvious manner, the gladiatorial combats and slavery in general were an occasional source of warfare in Rome. For the slaves constituted not only a reckless and desperate but a dangerous element of the population; the free men constantly hovered, as it were, above the rim of a rumbling volcano; and

once or twice the threatening rebellions broke out, reaching their extreme development in the revolt of Spartacus. In this case—which is described in every Roman history—a band of eighty escaped gladiators secured weapons and armor, sought refuge in the then-extinct crater of Vesuvius, dealt several sound defeats to Roman troops dispatched against them, increased their numbers till they formed an army of seventy thousand, administered still further humiliations to the legions of the Republic, and spread terror and tumult throughout the peninsula before their insurrection was finally suppressed.

Still another cause for warfare in Rome was political, as in the uprising of the Italian states in 91 B. C., or in the conflicts of Marius and Sulla, or of Cæsar and Pompey. Again, there was the rare but occasional need for defense, as when Pyrrhus invaded Italy with his elephants, or when the swarms of the Cimbri streamed across the Alps. And, beyond this, there were spasmodic disturbances in the provinces, as when Mithridates assumed the offensive and seized the possessions of Rome, or when the half-quelled tribes of Gaul united under Vercingetorix and made a valiant but unavailing stand for independence.

Yet it remains true that most of the wars of Rome were wars of aggression and conquest. And the causes were not only that rapaciousness and greed we have noted, but a developed psychology favorable to conflict, a psychology that tended to exalt the things of the battlefield as opposed to the things of peace. The Roman youth was taught that warfare was natural and right: therefore he believed that it was natural and right. He was accustomed to hear of cities sacked and countrysides devastated; therefore he never doubted that cities ought to be sacked and countrysides devastated. He was trained to hurl the javelin and brandish the sword: therefore it never occurred to him to ask whether swords and javelins were not the normal implements of man. His fiercest emotions were aroused by the exultation which all felt in the conquest of foreign lands; his sense of wonder and veneration was awakened by the respect which all paid to the

conqueror, and pride urged that he devote his life to emulating the example; while, as he stood watching the triumphal procession of the returning hero and saw the booty and slaves, the magnificence of plundered silver and gold and the captive kings walking in chains, his mind would be filled with that burning military ardor which had inflamed the minds of Pyrrhus and of Alexander and which was to be as a goad of fire for all the Jenghis Khans, the Tamerlanes and the Napoleons of the earth.

And though he himself were not to become a Jenghis Khan or a Tamerlane—nor even a Crassus, a Pompey or a Cæsar—he would be bewitched by a spell he could not escape, and not only would he be likely to see the battlefield himself, but he would encourage others toward the battlefield by his applause and approval of warlike feats.

Yet was the Roman military spirit grounded in any deep and natural need? Did the Roman fight because he half-consciously realized that he must fight in order to survive? and was the psychological motive, accordingly, akin to the biological motive, as in the case of the fox that desires to hunt the rabbit because it requires the rabbit's flesh in order to live? The facts will answer one only too completely. Rome was following the course that Assyria had followed before her; but, being a larger nation and having a vastly greater field from which to draw her sustenance, she endured for a longer period of time. Yet year by year and century by century she was exhausting the human and material resources even of her enormous empire; and when she had watered her strength to the point of impotence there was no possibility except that of eventual collapse. A myriad distinct factors were involved, of course, but the one outstanding fact is that the practical, commercial objects of Rome proved in the long run to be grossly impractical; that by means of her wars, she drew her power from predatory, parasitic sources upon which—in human life no less than in nature—a permanent structure can never rest. The results of warfare during the age of Roman conquest are aptly summarized by James Henry Breasted when he

states, "The wealth and power which Roman world dominion had gained . . . brought Rome and Italy to the verge of destruction. . . . Never has there been an age in which the terrible and desolating results of war have so tragically revealed the awful costs of such glory. The happy and industrious families cultivating the little farms which dotted the green hills and plains of Italy had now been hopelessly scattered by the storms of war. . . . The campaigns of Hannibal left southern Italy desolate far and wide, and much of central Italy was in little better condition. These devastated districts left lying waste were never again cultivated." [1]

As illustrations of the destruction attendant upon Roman warfare, it may be well to cite two or three well known examples. And, to begin with, let us consider the annihilation of Carthage. This city, the hereditary foe of Rome, was taken only after a siege of more than three years, during which famine played a ghastly part; then, for a period of six days, the dwellings were continuously pillaged and the people massacred. One thinks of how the Carthaginians, even in their moment of despair, buttressed themselves behind their house walls and defied the swarming intruders; one thinks of how some fell beneath the slashing swords of the foe, and some beneath their own swords, while some set fire to the temple of Aesculapius and perished in the flames; one thinks of the plundering, slaughter-maddened legions pushing their way forward step by step until half a million corpses lay festering in the city streets and byways. Then, turning from the multitudes of the slain, one follows the ravagers in their last irreparable step; one sees them as they tear down the temples and the walls of the city, leaving not a brick nor a stone upright; one watches the final dismantling, when the plow passes over the site where the proud city had stood and horrible curses are invoked on all who shall dare henceforward to inhabit the unhallowed spot.

The tragedy seems all the more ironic owing to the fact that Carthage was fortified till she seemed almost impregnable. Like

[1] James Henry Breasted, *The Conquest of Civilization.*

more than one other ancient city that yielded to the assaulters, she exemplified preparedness on a gigantic scale; no effort or expense seems to have been spared to make her unconquerable. Although the city was twenty miles in circumference, the great walls reached all around her; they were constructed of immense blocks of tufa, thirty feet thick and nearly fifty feet in height, protected with bitumen and well jointed and cemented. The historian Appian describes how they were built; how they twisted in and out and back and forth at all variety of convenient angles; how towers were arranged so as to facilitate cross-fire; how, in some directions, the walls were double, and in some directions triple; while, on the almost perpendicular cliffs fronting the sea, stood a citadel with accommodations for fifty thousand persons.

That so strong a city should have been taken was testimony to the power of the Roman siege-engines. Against Carthage, as against other beleaguered towns, the aggressors brought to bear an array of implements which, while puny enough by comparison with the machines of a later day, must have seemed sufficiently formidable to the victims. First of all there was the battering-ram, which we have already noted; then there was the catapult, a mechanism which operated by means of the recoil of strings of gut or hair tightened by a windlass, and which could shoot an arrow tipped with fire a distance of a quarter of a mile; then, akin to the catapult, but built upon a larger scale, there was the ballista, the forerunner of the modern siege gun, since it could discharge huge beams or heavy rocks through a space of some three or four hundred yards, so battering the walls of the city or crushing any individual unfortunate enough to interfere with the projectile. Again, differing from these pieces of artillery but likewise highly useful, were the ladders used to scale the invested walls; and more ingenious, but smiliar in purpose, were the towers, several stories high, which were employed to overtop the walls, and from which the assailants would fling out drawbridges with grappling irons, as a shortcut into the city.

How the scaling ladders were utilized is indicated by Polybius

in his description of the fall of New Carthage. "Scipio," says the historian . . . "got ready five hundred men with ladders on the shore of the lagoon. . . . Then after addressing his soldiers he gave them still more ladders than before so that the whole extent of the wall was covered with escaladers. When the signal for attack was sounded and the assailants setting up the ladders

THE CATAPULT

mounted it everywhere in the most daring manner, the defenders were thrown into great confusion and became very despondent. . . . As at the same time they had run out of ammunition and their losses were so severe as to dispirit them, they supported the assault with difficulty, but nevertheless offered a stubborn resistance."

Having taken the wall by means of a ruse, the Romans "first marched along it sweeping the enemy off of it, the nature of their arms being very well adapted for such a service. Upon reaching the gate some of them descended and began to cut through the

bolts, upon which those outside began to force their way in, while the escaladers at the isthmus had now overpowered the defense and established themselves on the battlements. Finally, when the walls had been taken in this manner, those who entered through the gate occupied the hill on the east after dislodging its defenders. When Scipio thought that a sufficient number of troops had entered he sent most of them, as is the Roman custom, against the inhabitants of the city with orders to kill all they encountered, sparing none, and not to start pillaging until the signal was given." [1]

Polybius proceeds to explain that the Romans act thus "to inspire terror, so that when towns are taken by the Romans one may often see not only the corpses of human beings, but dogs cut in half, and the dismembered limbs of other animals, and on this occasion such scenes were many owing to the number of those in the place."

As a preliminary to his story of the sacking of the town, Polybius explains how the Roman commander inspired a willingness for the assault by playing shrewdly upon the psychology of his men. "After proving to them that the project was feasible, and pointing out briefly what loss its success would entail on the enemy and what an advantage it would be to themselves, he went on to promise gold coins to those who should be the first to mount the wall and the usual rewards to such as displayed conspicuous courage. Finally he told them that it was Neptune who had first suggested this plan to him, appearing to him in his sleep, and promising that when the time for the action came he would render such conspicuous aid that his intervention would be manifest to the whole army. The combination in this speech of accurate calculation, of the promise of gold crowns, and therewithal of confidence in the help of Providence, created great enthusiasm and ardor among the lads."

But the capture of New Carthage was, after all, a second-rate

[1] Polybius, *Book X.*

SIEGE TOWER

affair. It was almost a humane affair, considering that Scipio gave orders for the carnage to cease when it had run not half its possible course. If one would observe the Roman despoilers at the height of their glory, one must behold them ransacking some really great city, such as Carthage—or such as Jerusalem. In the latter case, we possess particularly vivid descriptions, since the historian Josephus chanced to be an eye witness; and such is the graphic power of his writings that, even in an indifferent translation and after the lapse of nearly two thousand years, they serve to resurrect in large measure the tragedy and the horror of the Roman triumph.

The attitude of the Roman conquerors throughout all the centuries is epitomized, for example, in the following sentence—which describes the scenes after the city had been stormed and the temple submitted to the torch. "While the holy house was on fire, everything was plundered that came to hand, and ten thousand of those that were caught were slain; nor was there a commiseration of any age, or any reverence of piety; but children, and old men, and profane persons, and priests, were all slain in the same manner." [1]

It was useless for any person to plead for his life; no matter how bitterly he entreated, the Roman sword would slash him through and through. On all sides the unfortunates were cut to earth; while, as the victorious legions advanced, the tumult and the confusion were almost unbearable. "Nor can any one imagine anything greater or more terrible than this noise; for there was at once a shout of the Roman legions, who were marching all together, and a sad clamor of the seditious, who were now surrounded with fire and sword. The people, also, that were left above, were beaten back upon the enemy, and under a great consternation, made sad moans at the calamity they were under; the multitude also that was in the city joined in this outcry with those that were upon the hill; and besides, many of those that were

[1] Josephus, *Wars of the Jews.*

worn away with the famine, and their mouths almost closed, when they saw the fire of the holy house, they exerted their utmost strength and broke out into groans and outcries again. . . . The ground did nowhere appear visible, for the dead bodies that lay upon it." [1]

Finally, so many were there to slay, the arms of the soldiers grew weary of the exercise of killing; and, instead of continuing to pursue the fugitives across the heaps of the fallen and among the dark nooks and passageways of the city, the invaders were content to let some escape, while they spared others in order to obtain money by saving them. But those who were sold into slavery brought but a low price, since the supply far exceeded the demand; and even the booty taken by the looters did not bring its full value, since they were so laden down with spoils that a pound of gold was sold in Syria for the former price of half a pound.

Even after Titus had given orders for the massacre to cease, the legionaries continued to cut down the aged and infirm as being of no practical use; while the tallest and most handsome of the young men were chosen and reserved to march at Rome in the triumph of the conqueror. Of the other survivors, those under seventeen were sold as slaves, while most of those over seventeen underwent a similar fate, being thrown into bonds for service in the Egyptian mines or chained for distribution as presents among the provinces, where they would serve as targets for the swords of the arena or else as food for the wild beasts. But, even while the fate of the survivors was being decided, eleven thousand perished of hunger; nor was this entirely the fault of the Romans, since many had deliberately refused food.

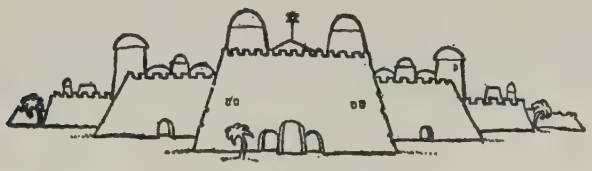
In the opinion of Josephus, the slaughter at Jerusalem had never been equalled in the history of the world. The Romans had caught their foes at a peculiarly unpropitious moment, when the entire Jewish nation was in the city for the Passover festival; and thousands, being unable to escape from the invested walls,

[1] Josephus, *Wars of the Jews.*

had early fallen victims to famine; while, after the Roman entry, the town was still so overcrowded that the captives numbered ninety-seven thousand and those that perished were in excess of a million.

Such being the facts, the triumph of Rome was an especially glorious one. While the city was being burnt and its walls demolished, Titus saw that the victory was celebrated with due thanksgiving. He offered praise to the gods, sacrificed oxen and feasted upon them, and at the same time commended his men and wished them happiness; and, as a more definite proof of his appreciation, he called certain of his followers by name and lauded them before their companies, then put crowns of gold about their heads, hung golden ornaments about their necks, placed spears of gold and ensigns of silver in their hands, and saw that they were raised in rank.

As for the commander himself, he exulted exceedingly. His attitude, as reported by Josephus, strikes one as curiously modern; upon entering Jerusalem and admiring the height and solidity of the walls, he is said to have solemnly declared, "We have certainly had God for our assistant in this war, and it was no other than God who ejected the Jews out of these fortifications; for what could the hands of men, or any machines, do toward overthrowing these towers?"



CHAPTER X

NAVAL WARFARE IN ANCIENT TIMES

The fighting of which we have thus far spoken has been waged almost exclusively upon the land. Yet land battles, while in the majority, were by no means the invariable rule even in ancient times: every reader will think at once of Actium and Salamis and other engagements in which great issues were decided upon the sea. Naval warfare, indeed, constituted a distinct field of activity almost from the dawn of history; and we could not neglect it without leaving a glaring gap in our discussion.

The first thing that strikes one about ancient naval conflicts is that they were comparatively limited in range and effect. In no ancient country had man a mastery of the sea; even the Phoenicians, with their daring expeditions to distant lands, were completely subject to the whims of wind and tide; the mariner's compass was unknown, and every sea was mainly an uncharted expanse; while the size of the vessels was small, and their ability to withstand the buffeting of storms exceedingly limited. Yet the merchant ships, with their substantial sails and comparatively solid construction, were vastly more seaworthy than the ships of war. The latter, constructed for speed or agility or for their ramming power, depended mainly if not exclusively upon their oarsmen; and so frail of build were they that even a moderate storm would overwhelm them. In consequence, they would never be trusted far from the land, nor would they put to sea in unsettled weather; the practice was to keep in sight of the shore, and to make for the protection of the beach upon the approach of night or of a threatening gale. On occasion, the vessels could even be hauled a considerable distance overland on rollers; while their

slight capacity, and the small amount of fresh water and of food which they could transport, made a frequent return to the land necessary even apart from their unseaworthy qualities.

In view of such limitations, it is apparent that ancient fleets were not fitted to play a major part in warfare. That they ever played a prominent part at all is a little surprising when one considers the handicaps they underwent. They were, upon the whole, of little use in hampering the maneuvers of an army; they had little effectiveness in blockading a port; they were valuable chiefly as auxiliaries to the land forces. Even when they were extensively employed, their fighting was little more than land fighting upon the water; and it was exceptional for sea warriors to engage in tactics and maneuvers which were not the tactics and maneuvers of the shore. The most common course, when two warships were clashing, was for the troops of the one to engage in a direct assault upon the troops of the other, either assailing them with arrows or other missiles, or else boarding the enemy ship and dealing death with spear and sword according to the accepted practice in land warfare.

When this procedure was not adopted, the usual plan was for the ships themselves to clash. Either, by a grazing blow, one vessel would endeavor to dash whole rows of oars from the side of the other as a preliminary to the fatal assault; or else, by a direct charge, it would at once attempt to strike the enemy asunder. Smitten full amidships by the plunging iron prow of the foe, a galley would be crushed like an eggshell, would be cloven almost in two, and would sink immediately. For the prows of most of the vessels were especially reinforced, and few wooden hulls could withstand their furious onslaught.

Aside from the ram, various other devices were occasionally employed. There was the grappling iron, with which to seize an enemy vessel and hold it until it had been boarded; there was the "crow" or boarding bridge, which the Romans devised during the Punic wars to enable their men to reach the deck of a hostile vessel; and there were certain other expedients, which, while used

only on exceptional occasions, merit at least passing notice. The Rhodians, for example, hit upon the plan of shooting burning coals on to the enemy's deck, so setting fire to the ships—and so foreshadowing the artillery of a later day. And Hannibal, alway ingenious, once defeated a superior force by enlisting venomous serpents as his allies and hurling them by the potful into the holds of the foe—thereby creating a panic that left him master of the field. Similarly, Julius Cæsar, though primarily a land fighter, resorted to a successful bit of naval strategy when, in his conflict with the sailing vessels of the Veneti, he contrived sharp sickle-like instruments which cut the heavy riggings of the foe and half buried the crew in the dense folds of cloth, enabling his men to board and win an easy victory.

Among the earliest of seagoing peoples, as we have seen, were the Cretans and the Egyptians; but more prominent in ancient maritime affairs were the Phoenicians. These, the true fathers of navigation, conducted trade with every part of the Mediterranean so early as the tenth century B. C.; they sailed beyond the Pillars of Hercules at least as far as Britain; they are even believed to have circumnavigated the African continent. And it is not hard to understand how the Phoenicians became seafarers. Inhabiting a ribbon of land barely two hundred miles in length and only from three to eleven miles wide, with the sea on one side and the mountains on the other, they were inevitably forced out across the waters since land communication with other peoples was difficult in the extreme. By nature they were not warlike, and their isolation enabled them to spread their civilization peacefully; but they were distinctly given to commerce, and after they had begun to establish a widespread trade and shown others the way upon the sea, competitors sprang up and they were forced to fight in order to maintain the position they had established. Yet, though their merchant vessels were abundant, their navy was never large. "Like the Egyptians," declares one commentator, "the Phoenicians were not a conquering people; their intercourse with the natives beyond the sea was purely commercial and

AN ANCIENT NAVAL CLASH

not political; hence they but slightly expanded their territorial possessions. As . . . their . . . hardy mariners pushed further afield, the risk of attack from hostile savages became greater, hence their merchant ships carried a proportion of soldiers. . . . As a maritime people they failed to recognize the need for a defensive organization keeping pace with the growing responsibilities of their commerce." [1]

Such a defensive organization was required not so much for protection against hostile countries as for a safeguard against marauders. Just as property upon the land had hardly originated when raids for booty developed, so property upon the sea gave birth from the beginning to its own peculiar type of plundering: in other words, it was the parent of piracy. It was in order to compete with the freebooter that warships were first devised; but the necessity was vastly increased by the fact that there was no international protection. Indeed, the warships of one country would not infrequently turn pirate upon encountering the merchant vessels of another; there were whole peoples that made a profitable profession of maritime brigandage; and preying upon commerce seems to have been considered almost as legitimate as commerce itself—provided that one was not overwhelmed by a superior force. The plundering galleys, it is true, were under a disadvantage, since merchant ships could venture into the open waters where warships would not dare to follow; but, none the less, piracy constituted not only a drain upon trade but an incentive to military activity.

The earliest of Phoenician vessels was the penteconter, a rapid, low-lying ship of fifty oars, which had the advantage of being suited either for trading or for marauding. In time this was superseded by the bireme or two-banked galley; and then by the trireme, or galley with three banks of oars. Of the exact construction of these ships little is known, for modern shipwrights have striven unavailingly to reconstruct them; but the general principle of their operation is no mystery: the rowers sat in benches

[1] P. A. B. Silburn, *The Evolution of Sea Power.*

along the sides, the tiers being placed one above the other and each man being given full control of a single oar. The speed of the galleys may be easily surmised, for records compiled from Xenophon and Thucydides prove that the Greek trireme, which was similar in construction to the Phoenician, could make a full day's voyage at an average rate of seven knots an hour.

That the Phoenicians manipulated their ships with dexterity and skill is a known fact. They had, moreover, that courage which comes of confidence in one's own ability; they were not afraid of the sea, as were certain of their rivals, and their assurance gave them an inestimable advantage. Listen, for example, to what Silburn has to say regarding the naval attack of the Assyrians upon the island of Tyre. "The Assyrians . . . felt their inferiority in seamanship, and the Phoenician officers, knowing the efficiency of their own countrymen, could have but little faith in the expedition. The Phoenicians of Tyre, confident in their own ability as seamen, despised their assailants and considered a small squadron quite sufficient to defeat them. They met the sixty vessels of the enemy with a fleet of twelve and fearlessly engaged in a sea-fight against such odds as are almost unexampled. They completely dispersed the Assyrian fleet and took over five hundred prisoners." [1]

Another factor that no doubt contributed to the Assyrian defeat was the awkward build of their boats—they were heavy and rounded instead of long and lithe like the Phoenician; they had decks, but no masts, and were slow and unseaworthy. The Phoenicians, on the other hand, had the finest ships which the world had thus far known; the Egyptian vessels, which were earlier, were shorter and weaker, although otherwise similiar except in details; while the Cretan galleys, also of an earlier date, were noticeably smaller, and had but one bank of oars, numbering from five to eleven to the side.

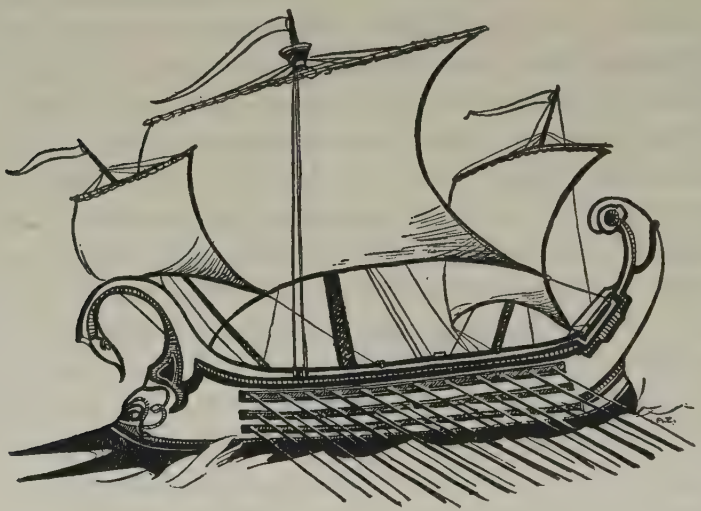
It may be said that the entire ancient world learned sea warfare from the Phoenicians. Note, for example, the Persians. Not

[1] P. A. B. Silburn, *The Evolution of Sea Power.*

only did they have Phoenician mariners in their service, as in the case of the great raid upon the coast of Greece, but they modelled their ships upon the Phoenician plan. Their preferences ran toward the trireme, which in their case was a craft of considerable size, capable of accommodating 230 persons, of whom thirty were marines or warriors, while the other two hundred were members of the crew. Their ships had masts and at least one sail; they had decks upon which the marines might fight; they had iron-mantled beaks, ending in sharp points or in the heads of animals; and they were propelled—when no favorable wind was blowing—by the muscles of about 180 men. In addition to these ships and the smaller penteconters, the Persians had slow-moving horse-transports and corn-transports; and most of these vessels they possessed in vast numbers. In sea warfare as in land warfare, indeed, they relied upon their numbers to win them the advantage; their scheme was to overpower the foe by the sheer myriads of their fighting craft. Yet this scheme was often far from effective: sometimes they would be outwitted by clever tactics, and sometimes would be impeded by the very multitude of their ships; and on occasions the vessels would crowd dangerously against each other, would become inextricably entangled, and, amid the confusion, would ram and sink their sister ships.

There is one maritime device of the Persians that deserves particular notice. It was not an especially successful device, but at least it was a curious one: as a means of connecting the continents of Europe and Asia, the Persians contrived two long lines of galleys, lashed tightly together and joined end to end so as to form a solid link from shore to shore. Across this improvised bridge passed the armies of the "Great King" prior to their invasion of Greece, and detachments were left behind to guard it in their absence. But, alas! no human arms could avail against the power of the sea, and when Xerxes and his men returned the following year they found that a storm had swept their bridge away. It was upon this occasion that, according to tradition, Xerxes sought vengeance upon the waves by having them lashed.

Much more skillful as sea fighters were the foes of Persia, the Greeks. Athens, in particular, built up an empire based largely upon sea power; and it was her vessels that played the chief part in the decisive defeat of the Persians at Salamis. Her galleys were frequently of considerable size, and the largest could contain as many as five hundred men; while, since she held sea power in greater repute than did most ancient peoples, she



GREEK TRIREME

trained her citizens for service in the fleet and sometimes conferred naval commands upon her most distinguished sons—though in Greece in general, as in most parts of the ancient world, it was the very dregs of the population that formed the basis of the crews.

In connection with Athens, one thinks of many a spirited sea battle; but one remembers especially the fateful expedition against Syracuse, which marked the climax of the Peloponnesian War and signalized the decline of Athenian power. This engagement has been excellently reported by Thucydides; and his words will be worth quoting at length, not only for their bearing

upon this particular conflict, but because of the insight they give into the methods of ancient naval warfare in general.

"No previous engagement had been so fierce and obstinate," we read. "Great was the eagerness with which the rowers upon both sides rushed upon their enemies whenever the word of command was given; and keen was the contest between the pilots as they maneuvered one against another . . . never did so many fight in so small a space, for the two fleets together amounted to nearly two hundred—they were seldom able to strike in the regular manner, because they had no opportunity of first retiring or breaking the line; they generally fouled one another as ship dashed against ship in the hurry of flight or pursuit. All the time that another vessel was bearing down, the men on deck poured showers of javelins and arrows and stones upon the enemy; and when the two closed, the marines fought hand to hand, and endeavored to board. In many places, owing to the want of room, they who had struck another found that they were struck themselves; often two or even more vessels were unavoidably entangled about one, and the pilots had to make plans of attack and defense, not against one adversary only, but against several coming from different sides. The crash of so many ships dashing against one another took away the wits of the crews, and made it impossible to hear the boatswains, whose voices in both fleets rose high, as they gave directions to the rowers, or cheered them on in the excitement of the struggle. On the Athenian side they were shouting to their men that they must force a passage and seize the opportunity now or never of returning in safety to their native land. To the Syracusians and their allies was represented the glory of preventing the escape of their enemies, and of a victory by which every man would exalt the honor of his own city. . . . At length the Syracusians and their allies, after a protracted struggle, put the Athenians to flight, and triumphantly bearing down upon them, and encouraging one another with loud cries and exhortations, drove them to land. Then that part of the navy which

had not been taken in the deep water fell back in confusion to the shore, and the crews rushed out of the ships into the camp." [1]

That the aftermath of an ancient sea battle could be most serious is demonstrated by Thucydides in a subsequent passage: "On the third day after the sea-fight . . . the army began to move. They were in a dreadful condition; not only was there the great fact that they had lost their whole fleet, and instead of their expected triumph had brought the utmost peril upon Athens as well as upon themselves, but also the sights that presented themselves as they quitted the camp were painful to every eye and mind. The dead were unburied, and when any one saw the body of a friend lying on the ground he was smitten with sorrow and dread, while the sick or wounded who still survived but had to be left were even a greater trial to the living, and more to be pitied than those who were gone. Their prayers and lamentations drove their companions to distraction; they would beg that they might be taken with them, and call by name any friend or relation whom they saw passing; they would hang upon their departing comrades and follow as far as they could, and, when their limbs and their strength failed them, and they dropped behind, many were the imprecations and the cries which they uttered." [2]

"Never had an Hellenic army experienced such a reverse," continues the historian. "They had come intending to enslave others, and they were going away in fear that they would be themselves enslaved. Instead of the prayers and hymns with which they had put to sea, they were now departing amid appeals to heaven of another sort. They were no longer sailors, but landsmen, depending, not upon their fleet, but upon their infantry. . . . Of all Hellenic actions . . . this was the greatest, the most glorious to the victors, the most ruinous to the vanquished; for they were utterly and at all points defeated, and their sufferings were prodigious. Fleet and army perished from the face of the

[1] Thucydides, *Book VII.*
[2] *Ibid.*

earth; nothing was saved, and of the many who went forth few returned home." [1]

Nor was this by any means the only disastrous naval engagement of ancient times. The Persian navy suffered a corresponding defeat—although a less crushing one—from the united Greek forces at Salamis; while more than one devastating sea battle was waged by the forces of Rome in their conflict with the fleets of Carthage. It is interesting to note how Rome, originally a land power and never throughout her history inspired with any love of the sea, eagerly wrested the naval supremacy from her great African rival; and it is significant that her tactics, largely the tactics of land warfare, consisted in the main in grappling with the enemy ships or in some way equipping her skilled swordsmen to board them. The Carthaginians had the advantage of inheriting the Phoenician love of the sea; they had also the advantage of long practice and experience upon the waters; but they were handicapped by the fact that, as in the case of their army, they hired mercenaries to do their fighting for them. Besides, the very conditions of ancient naval warfare worked against them: the speed with which Rome built and equipped a fleet demonstrated that naval supremacy was an affair of the moment only; and all the centuries of Punic preparation counted for little against the skill, the determination and the fighting ability of the Latins. And therefore it is not altogether surprising—although, at first sight, it does appear somewhat startling—that the Romans should have won their initial naval conflict with the Carthaginians; that, in the First Punic War, they should have wrested Sicily from their foes and definitely established their own supremacy on the Mediterranean.

The naval results of the First Punic War are of interest from several points of view. On the technical side, there is the fact that this contest saw the first extensive employment of the quinquireme—a five-banked galley which one writer has termed "the

[1] Thucydides, *Book VII.*

dreadnaught of antiquity." [1] And, with regard to the scope and magnitude of the struggle, there is the fact that it endured for twenty-two years, that on one or two occasions it saw the employment of from five to seven hundred vessels in a single battle, and that the total losses to the Carthaginians were about five hundred galleys, and the losses of the Romans about seven hundred. But most important and most striking of all was the swiftness and the energy with which the Romans converted themselves into a sea power. "The fleets of Rome," declares Shuckburgh, "were again and again destroyed from the incompetency of her navigators or the superiority of the skilled Phoenician seamen; but the waves had scarcely closed over one hastily built fleet when the indefatigable Romans were felling timber and training rowers to form and man another." [2]

Following the First Punic War, the Roman navy was employed frequently and with powerful effect. It served the purposes of defense, as when it aided in transporting troops and intercepting the base of Hannibal's communications during the Second Punic War; it served the purposes of aggression, as an auxiliary to the army in the conquest of Mediterranean lands; it proved valuable to scour the seas and rid them of the pest of piracy; it was used in the civil wars by rival political factions as a means to the acquisition of power. But after the year 31 B. C., when the fleet of Antony succumbed to that of Octavius in one of the greatest sea battles in history, the place and influence of the navy definitely waned; there were no more decisive engagements, and the galleys were employed principally for the suppression of piracy. Leaving out of account some conflicts in Britain and some fairly extensive operations under Constantine the Great, almost the next we hear of naval warfare occurs in the fifth century, when the king of the Vandals develops what has been called "incomparably the most formidable naval power in the Mediterranean" [3] and

[1] A. C. Shepard, *Sea Power in Ancient History.*

[2] Evelyn S. Shuckburgh, *A History of Rome to the Battle of Actium.*

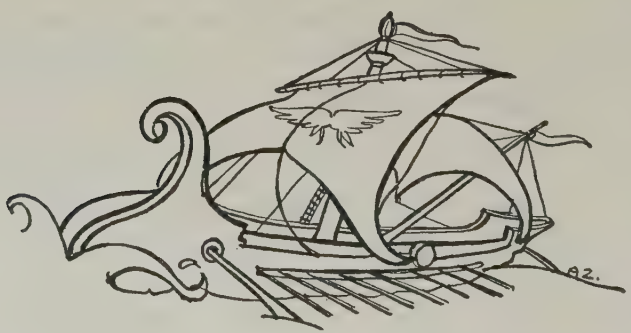
[3] Thomas Hodgkin, *Italy and her Invaders,* Vol. II.

sets sail each spring from his stronghold in Carthage on marauding expeditions to the ports of the inland sea.

Thus we find that, at the end of the ancient era, the basis of sea warfare was much the same as in the earliest known times. And, accordingly, we are ready for several general conclusions. Even our brief survey will have indicated that there is no such thing as natural naval power or natural naval development; we will have observed that the origin and the stimulus of sea fighting were the same as the origin and the stimulus of land fighting; both had their inception in the growth of property rather than in any other single factor, and the earliest marine combats were in the nature of raids upon property, while subsequent battles were for the protection or extension of property. It was for the sake of trade that the Phoenicians first ventured forth upon the sea, and it was because of their riches that the pirates began to harry them; it was for the safeguarding of those riches that they equipped ships of war, and their first battles were mere duels with the brigands of the sea; it was because of commerce and that foster-child of commerce—imperialism—that the cities of Greece established colonies with which their fleets waged disastrous warfare; it was commerce that was the motivating factor in the sanguinary conflict between Rome and Carthage, while commercial jealousy and imperial aspirations were subsidiary factors; it was for the protection of merchant ships that the Roman Republic and the Roman Empire competed with the pirate swarms, and the lust for booty was a dominant motive with the Vandal fleets that terrorized the Mediterranean seaboard.

The very ease with which land peoples converted themselves into maritime peoples demonstrates that naval warfare was not based upon any inherent desire for the sea or any liking for the sea, but rather upon the pressure of those forces of greed and commercial rivalry which do not confine their operation to the waters. The Romans are one clear example, since they always distrusted the sea although they became the leading sea power; the Vandals are another case in point, for they had been exclu-

sively a land people before their migration to Africa, and it was in borrowed ships that they had made the passage from Gibraltar; while it was almost in a season that, at the command of Gaiseric, they built their marauding fleet. Even the Phoenicians, the clearest example of a so-called "natural" sea power, were driven to the sea by the peculiar conditions of their land and the encompassing wall of mountains; the Carthaginians, heirs of the Phoenicians and expanders of their power, were not content to do even their sea fighting for themselves, but came in the course of time to employ mercenaries; while not only the Carthaginians but the Romans and all other sea powers relied exclusively or almost exclusively upon the involuntary labors of slave oarsmen. And in general the resort to tactics of the land, as when the Persians placed reliance upon their numbers, or when the Romans sought to board enemy ships and fight hand-to-hand duels, or when the various nations had recourse to arrows and javelins and slings and catapults and other weapons familiar to the army, gives proof that naval combat was little more than a development from land combat and would never have arisen at all had it not been for certain artificial incentives connected with the acquisition, the distribution and the defense of property.



CHAPTER XI

ANCIENT AND MEDIEVAL BARBARIANS

THROUGHOUT ancient and early medieval times the greater part of Europe swarmed with barbarians that are now little more than a name. Some strayed with their warrior bands through the dim and dismal forests of the north; some dwelt among the swamps of Lithuania, and some among the hills and vales of Britain, and some along the wide plains of the Danube; some were fierce and redoubtable horsemen, and some were sea marauders that terrorized whole countrysides, and some were nomadic herdsmen that wandered hither and thither with their flocks and their wives and children. But among the most memorable, and certainly the most widely remembered, were those that streamed through the passes of the Alps into the fertile fields of Italy and reddened with fresh gore that ground already saturated with the blood of man.

The habits and warlike activities of all these tribes form an absorbing topic of study; yet to consider them all individually would be impossible in less than the bounds of a separate volume. Their very names present an imposing list—the Gauls, the Huns, the Vandals, the Franks, the Lombards, the Burgundians, the Ostrogoths, the Visigoths, the Alamanni, the Alani, the Magyars, the Angles, the Saxons, the Jutes, the Vikings, and many others. But, while unable to deal with all these peoples separately, we may at least gain some idea of warfare among them by first regarding them all in general, and then by selecting three or four specific races as types for more detailed treatment. Accordingly, I propose to begin by discussing the invasions of the Roman Empire briefly, as though they constituted but a single movement

participated in by a single people; then, turning to particular ancient and medieval groups regardless of their relations with Rome, I shall have something to say concerning the Vandals, the Huns, the Franks and the Vikings.

The first thing that impresses one upon turning to the barbarian invaders is that they were by no means so ferocious or terrible as the popular imagination conceives. Destructive and cruel they sometimes were, indeed; and, like every other nation that has ever swung the sword, they were moved by no excess of mercy toward conquered lands; yet, with the exception of the Huns, they do not appear to have been primarily warriors, nor did they swarm southward as conscious destroyers of civilization. On the contrary, they were filled with respect for what they thought to be the majesty of the Empire; and, while they had nothing but contempt for its degenerate representatives and officials, it was not their intention to overthrow the superstructure. "It is hardly too much to say that the thought of antagonism to the Empire and the wish to extinguish it never crossed the minds of the barbarians," declares Bryce in his *Holy Roman Empire*. "The concept of the empire was too universal, too august, too enduring. It was everywhere around them, and they could remember no time when it had not been so. Dishonored and defenseless, the spell of her name was still strong enough to arrest the conqueror in the moment of triumph. The irresistible impulse that drew Alaric was one of glory or revenge, not of destruction: the Hun turned back from Aquileia with a vague fear upon him: the Ostrogoth adorned and protected his splendid prize."

Indeed, so little were the barbarians given to devastation that, with the sole exception of Attila, "there is among these terrible hosts no destroyer; the wish of every leader is to maintain the existing order, to spare life, to respect every work of skill and labor, above all to perpetuate the Roman methods of administration, and rule the people as the deputy or successor of their Emperor." [1]

[1] Bryce, *Holy Roman Empire*.

The military leader Odoacer may be cited as representative of the motives of the Gothic chieftains. He resolved, says Bryce, "to abolish an empty pageant and extinguish the title and office of Emperor of the West. Yet over him the spell had power; and as the Gaulish warrior had gazed on the silent majesty of the senate in a deserted city, so the Herulian revered the power before which the world had bowed, and though there was no force to check or affright him, shrank from grasping in his barbarian hand the scepter of the Cæsars." [1] And, regarding a succeeding Germanic general, Bryce declares, "When the defeat and death of Odoacer had left the peninsula at his mercy, he sought no further conquest, easy as it would have been to tear new provinces from the Eastern realm, but strove only to preserve and strengthen the ancient policy of Rome, to breathe into her decaying institutions the spirit of a fresh life, and without endangering the military supremacy of his own Goths, to conciliate by indulgence and gradually raise to the level of their masters the degenerate population of Italy." [2]

Other authorities are in accord as to this conclusion; and while it is admitted that there was at times a warlike motive, a bristling impatience of opposition, the desire to loot and plunder, or even that combative spirit which successful raiding seems to breed, still it is undeniable that in large part the migration of the Teutons was a peaceful movement. The entire phenomenon is excellently summarized by C. H. D. Hayes in the following words: "The entrance of the Germans into the empire, according to the sources, was not a single event under a single form and from a single motive. It was, on the contrary, a very complex series of events, accomplished only after the lapse of several centuries. The Germans entered the empire from a variety of motives and in a multiplicity of ways. They came as pirates and ravagers; they came in warrior bands because they found pleasure in fighting; they came as immigrants and settlers; they came to take military or

[1] Bryce, *Holy Roman Empire.*
[2] *Ibid.*

civil office within the empire; they came by force to serve the Romans; they came now singly, now in troops, now with their household and all their movable belongings; they came as friends of the state, as enemies of the state, as allies or partisans of some general or emperor; and often they came simply in quest of greater prosperity with all respect and honor for the ancient commonwealth of Rome." [1]

In order to show how the Roman Empire sometimes brought ruin upon its own head by its ill-considered or dishonest actions, and how the warfare of the Teutons was sometimes the result less of a fighting spirit than of that resentment which all peoples feel at oppression, let me cite an event that occurred during the latter part of the fourth century under the reign of the emperor Valens. Driven backward by the raids of the Huns, with whom they dreaded a conflict, a Gothic swarm entreated the emperor to permit them to cross the Danube; and the emperor, not certain how to decide but perhaps fearing to refuse, ended by according the desired permission upon two severe conditions—that the Goths forfeit their arms, and that they surrender their children to serve as hostages and be civilized in the provinces. Such was the terror of the Germans at the advance of the Huns that they accepted both these terms; but, while the second was complied with, the first was avoided through the connivance of corrupt officials. And so the Goths, an armed host, in due time found themselves settled upon Roman territory. There is no reason, however, to believe that they would not have conducted themselves as peacefully as they had promised—had they been treated as honorably as they had expected. But here again corruption played its part; they were victimized by military governors "in whose venal minds," according to Gibbon, "the slightest hope of private emolument outweighed every consideration of public advantage, and whose guilt was only alleviated by their incapacity of discerning the pernicious effects of their rash and criminal administration.

[1] C. H. D. Hayes, *Introduction to the Sources Relating to the Germanic Invasions.*

Instead of obeying the orders of their sovereign, and satisfying with decent liberality the demands of the Goths, they levied an ungenerous and oppressive tax on the wants of the hungry barbarians. The vilest food was sold at an extravagant price; and, in the room of wholesome and substantial provisions, the markets were filled with the flesh of dogs and of unclean animals who had died of disease. To obtain the valuable acquisition of a pound of bread, the Goths resigned the possession of an expensive but serviceable slave, and a small quantity of meat was greedily purchased with ten pounds of precious but useless metal. When their property was exhausted, they continued this necessary traffic by the sale of their sons and daughters; and, notwithstanding the love of freedom which animated every Gothic breast, they submitted to the humiliating maxim that it was better for their children to be maintained in a servile condition than to perish in a state of wretched and helpless independence." [1]

Such being the state of affairs, what was to be expected? Would not warlike sentiments be aroused in the heart of a scarecrow, not to speak of a well armed and spirited barbarian? "The most lively resentment," continues Gibbon, "is excited by the tyranny of pretended benefactors"; and the Goths, dwelling in a land of plenty amid which they "suffered the intolerable hardships of artificial famine," were not to be expected to submit in long-enduring meekness while their hands grasped the spear of deliverance. Corruption and greed have caused more than one war in the world's history, and the days of the Gothic invaders were not to witness the last; but rarely have these twin evils resulted in a deadlier and more ruinous conflict, and rarely have they seemed more clearly to enact the rôle of a Nemesis, than when the disgruntled barbarians turned to smite the empire that had received and betrayed them. Even after the Goths had revolted, however, they might "have been reconciled by the manly confession of past errors and the sincere performance of former engagements"; [2]

[1] Gibbon, *The Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire*, Vol. III.
[2] *Ibid.*

but, instead of resorting to such "healing and temperate measures," the Roman emperor sought refuge in a defiant and fatal courage; and the sequel was a war culminating in the battle of Adrianople, wherein, as we have seen, Valens perished ignominiously along with the greater part of his army.

But while the victory was overwhelmingly with the invaders, and while the Goths, having retired with their booty, were thenceforth free from molestation, the episode had an interesting aftermath—which leads one to wonder whether the Romans could consistently "throw stones" at the Teutons in the matter of barbarity, and whether they did not actually provide their uncivilized neighbors with a precedent and an education in violence. For it happened that, in the Asiatic provinces, the sons of whom Valens had deprived the Goths were growing to maturity; and it appeared that these, being more talkative than wise, had heard with ardor of the victories of their fathers and expressed a desire to emulate them. The Romans, on the contrary, had no wish to see such valor emulated; and, accordingly, the emperor Julius devised a plan for ridding himself of his dangerous subjects. Appointing a day for the Gothic youth to appear in the public squares of all the Asiatic towns, and spreading careful rumors that they were to be rewarded with lands and gold, he ordered the streets and avenues to be crowded with Roman troops, and the roofs of the houses to be lined with archers and slingers—whereupon, at the designated hour, a general massacre relieved him of the peril.

And thus did the barbarians learn civilization!

While the Goths were settling within the confines of the Empire and accelerating the extinction of the Roman power, their Teutonic brethren, the Vandals, were making ready for their migration to Africa and their depredations upon the cities of the Mediterranean. We have already touched briefly upon their activities; let me say a word more as to their warlike propensities. They are of course among the most notorious of all ancient barbarians, and occupy an unenviable position in the memory of

man; and the term "Vandalism" has come to be synonymous with all that is ruthless and destructive. Yet do they deserve the reputation they have gained? There is reason to believe that their evil traits have been overestimated. Gibbon, for one, is led to declare that their "destructive rage has perhaps been exaggerated by popular animosity, religious zeal, and extravagant declamation." [1] "War in its fairest form implies a perpetual violation of humanity and justice," proceeds the historian, "and the hostilities of barbarians are inflamed by the fierce and lawless spirit which incessantly disturbs their peaceful and domestic society. The Vandals, where they found resistance, seldom gave quarter; and the deaths of their valiant countrymen were expiated by the ruin of the cities under whose walls they had fallen. Careless of the distinctions of age or sex or rank, they employed every species of indignity and torture to force from their captives a discovery of their hidden wealth." [2]

In other words, the Vandals were ruled by those emotions of revenge, of greed and of arrogant command which have actuated most warlike peoples. They were, upon the whole, no more fearsome and no more destructive than other barbarians; they merely obeyed those promptings common to all in times of war.

Yet the evils that might accompany any march of the barbarians are indicated by Gibbon in another passage, wherein he quotes from a contemporary historian concerning the incursion of the Vandals, together with the Suevi and the Alani, across the Pyrenees and into the valleys of Spain: "The irruption of these nations was followed by the most dreadful calamities, as the barbarians exercised their indiscriminate cruelty on the fortunes of the Romans and the Spaniards, and ravaged with equal fury the cities and the open country. The progress of famine reduced the miserable inhabitants to feed on the flesh of their fellow-creatures; and even the wild beasts, who multiplied without control in the desert, were exasperated by the taste of blood and the im-

[1] Gibbon, *The Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire*, Vol. III.
[2] *Ibid.*

patience of hunger boldly to attack and devour their human prey. Pestilence soon appeared, the inseparable companion of famine; a large proportion of the people were swept away; and the groans of the dying excited only the envy of their surviving friends. At length the barbarians, satiated with carnage and rapine, and afflicted by the contagious evils which they themselves had introduced, fixed their permanent seats in the depopulated country." [1]

But the nomadic impulse was still upon them; and it was not long before the followers of Gaiseric set sail for Africa, took possession of the city of Carthage, and, as we have observed, embarked upon their careers as terrors of the sea. For thirty-seven years, remarks Hodgkin, the life of Gaiseric was "made merry by perpetual piratical expeditions"; yet, strange to say, he made these expeditions with the most careless abandon. "There was a joyous impartiality . . . an absence of any special malice against the victims of them, a frank renunciation of all attempts to find a pretext for making them." [2] It was not until the last moment that he would decide what particular port to favor: when the fleet lay in readiness before the royal palace and the pilot asked whither to steer, he would merely answer nonchalantly, "For the dwellings of the men with whom God is angry"—and wherever he chanced to arrive, there would the anger of the Almighty strike.

The chief object of the Vandal cruises was booty; the raiders were as avid of riches as a bee is avid of honey; and among their most flagrant outrages were the tortures they inflicted on those they suspected of concealing some store of gold, silver, or precious stones. There is another respect, however, in which they made themselves infamous; they were not only barbarians, but devout barbarians, and it was in the name of religion that they waged many of their conflicts and perpetrated many of their atrocities. They would persecute, exile and even enslave the proponents of the orthodox Christian creed; they would demand the surrender

[1] Gibbon, *The Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire,* Vol. III.
[2] Thomas Hodgkin, *Italy and her Invaders,* Vol. II.

of sacred books and sacred vessels; and on one occasion they showed their regard for the altar-cloths of the Church by having them cut up into shirts. It was not unknown for them to sack and plunder the Catholic places of worship, and it is reported that at the town of Regia they engaged in a battle for the possession of the church, and took possession after an arrow had transfixed the throat of the singer of hymns and the corpses of his associates lay strewn about the altar.

Yet the Vandals were Christians, and it was out of excess of piety that they committed their profanations, just as it was out of religious passion that, in a later day, the Aztecs tore out the hearts of their living captives and the Borneo head-hunters decapitated their unoffending victims.

But if the religious zeal and the brigandage of the Vandals have won them an unsavory reputation, they are remembered almost respectfully by comparison with those far wilder barbarians, the Huns. With the possible exception of the Mongols, these were the most terrible of all the peoples swarming within historic times across the face of Europe; and it is probably no mere coincidence that both they and the Mongols are Tartar races that are believed to have originated somewhere on the boundless Asiatic plains. Their characteristics and methods of life, as well as their very name, have been taken by some authorities to identify them with the Hiung-nu, a nomadic nation that overran parts of northern China some two thousand or twenty-five hundred years ago. The latter, a race of fighters of the primitive or raiding type, had no towns of any kind and no fixed habitations; their lives were spent mainly on horseback, and their chief occupations were hunting and pillaging and the tending of cattle and sheep; they had no written language, and knew no laws save those which were passed by word of mouth, and respected no man save him who was young and could wield the bow; while so thoroughly was the code of slaughter grounded in their psychology that, like the Zulus, they did not regard any male as having reached maturity before he had slain a foe.

And, like the Zulus, they were trained from their earliest years for a career of fighting. Not that there was any definite military system among them, but that they were early instructed in riding and in the use of the bow. Their first lessons in horsemanship were gained from the wild sheep; the first targets of their destruction were mice and small birds which they shot with miniature bows; as boys, they hunted hares and foxes; and, as men, they were expected to be able to hunt human foes as well. But their usual method of warfare was not that of close conflict and hand-to-hand clashes; generally they fought on horseback and by means of arrows and avoided the direct engagement; they would appear and disappear, sally and retreat with incredible swiftness on the backs of their dashing chargers; flight was a regular part of their tactics, and to retreat before an onrushing foe was not regarded as discreditable. Sometimes, indeed, the flight was a mere pretense in order to lure the enemy into the jaws of an ambushed party, and they ordinarily resorted to all manner of sudden rushes, feints and withdrawals. "Like the Parthians," says Hodgkin, "they would discharge a cloud of arrows at the pursuing foe, and even if their rapid return failed to throw his ranks into confusion, they easily vanished into the terrible solitudes of those trackless deserts whither for many generations their harassed neighbors feared to pursue them." [1]

Such were the Hiung-nu when they terrorized the natives of early China; and such were the Huns when they descended like a scourge upon ancient Europe. A particularly vivid account of their appearance and of their methods of combat is given by the contemporary historian, Ammianus Marcellinus: "The nation of the Huns . . . surpasses all other barbarians in wildness of life. In the first days of infancy, deep incisions are made in the cheeks of their boys, in order that, when the time comes for whiskers to grow there, the sprouting hairs may be kept back by the furrowed scars: and hence they grow to maturity and to old age

[1] Thomas Hodgkin, *Italy and her Invaders*, Vol. II.

beardless as eunuchs. They all, however, have strong and well-knit limbs and fine necks. Yet they are of portentous ugliness and so crook-backed that you would take them for some sort of two-footed beasts. . . .

"When attacked, they will sometimes engage in regular battle. Then, going into the fight in order of columns, they fill the

HUNNIC HORSE ARCHERS

air with varied and discordant cries. More often, however, they fight in no regular order of battle, but being extremely swift and sudden in their movements, they disperse, and then rapidly come together again in loose array, spread havoc over vast plains, and flying over the rampart, they pillage the camp of their enemy almost before he has become aware of their approach. It must be owned that they are the nimblest of warriors; the missile weapons which they use at a distance being pointed with sharpened bones admirably fastened to the shaft: when in close combat, they fight without regard to their own safety, and while their enemy is in-

tent upon parrying the thrusts of their swords, they throw a net over him and so entangle his limbs that he loses all power of walking or riding."

It was under their famous chieftain, Attila, that the Huns reached the height of their power and committed their supreme ravages. Across a track of hundreds of miles, from the Black Sea to the Adriatic, and up into Gaul, Belgium, and Germany, they seared their trail of destruction. And though they were ultimately checked and driven back, the damage they had wrought was enduring, for the racial map of Europe was dislocated, and all subsequent history bears the impress they have left. In defense of other conquering races, it is sometimes urged that the culture they spread among inferior peoples compensates for the depredations they commit; but, certainly, no one ever made such a claim for the Huns, and even the barbaric Teutons were justified in looking upon them as barbarians. Their dominant purpose was pillaging, and pillaging was the chief end they accomplished, while desolation and ruin spread like a plague through the country they had traversed. Yet, as in the case of most marauders, their motives were not unmixed; added to the greed for booty, there appears to have been a lust for revenge and for blood, encouraged by the precepts of their leaders and the example of their fellows.

Such, at least, is the impression that one receives from the address with which Attila sought to fortify the courage of his troops before the battle of Chalons. "It were beneath my dignity to utter, and beyond your obligation to listen to, any of the commonplaces of war," the leader is reported as saying. "For what other occupation are you practiced in, if not in fighting? And to the strong man what is sweeter, than with his own right hand to seek for revenge? It is one of the greatest boons which nature gives us to glut our souls with vengeance . . . do you rush into the conflict with that surpassing courage which it is your wont to show, and, despising the Roman line, charge at the Alans, press heavily on the Visigoths. . . . Cut the sinews and the limbs will

be at once relaxed; nor can the body stand if you have taken away its bones.

"O ye Huns, raise your hearts battle-high and let your wonted fury swell your veins. Now put forth all your cunning; now use all your arms. Let him who is wounded seek still for at least one enemy's death; let him who is unhurt revel in the slaughter of the foe. Him who is fated to conquer, no dart will touch; him who is doomed to die, fate will find in the midst of slothful peace. And, last of all, why should Fortune have set her mark upon the Huns as conquerors of so many nations, unless she was preparing for them the delights of this battle too?" [1]

And thus did Attila, leader of hordes dreaded for their fighting spirit, seek by his words to strengthen the warlike psychology of his men.

Fortunately, the Huns were not typical of ancient barbarians; vastly unlike them, both in spirit and in methods of fighting, were the various Celtic and Teutonic tribes. By way of contrast, one could hardly do better than to mention the Franks. These, likewise remembered as warriors, were scarcely fitted to strike terror by comparison with the hosts of Attila: whereas the Huns were renowned for their scattered cavalry tactics, the Franks fought primarily in dense-massed infantry ranks, and, until the time of Charlemagne, their organization and equipment were undeveloped and crude. They wore no armor, and their chief weapons were the javelin and the battle axe, the latter being used as a missile, somewhat as the tomahawk was used by the American Indian. It was none the less a deadly weapon; its long curved blade was fitted to cleave the skull of a foe. The javelin, likewise, could smite with terrible effect; it was shrewdly barbed, and a stricken man might suffer agonies in trying to withdraw the curved point of metal from his flesh—only to learn that it would not come out. Similarly, when it struck a shield, it could not be extricated; and while the enemy was trying to disentangle it, the Frankish warrior would often rush up, and, by means of a

[1] Thomas Hodgkin, *Italy and her Invaders*, Vol. II.

second spear, stab his unprotected adversary through the head or breast.

But while such individual tactics were sometimes successful, the Frankish armies as a whole were often far from effective. They were, indeed, "mainly great disorderly masses of unarmored infantry, fighting in dense column formation"; [1] and sometimes the crush of fighting men was so terrible as to bring remembrances

FRANKISH WARRIORS

of the Greek phalanxes at their worst. One cannot believe that the Franks found matters too pleasant at the battle of Zulpich in 612, when, we are told, "so great was the press when the hostile masses met and strove against each other, that the bodies of the slain could not fall to the ground, but the dead stood upright wedged among the living." [2]

But the most interesting thing about the Frankish warriors did not concern their methods of fighting; it had to do with their organization—or, rather, with their lack of organization. We of

[1] Charles Oman, *A History of the Art of War in the Middle Ages*, Vol. I.
[2] Fredegarius, 38.

to-day think of an army as being necessarily a unified body, strictly disciplined, amply provisioned and cared for by its commanders, and unqualifiedly subject to the orders of those in charge; the Franks, however, did not regard their armies in any such light. Theirs was an attempt, conscious or unconscious, to reconcile two irreconcilable principles—personal freedom, and military service; the individual did not become, as in more civilized armies, merely a spoke or a cog in a gigantic fighting engine; each man retained some measure of personal rights, and his leaders had but poor control of his actions. There were, however, certain disadvantages in the system, for the superiors omitted to provide either pay or rations for the men, and each soldier was expected to attend to his own food supply. It is needless to add that, as a result, the army did not maintain an ethical aloofness when food stores presented themselves upon the march; plundering, even in friendly territory, was one of the most familiar recourses of Meringovian troops, and the commanders had no power to check the hungry rabble; while, in a hostile land, they supported themselves frankly by rapine, and, if delayed in their march, they would soon render any countryside desolate, and thereupon would themselves fall victims to starvation. It is known that, on one occasion, the men were reduced to such privation that they sold their clothes and even their arms in return for food; and more than one army dwindled to a mere shadow because its members would desert sooner than go hungry.

The frequency of the desertions is perhaps not surprising, since it requires greater courage to encounter famine than to meet an armor-clad foe; but what is startling to the modern mind, in view of the known submissiveness of most of the world's armies, is that the men had no hesitation to assert their will as opposed to that of their would-be masters. "What were we to do?" Gregory of Tours reports a defeated general as explaining, "no one fears his king, no one fears his duke, no one respects his count; and if perchance any of us tries to improve this state of affairs, and to assert his authority, forthwith a sedition breaks out in the army,

and mutiny swells up." [1] Nor does even this express the full extent of the insubordination: the kings themselves could not always be sure of obedience; and we find that when, in the year 555, Chlothar I sought to make peace with the Saxons, his army, avid of plunder, forced him into a battle that ended in decisive defeat; while in 612, on the other hand, the army of Theuderich II broke their ranks sooner than advance, slew the subcommander that urged them on, and forced Theuderich reluctantly to declare for peace. "It is marvellous that this phenomenon did not occur more often," comments Oman; "so worthless were the Merovings, and so futile their pretexts for war with each other, that one can only wonder at the docility of the subjects who let themselves be butchered in such a cause." [2]

Among the peoples with whom the Franks came into conflict were the Vikings, a race of hardy seafarers not unknown to tradition and fable. But they were something more than seafarers; they were marauding seafarers, and their prominence was due to their piratical activities. During the ninth century they were the terrors of northern Europe; swooping down from their Scandinavian strongholds in their long, lithe ships of war, they would prey upon defenseless countrysides, exacting tribute from the people and bearing away with them all the valuables they could seize. We think of them to-day primarily as fighters; but though they assuredly did fight upon occasion, their object was booty rather than combat, and they played the part of warriors only when faced with a foe who could not be overcome except by warfare. Their battles, indeed, occurred in the course of mere plundering expeditions, such as we have already noted among various uncivilized peoples; they found that pillaging paid them as a profession; and while the excitement and adventure of their wild life undoubtedly had its appeal, we find little evidence that

[1] Gregory of Tours, x.

[2] Charles Oman, *A History of the Art of War in the Middle Ages*, Vol. I.

they sought fighting for the sake of fighting, or that they did not prefer an easy, unimpeded theft to one complicated by hostilities.

Yet it is not surprising if a deep dread filled the heart of the Viking's victim. Imagine the sensations of the dwellers in some peaceful town, when a mail-clad horde suddenly appears with sword and spear and axe!—imagine the emotions of the husbandman, when a strange fleet goes riding up the river, the slender vessels manned by helmeted warriors, the bulwarks lined with shields of brilliant crimson and yellow! Perhaps, reaching some obstruction in the stream or approaching a fortified city, the navigators moor or beach their ships, protect them with a stockade, leave a garrison in charge, and set off on a freebooting expedition across the country. Their next step is to secure rapid land transportation—which means that they seize all available horses, and go galloping wherever they will in a terrorizing cavalcade, looting and sacking to their hearts' content while the fear-stricken peasantry flees before them. If assailed by any considerable armed force, they will sometimes go dashing back to the ships, but at other times will dismount and form themselves in battle order—confronting the foe with a line of shields virtually impregnable except to the attack of mailed horsemen.

It was largely through mailed horsemen, indeed, that the ravages of the Vikings were checked. Even when the cavalry did not make a direct assault, they would indulge in "Fabian" tactics, harassing the invaders, cutting off the stragglers, and waylaying them at every difficult defile and passageway. Another effective reply was the armored infantry which the English employed, and the fleets built by King Alfred; while one of the most successful plans of all was that tried both by King Alfred and by the Franks, who placed obstructions across the river, above the Viking ships as well as below them, so that the fleets were bottled up in enemy territory and had to be abandoned.

By these devices and others, by direct assault and indirect harrying, the terror of the Vikings was by degrees subdued; and

the raiders, findings themselves thwarted in their ravages, settled down peacefully amid the very countrysides they had devastated, and were assimilated as a valuable but not preeminently warlike element of the population.

A VIKING SHIP

PART III

STORMS OF ADOLESCENCE

CHAPTER XII

WARRIORS OF THE FAR EAST

HAVING devoted a number of chapters to the early warfare of Europe and western Asia, let us now take flight a few thousand miles to the little known countries of the Far East. To judge from all that we have said till the present moment, one would know nothing of the existence of the teeming nations of the Orient, with their illimitable stretches of jungle, mountain and plateau, and their toiling and questing multitudes; and least of all would know that they had ever heard the marching of armies or seen the clashing of swords. But let us not commit that error which is so common among Occidentals; let us not assume that the western world, since it is the only world we know, is the only world that counts; let us not overlook the warriors of the east simply because they strike us as far-away, vague or unfamiliar. While making due allowances for the gaps in our knowledge, let us try to concede to them something of that importance which would be accorded by an observer unbiassed by ties of race or nationality.

And let us, to begin with, say a word as to warfare in ancient India. Here, if the theory of Aryan origins be correct, we might expect to find ourselves in an atmosphere not far removed from that of the early west; and, relying upon the Vedas for our information, we might hope to gain some idea of the warfare of our own ancestors. There is not much that we can know; but it is interesting to observe, that, like certain westerners, the tribes of the Vedas fought from chariots, and made wide use of the horse; that, like the Lombards, the Cimbri and other European barbarians, they moved not in bands of warriors but in whole

communities, accompanied by their wives and children, their cattle and all their earthly possessions. In mood as well as in aspect, they seem to be strangely Occidental. "These free-hearted tribes had a great trust in themselves and in their gods. Like other conquering races, they believed that both themselves and their deities were altogether superior to the people of the land they invaded and to their rude objects of worship." [1]

Among them there developed a warrior caste—which, like warrior castes in all ages and lands, was rooted in the institution of property. As they swarmed westward from the Indus, some were fortunate enough to secure a greater share of the land than their fellows; and these, not having to till the soil with their own hands, left the work to the conquered aboriginal races, and were themselves free for the less irksome labors of combat. Led by their king or chieftain, they were always ready for battle, and as the years went by they grew in numbers and power; but, at the same time, they had difficulty in finding foes, for the Aryans were settling down as great nations rather than as quarrelling clans, and a large section of the people had laid aside their arms. Those who still desired to fight were now compelled to make long and difficult expeditions across the border; and, as a result, only the well-to-do could afford the luxury, and the combatants developed into a military class—a leisure class endowed with ample lands, and with serfs to plant the soil and harvest the crops during their absence. And thus did feudalism arise, many centuries before its development in Europe; thus did the feudal system serve as an artificial stimulus to battle.

We will find that there was also a feudal system in Japan, a system that bore a definite relationship to warfare; but, before we approach this topic, let us devote a word to the conflicts of the Chinese and to the conquests of the Mongols.

Concerning the Chinese we need say very little, for they do not occupy a conspicuous place in the history of war. Although at the present moment they seem to be learning internecine tactics from

[1] Sir William Wilson Hunter, *The Indian Empire.*

their western brethren, they have been noted in the past for peace rather than for conflict, and most of their battles have been defensive rather than aggressive. "The theory of war has received more attention among the Chinese than its practice," declares S. Wells Williams, "and their reputation as an unwarlike people is as ancient and general among their neighbors as is that of their seclusion and ingenuity." [1] Elaborating upon this point, William Elliot Griffis reminds us that, "In China there has always been a great gulf fixed between the soldier and the civilian. The idea of Chinese statesmen has always been to govern through moral agencies rather than by physical force. War is considered a rude and abominable business, fit only for men of low degree. Hence the soldier is despised and the scholar is honored." [2]

Most of the wars of the Chinese have been forced upon them by their neighbors, the Tartars; and they have fought mainly in order to keep back the successive tides of Tartar invasion. In this attempt they have had, upon the whole, but small success; more than once their empire has fallen beneath the sword of the conqueror, and successive dynasties of foreigners have sat upon the throne of Peking. Yet, strange to say, China has survived while her oppressors have vanished; she has assimilated them, conquered them, subjected them utterly to the power of her civilization; and, victor in peace, she has endured throughout the millenniums, while the victors in war have been terrible and dreaded for a moment, and then have been no more.

The chief contribution of the Chinese to the "art of war" was in the shape of that vast line of masonry known as "The Great Wall." Some idea of the immensity of this edifice may be gleaned from the statement that it is an irregular construction about fifteen hundred miles in length, that it varies in height from fifteen to thirty feet, and ranges up to twenty-five feet in breadth; while, in the days of its prime, it was equipped with over 25,000 towers and 15,000 watch-towers. Twisting and curving without a

[1] S. Wells Williams, *The Middle Kingdom.*

[2] William Elliot Griffis, *China's Story.*

break up the slopes of mountains, into the pit of deep ravines, over the breast of foaming waters, and across woodlands, valleys and deserts, it presents an imposing spectacle—yet it is a spectacle that came into being as the fruit of the sweat and blood of incalculable multitudes of men. It was begun in the third century B. C. in the reign of Shih Hwang Ti, who is also notable for abolishing the feudal system and for burning the books; and it was completed only after the laborers had been intimidated by the most rigorous punishments—he who shirked paid the penalty with his life, and his body was crushed into the foundations of the wall.

And thus the structure has come to be known as "The longest cemetery on earth." Ironically enough, it is a cemetery of the Chinese rather than of China's foes, for although it has been the scene of many a battle and although the old Chinese writer Li Hua speaks of the days when "the dykes of the Great Wall brimmed with blood," still it has not been impregnable as a military agency; time after time the Tartar hordes have swarmed across it, and the most redoubtable of all their leaders, Jenghis Khan, found it no barrier to his invasion.

So much for the Chinese. Their culture is a tempting subject for the historian of peace; far more notable, since our subject-matter is war, are the barbarian tribes with which they fought and by whom they were so frequently defeated. We have already spoken of the Hiung-nu, the possible precursors of the Huns; and all that we have stated as to the atter will apply in general to the Tartar tribes of the Asiatic plateau. They were a wild and nomadic people, who knew no towns and no settled homes, and who prowled about restlessly with their wives and their flocks; they were much given to hunting and to warfare, and they passed their lives largely in the saddle, while their skill as horse-bowmen made them dreaded by all whom they encountered. An idea of their tactics is supplied in an expressive sentence from Gibbon, who declares that "The cavalry of the Tanjou frequently consisted of two or three hundred thousand men, formi-

dable by the matchless dexterity with which they managed their bows and their horses, by their hardy patience in supporting the inclemency of the weather, and by the incredible speed of their march, which was seldom checked by torrents or precipices, by the deepest rivers, or by the most lofty mountains." [1] And an idea of the spirit of the people may be gleaned from Gibbon's further statement that, "After the Moguls had subdued the northern provinces of China, it was seriously proposed—not in the hour of victory and passion, but in calm, deliberate council—to exterminate all the inhabitants of that populous country, that the vacant land might be converted to the pasture of cattle." [2]

This audacious plan, fortunately, was checked by the shrewdness of a Chinese mandarin; but it is not to be thought that the people who could conceive such a project would ever be the people to deal lightly with a foe. Innumerable stories are told of their barbarity and of their perfidy—of how, having promised clemency to the enemy upon condition of surrender, they would keep their word by massacring all the men and making slaves of the women and children; or how, under the leadership of the conqueror Tamerlane, they once buried thousands of foes alive for no other offense than "the brave and faithful discharge of their duty"; [3] or of how, inspired by the same leader, they delighted to pile up pyramids of skulls, demonstrating their ability in this line after the capture of Bagdad, when they made a mound of ninety thousand heads. But their ordinary procedure—for they were sometimes moved by more lenient considerations—was to divide a conquered population into three parts; of which the first, consisting of males of military age, would either be slaughtered or enlisted in the army of the victors; while the second, composed of comely young women and of persons to be held for ransom, would be spared at least for the moment; and the third, who were valueless to the conquerors whether dead or alive, were

[1] Gibbon, *The Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire*, Vol. III.
[2] *Ibid.*
[3] Gibbon, Vol. VI.

suffered to exist and to pay a tax "for the indulgence of breathing their native air." [1]

A typical Tartar military organization is to be seen in the kingdom of Cathay, which, in the tenth century A. D., came to embrace sixteen Chinese departments south of the Great Wall, in addition to Manchuria and North Tartary. Cathay was thoroughly militarized—all males between fifteen and fifty years of age had to serve; and every free soldier had to provide himself with full equipment, which consisted, according to the enumeration made by E. H. Parker, "of three horses, and . . . saddle, saddle-cloth, and horse-armour of iron or hide according to his means; one servant for foraging, and one to look after his kit; four bows, 400 arrows, long and short spears, ax, hatchet, hammer, awl, a small flag, flint and steel, jug, ration-bag, hook, piece of felt, and umbrella; also 200 feet of rope, and a peck of parched grain." [2]

Thus armed and provisioned, the men would wander widely through the countryside, truly a scourge to the defenseless!—they would loot and plunder where they could; they would set fire to dwellings; they would hew down orchards and mulberry trees; they would massacre all who opposed them, and carry away women and children and the old and infirm. When they stormed a town, they protected themselves by driving the captives in front, forcing them to fill up the moat with earth and wood; when unable to break into a stronghold, they would spread terror by promising to return with reinforcements; but, generally speaking, they fought in the open and by means of battalions composed of from five hundred to seven hundred horsemen. One can imagine the alarm they spread when they attacked with a group of ten such battalions, each of which would advance in turn with desperate speed, wildly howling and then retreating swiftly, to be followed instantly by another screaming division;

[1] Gibbon, Vol. III.

[2] E. H. Parker, *A Thousand Years of the Tartars.*

while the foe, exhausted by the repeated attacks of fresh cavalrymen, would probably soon be beaten into submission.

The Tartar conquests reached their height under Jenghis Khan and his successors, who swung a devastating sword from Japan in the east to the plains of Poland and of Hungary on the west, and were thus the afflictions of two continents. It would be impossible adequately to describe, within a brief space, the ravages committed by the Mongols under Jenghis alone; suffice it to say that he made deserts of well populated countrysides, and created wastelands that have never to this day been reclaimed. As an example of the scope of his depredations, one has only to point to the city of Herat, which he totally destroyed; so vast was the place, and so numerous its inhabitants, that for a whole week the invaders delivered themselves up to orgies of plundering, burning and massacre; and when at last their swords rested in their scabbards and the slayers turned to look elsewhere for victims, hardly a man, woman or child of the entire populace survived, and corpses to the number of one million, six hundred thousand lay strewn among the ruined streets and dwellings of the town.

The cities of Merv and Nishapur were accorded similar treatment by Jenghis; Peking, when under siege, was reduced to such straits that the inhabitants decimated and devoured one another, and, in their despair, according to Gibbon, "discharged ingots of gold and silver from their engines"; [1] while Kiev, the largest city in Russia, was disposed of with thoroughgoing effectiveness by Jenghis's grandnephew, Batu, who subjected the buildings to the torch, massacred the men, and sold the women and children into slavery. "The city had been so great," says one writer, "and its reputation as a holy place so widespread, that its destruction can only be compared to the destruction of Jerusalem by Titus." [2]

But, having annihilated the foremost of the Russian cities, the Mongols were not content. They proceeded to spread a trail of

[1] Gibbon, Vol. VI.

[2] Oman, *A History of the Art of War in the Middle Ages*, Vol. II.

blood into Poland; they overran Hungary, blotting out its towns and villages and a large percentage of its population; while in Central Silesia they created such a gap among the inhabitants that it is said that settlers had to be summoned by the thousand from Saxony and Thuringia.

But in spite of the widespread death and ruin occasioned by Jenghis, by his son Oktai, his kinsman Batu and his descendant Tamerlane, the conquests of the Mongols brought them no lasting gain. They did not hold the land they had plundered and devastated; the empire they had created vanished like a vapor from their grasp; after a few generations not even the vestige of it remained, and they themselves were no more than a dragon name in the countries through which they had passed like a pestilence. Yet, to this day, the Near East knows one tangible fruit of their rule; for it was response to the pressure of their armies that the ancestors of the Ottoman Turks abandoned their original homes and came to dwell within the threshold of Europe.

None the less, the advance of the Mongols, while among the most warlike movements that history records, must not be regarded as the spontaneous action of a people impelled by no force other than an innate desire for conquest. In this connection, a word more may be said as to their methods of conquest. Their armies were not compact, homogenous bodies in which the Mongol tribesmen were in the majority; they were composed of groups of vassals and adventurers from innumerable Tartar peoples; and over each moderate-sized unit a native subcommander was placed. Each soldier was subjected to his particular leader by an iron discipline; instant execution was the universal punishment for any offense or fancied offense—and the Mongols were by no means sparing of this penalty. If, for example, two or three out of a division of ten horsemen were seen to turn and flee on the day of battle, the remaining seven or eight would be tried and put to death; while the same punishment awaited the first of those to fly when no general retreat was ordered; or the last to plunge into the attack when a general

assault was made; or any of those so unfortunate as to be unable to rescue their companions captured by the enemy.

No doubt it is true that the Tartars were a cruel and warlike race; yet when one observes the methods they employed to develop the courage and fighting spirit of their men, one has reason to question whether their bloodthirsty qualities were not the products of an artificially perverted psychology—a psychology moulded by a brutal precedent and example and by a deliberately fear-provoking discipline.

The weapons of the Tartars were well fitted for a people trained to cruelty in warfare. A complete enumeration is offered by a contemporary observer, Giovanni de Plan Carpin, the ambassador sent to Karakorum in 1246 by Pope Innocent IV. "The Tartars carry two or three bows . . . "and three quivers, an axe, and a stout rope which can be used to drag vehicles. The better-armed have also scimitars, sharply pointed, curved, and with only one cutting edge. Many have helms and cuirasses of leather. . . . They have bardings of leather for their horses, made of five pieces, which protect them as far as their knees, and iron frontlets are fixed on their foreheads . . . Some of them carry lances with a hook where the lance head joins the shaft, with which they try to drag an adversary out of his saddle in close combat. The length of their arrows is two feet . . . The heads of the arrows are very sharp, like a two-edged sword: they always carry files with them in their quivers, to sharpen their arrows." [1]

One wonders which was the most to be envied—the enemy with breast ripped open by one of these razor-like arrows, or the one jerked from his saddle by the hooked lance and flung from his galloping steed to the rocky floor of the plain.

Not less interesting than the description of the weapons are Carpin's statements as to the Mongol methods of battle. Ahead of each army, according to his account, they would send a screen

[1] Giovanni de Plan Carpin, quoted by Charles Oman.

of scouts, who would kill all the men they met but would not otherwise molest the country; and far behind these comparatively innocuous individuals would follow the main host, which would lose no opportunity to plunder, to burn houses, to fell trees, to lay fields waste, and in general to murder and to destroy. Should they, however, be interrupted in this occupation by any of the enemy, they would speedily gather together their forces; they would send their best troops far out to the right and the left of the foe, preferably out of sight, so that they might close in and surround him; and resorting to what, in modern parlance, is known as "camouflage," they would build up an apparent reserve of imposing proportions—that reserve being composed of camp retainers, women, and even dummy figures, which, mounted on horseback, would seem from a distance to be an enormous armed force. And thus, by playing shrewdly upon the minds of their adversaries, by setting up a phantom army to frighten and discourage, they would win an advantage equal to the actual physical advantage of vastly augmented numbers.

Such was the Tartar army upon the plain—equally vigorous were its methods of prosecuting a siege. "When they come to a fortress they surround it, or even circumvallate it, so that no men can issue forth. They shoot strongly both with arrows and with military machines, and keep up a discharge day and night, so as to hold the garrison in a constant state of torment. But they get rest themselves, since one division relieves another every few hours. If they cannot take the town by machines, they will use Greek fire: it is said that they have been known to kill and boil down captives, and project their fat into the town; for this horrid brew flares fiercely and is almost inextinguishable. And if the place still holds out, they try other devices: if it has a river running through it, they dam it, or cut a new channel, or throw a great head of water against the walls. And if this is impossible they dig mines and so penetrate to the heart of the place. When they are inside, one part of them sets fire to the houses, while the rest attack the garrison in the rear. If even by mining they can-

not prevail, they will build walls completely round the city, and lie there for long months, and so starve it out, unless an army of relief should appear. During such a blockade they will offer mild and tempting terms of surrender, but if these are accepted they break their promises, and massacre every one, except perhaps a few skilled artisans: the nobles and good folk are always exterminated." [1]

Among the many peoples that opposed the advance of the Mongols—and among the few who opposed that advance successfully—were the natives of Japan. I shall presently describe the Japanese-Mongol conflicts, for they will tell us much as to the warlike usages both of the Tartars and of the Nipponese; but first let me say a word as to the military system in Japan prior to the invasion. Unlike their neighbors the Chinese, the subjects of the Mikado have always been more or less given to warfare; and while, as among most peoples, the martial spirit has manifested itself by wave-like fluctuations, still the sword has been generally an object of honor in the island empire, whereas on the continent the wisdom of the scribe has been most revered. Even in early times, the Japanese had a military organization; by the close of the seventh century A. D., the army included from one third to one quarter of all the able-bodied males, and at a later date the proportion was increased until all save the weaklings were enlisted for military purposes. It was at about the middle of the tenth century that the distinctive military caste, the samurai, arose; and these, who owed their origin largely to political machinations, formed a sort of knighthood dedicated to the profession of arms and destined to be the outstanding figures in Japanese warfare for a period of some nine hundred years.

To understand the samurai, one must understand something of the conditions that accompanied their first appearance. It was a rift in the civil mechanism that gave them birth; and it was the usurpations of two influential families, the Taira and the Mina-

[1] Giovanni de Plan Carpin.

moto, that established them as distinct and powerful elements of the community. The civil officers, who were in the control of the Emperor, had gradually yielded to indolence and luxury, had ceased to take the war-path themselves, and had allowed the war department to become impotent and disorganized; so that, while the generals at Kioto were losing their ability to enforce their orders, the peasants were not only becoming soldiers but were intriguing for power and converting themselves into military despots in miniature. Like the mercenaries of western lands, they would move through the country in armed bands, ready to serve any leader for pay; and the logical consequence was widespread chaos, and "the frequent occurrence of village squabbles, border brawls, and the levying of blackmail upon defenseless people, culminating in the insurrection of a whole province." [1]

The professional fighters, being at all times eager to practice their trade, were of course a temptation to the "shogun" or general who despaired of recruiting an army according to the older and disorganized method; and it came about not unnaturally that the troops were gathered from the ranks of the professionals, and began to follow their leaders somewhat as the medieval European retainer followed his lord, owing allegiance not to their people or nation but only to their own immediate commander. The civil authorities, helpless to achieve any military results on their own behalf, in time put the power of crushing revolts into the hands of the professional followers of the Taira and Minamoto; and so it happened that, by the twelfth century, all military power had been lost to the court, which unavailingly issued interdicts to check the growth of the military classes. A strange gulf now separated state and army; unrecognized by the crown, whose disapproval seems to have had small effect, the fighting clans conquered a large part of the island; then, having suitably increased their domains, they rewarded the soldiers by means of grants of land, thereby initiating feudalism,

[1] William Elliot Griffis, *The Mikado's Empire.*

establishing the principle of the rule of the few by means of the sword, and definitely transferring the loyalty of the warrior from the Mikado to the soldier chieftain.

And thus arose the samurai—the representatives of as positive a military aristocracy as the world has ever known. Concerning their customs and manners whole chapters might be written: it would be interesting to dwell upon their standards of honor and their moral code; upon their practice of protecting their houses by means of armed retainers and queer instruments to entangle the foe; upon the cult of suicide which had vogue among them, and upon the methods they employed to encourage and perpetuate a military spirit. But all this, if we discussed it at all, would have to occupy a disproportionate amount of our attention; hence we must overlook the daily lives of the samurai in order to consider their activities upon the battlefield.

First of all, let us glance at the army as it makes ready for combat. Unlike the armies of a later day, it is no drab affair of dusty khaki; the men stride forward in burnished and glittering coats of mail, the tall helmets flashing with the symbols of shark or eagle, of bull's head or dragon; and many of the men, with their false mustaches and tall and ornamented headgear that adds one half to their height, look as if they are preparing not for a battle but for a masquerade. Drums beat sonorously, and banners brightly flash and wave from a thousand directions; but more brilliant than the flags is the armor of the men. All are arrayed as colorfully as women on fashion parade; some are crimson-clad, and some attired in golden; and some wear mail of violet, and some of green, and some of purple, silver, white or black. Certainly, it would seem to be a festival, this march of the multi-hued thousands!—it is a pageant, a mighty ceremonial, and can have nothing to do with destruction and bloodshed!

But no! the men are equipped not only with bizarre and colored suits of mail, but with ominous-looking weapons. Long spears glisten amid their ranks, and battle-axes flash with evil brilliance; bows and arrows hang at the warriors' sides, and one

catches sight of razor-edged swords and of the evil-looking halberd. One thinks, however, that these implements may be intended for display rather than for use; and this impression grows upon one as the rival army, likewise shining as gaudily as a floral ex-

JAPANESE CHAMPION

hibition, comes clanking on to the field. The opposing factions do not fling themselves at once in a general mêlée; well ordered phalanx does not clash with well ordered phalanx, nor even impetuous individuals go dashing at the throats of the foe—the rules of the competition do not permit such rude behavior, but all must be done according to the restrained and time-honored

plan. Forth from the ranks of each army there stride not a thousand men, but a single warrior!—and that warrior, advancing with drawn sword to meet his rival, undertakes to serve as the champion of his side. But he is not needlessly hasty—while the men of both armies stand by and watch, he halts at a respectable distance from the foe, and in a loud, bold voice proclaims his name, his father's name, his tites, his accompishments, his skill in taking blood, his family's skill in taking blood, and other details of a similarly edifying nature. Having thus fought the first round with his tongue, he listens while his adversary makes a similar enumeration of merits and attainments; and, after the second recital, there ensues an interchange of compliments, each combatant casting scorn upon the other's antecedents and family history. After some minutes of such argumentation, it is to be presumed, the temper of at least one of the men (possibly the one least skilled in debating) must rise to a murderous pitch; and, the proper state of mind having thus been engendered, the antagonists meet in a mortal duel.

The other warriors now follow the example of the audacious two; from all sides the men step boldly forward, introduce themselves sonorously to some foe, exchange words of self-laudation and of insult, and then clash in deadly combat. And thus the entire battle comes to represent nothing more than a series of individual contests. But the fighters do not believe that "all is fair in war"; they do not violate the rules which tradition and honor prescribe; when one of the samurai is grappling with the enemy, his companions do not step in to assist him, however hard pressed he may be—obviously, it is unjust, it is cowardly for two soldiers to attack a single foe!

And so we find that, among the medieval Japanese, as among certain ancient peoples and certain savages to-day, war is regarded as a regulated game of individual skill and prowess rather than as an inexorable struggle in which all severities are justified by the need of survival.

This same point of view found expression when, in the latter

part of the thirteenth century, the Mongols invaded Japan and worked unspeakable havoc by means of poisoned arrows. The Japanese had never during their history employed such weapons; they despised them as inhuman and base; and they disdained to adopt them even against a foe which had used them first, a foe which might have seemed to justify any measures of extermination, since it threatened the national existence of Nippon. One cannot help noting the contrast between the policy of the Japanese concerning poisoned arrows and the policy of a later age with regard to poison gas.

Poisoned arrows, however, were not the only novelty that the Mongols brought to the shores of Japan. Both their expeditions were, in a sense, revelations—and revelations of a grewsome and distressing type. The difficulty began as Mongol difficulties in all lands began; the Tartars, being apparently the more powerful of the two peoples, saw no reason why they should not dominate the Japanese; accordingly, Kublai Khan dictated a message containing this declaration of cosmic principle: "The great Emperor of Mongolia notifies the King of Japan that history shows that a small country is to be dependent on a large one, and that the benefit of such an arrangement is mutual."

The king of Japan, not unlike the king of Belgium some centuries later, did not quite agree that the benefit of such an arrangement was mutual: wherefore, in due time, the "great Emperor of Mongolia" sought to make forcible demonstration of his point. In the year 1275—a year long to be remembered in Japanese annals—an army of forty thousand men set sail from Korea in a fleet of nine hundred vessels. Arriving in sight of the Japanese isles in an armada that swept from horizon to horizon and that must have seemed veritably without number, they appalled even the most hardy observer as with the sense of some inevitable catacylsm. "Like a storm," declares a native writer, "they began their disembarkation, some from the ships anchored afar, by boat, thousands in number; the others on horseback or on foot, and the great army, extending their force all over the surf which

broke along the bay as far as one could see, advanced rank after rank in swarms to the shore, their terrible war-cry resounding over the sea and land, their furious discharge of arrows as heavy as rain.

"On the shore, the garrison, spreading their force along the strand, and even in the shallow waters, stood contesting the enemy's landing. Fierce hand-to-hand battles took place on the edge of the water and the land. But in addition to the superior numbers of the Mongols to the Japanese, the former, using their poisoned shafts that killed on the spot, employing the guns that disabled scores of defenders at once, and defending themselves with strong shields of metal, all of which the Japanese had never used nor seen, attacked at so many points that the Japanese garrison . . . were obliged to give way to the enemy here and there on the shore. At last the Mongols and their allied troops succeeded in landing in great numbers, and the entire surface of the strand now became the field of battle." [1]

The Japanese continued the defense, but in vain; they fought in their usual manner, and sent out their challengers in the traditional fashion; but the Mongols made no suitable response. They did not meet each warrior with but one opponent; they enclosed each by a multitude and hacked him to pieces, and their compact phalanxes made short work of the bravest native duellists. Amid the thunder of the Mongol drums, the confusion of the Mongol war-cries, the whirring and pelting of arrows, the clashing of maddened horsemen, the scampering of frightened horses, the howls and screams of exultant victors and the wails and moanings of the dying, the Japanese must have learned warfare anew, for never before had their battlefields known such stormy scenes. There could be only one end to so unequal a contest; the invaders prevailed; they dashed down all opposition, burst into the town, slew all the males, and bore away all the females who had not committed suicide; and into their ships, as trophies of

[1] Nakaba Yamada, *Ghenko.*

the day's engagement, they carried more than a thousand Japanese heads.

But this was only the first engagement. Volunteers began to rally for the defense of home and country; equipped with all manner of primitive weapons, from hunting spears to long poles, sticks and stones, they flung themselves against the Mongol swarms. In vain!—they only advanced to their death; they were slain like flies by the onrushing host; "the Isle of Iki was freely played with like a rat in the paws of a cat." [1] The houses were reduced to ashes; combatants and non-combatants alike were slaughtered; women were massacred as pitilessly as men; and persons of both sexes were spared only in order to be stripped and nailed by the palms to the prows of the invading vessels.

Yet the tide of the Mongol conquest, though seemingly irresistible, was ultimately checked. It was on the water that the newcomers met defeat; and they were vanquished not so much by open combat as by a curious strategy. The tactics of the Japanese bring reminders of Hannibal's device of the torch-bearing oxen, for they too employed fire as their weapon and night as their ally; their plan—which was as simple as it was effective—was to discharge against the enemy a fleet of nearly fifty vessels laden with burning straw. Considering that the Mongol ships were mere wooden junks, and were themselves nearly as combustible as straw, this project was practicable in the highest degree; and one may well believe that the Tartars were terror-stricken when, in the dead of the moonless night, the piercing Japanese war-cry rang forth, while suddenly great flaming hulks sprang into being in the darkness and drifted toward them on a brisk wind. What an utterly bewildering spectacle they must have presented, what an unearthly spectacle, a horrifying spectacle, those shapes of fire that cast a fiery reflection upon the waters! Soon, where all had been coaly black and silent, there were great tempestuous blazing objects weltering amid the wavering red

[1] Nakaba Yamada, *Ghenko.*

light; soon great dark forms were scurrying like harried monsters among other and dazzlingly illuminated forms; and all the time the sparks were flying, the conflagrations crackling, and the crimson smoke-wreaths spiralling skyward; while every now and then some new torrent of flame would spout up from the flickering half-light, and new cries of terror mingle with the multitude of terrorized cries. From ship to ship the fire was spreading, and there were none to stop it; the unburnt vessels, pushing about madly to escape, were only entangled by their fellows or trapped by the glowing derelicts; and everywhere, in the darkness and in the flaring light, among the craft that struggled to escape and among those already half seared to cinders, the defenders glided about vengefully amid the foe, aiming their arrows and wielding their swords and halberds against all those spared by fire and wave.

When the morning dawned, seven hundred of the nine hundred invading ships were no more. And the remainder, pursued by the Japanese fleet almost to the coast of Korea, seemed content to abandon their plans for conquest.

Not so, however, with the great Kublai Khan. Amazed and wrathful though he doubtless was, he was not the man to be daunted by a single blow; instead of heeding the lesson of his repulse, he seemed only the more determined to crush the stubborn Japanese beneath his heel. He began laying plans, accordingly, for a second invasion; and this time the measures he took seemed destined to succeed. Well might the islanders quail!—it is not forty thousand men that Kublai has now summoned forth, but more than a hundred thousand!—and it is not a mere nine hundred ships that he has commissioned, but as many as thirty-five hundred! The walls that the Japanese have been building must be strong indeed, and the defenders invincible, in order to drive back so overwhelming an expedition.

The great armada approached the Japanese coast in two divisions, of which the first to arrive was the smaller, composed of about nine hundred vessels. For fifty days the natives, swarming

behind their tall stone walls, succeeded in keeping the invaders from landing; but in the end the Mongols, equipping their decks with thirty-foot towers from which to discharge arrows, put the Japanese at a disadvantage and began to land.

It was not, however, until the arrival of the second and larger fleet that the real warfare commenced. Innumerable as the trees of a forest, the newcomers glided shoreward in a slow and stately procession; and from their masts, as they heaved and tossed upon the waters, there gleamed like a challenge the blood-red Mongolian banners. The approaching vessels were met by some of the Japanese, who set forth boldly in their ships; but the catapults and other engines of European warfare discharged huge missiles that crushed out the lives of many of the daring. One party of thirty, none the less, did manage to swim out to a Mongol junk, board it, and decapitate the crew; but another company, attempting a similar performance, were themselves decapitated.

The rest of the day's engagement consisted largely of a series of skirmishes, in which the huge arrows from the Mongol bow-guns did cruel damage to the defenders, while the Japanese in their turn were not without a certain sanguinary success—for they are credited with having taken two thousand heads. But the first day was indecisive, and in the night the thousands of glowing golden ship-lanterns prevented the repetition of the strategy of the burning straw. The second day's fighting, likewise, was inconclusive; and no one can say how long the contest might not have endured—had not the Japanese unexpectedly been favored by an ally more powerful than ten thousand ships. As in the case of the great Spanish Armada that menaced the English coast some centuries later, the invaders had to contend not only with the strength and wiles of their foe but with the whims of wind and wave. And wind and wave, for the Mongols no less than for the Spaniards, proved to be antagonists too mighty to withstand —one of those typhoons for which the eastern seas are noted chanced to arise at the opportune moment; and no cannonade could have accomplished half the havoc it wrought. The Mon-

gol ships, mere clumsy wooden hulls, were lashed about like logs; they were plunged one against the other, were driven on to the beach, smashed upon the rocks, deluged and overturned, whirled round and round helplessly or whipped far out to sea and wrecked, while by the hundreds and thousands their occupants were inundated or washed overboard.

When finally the fury of the elements relaxed, the waters, it is said, were coated so thickly with corpses that it might almost have been possible to walk upon them. But the great armada was no more. Possibly a few battered vessels with a few worn survivors had escaped; but the face of the sea was no longer obscured by the floating forest of masts, and the fleet as a whole was mere driftwood.

And thus, without striking a single decisive blow, the Japanese had won the greatest triumph in their history.

But the costs of victory ran high. The loss in life and limb was indeed vastly less than it might have been; yet the defenders paid a penalty not speedily to be forgotten. And that penalty was militarization—a militarization such as even they had never known before. Though the succeeding centuries were to bring no other invasion, the Japanese not unnaturally dreaded Kublai Khan's project for a third expedition; they not unnaturally wished to take no unnecessary risks, and made preparations for a new emergency. And thus, when the real danger was over and only a phantom danger remained, they erected extensive coast defenses and castles; they recruited and trained enormous armies; they enjoined frugal living upon themselves in order to conserve their resources for military purposes.

A change in their spirit now began to be manifest—a change such as many nations have felt after being touched by the blast of warfare. "Japan after the Mongol invasion became a land full of war spirit and discontent. Not only the martial spirit due to the Mongol raids, but the perpetual domestic combats also helped to animate the national soul. Those who took part in the battles with the Mongols had to be rewarded. Among them were

not only the soldiers who actually shed their blood, but the priests and monks who had prayed, and thought 'the victory' over the Mongols was nothing but divine." [1]

The rising military spirit could only breed a pernicious fruit. Being trained in warfare to an extent unknown before, the Japanese began to resort to new warlike practices; and, feeling resentful against China as the land from which the Mongol invasion had sprung, they held it legitimate to exact any retribution whatever upon the Chinese. The unfortunate natives of the mainland, accordingly, became the victims of innumerable freebooting expeditions. Such desirable targets did they make, indeed, that, according to a native admission, "From the middle of the fourteenth century it became a species of military pastime in Japan to fit out a little fleet of war boats and make a descent upon the coast of China or Korea. The annals of the sufferers show that what the Norsemen were to Europe in early ages, and the English to Spanish America . . . the Japanese now were to China. They made descents upon the Shantung promontory, and carried their raids far inland, looting and destroying villages and towns, and then marching back leisurely to the coast, where they shipped their booty and sailed away when the wind suited. They repeated these outrages year after year on an increasing scale, until the provinces of Fukien, Chikiang, Kiangsu, and Shantung, which litoral regions extended over three degrees of latitude, were almost wholly overrun by the fierce freebooters. It is related in Chinese history that the commonest topics of conversation in that unhappy era were the descent of the Japanese on the dominions of the middle kingdom, the vessels taken by them, the towns pillaged and sacked, and the provinces ravaged." [2]

And while Japanese marauders were thus making life miserable for the Chinese, various rival sects and factions were equally successful in making life miserable for the people at home. "For three centuries," according to Joseph H. Longford, "Japan had

[1] Nakaba Yamada, *Ghenko.*

[2] *Ibid.*

been torn from end to end by civil war, carried on with merciless, even savage, cruelty. From 1333, when the Hojos fell, till 1590, when Hideyoshi finally triumphed over the last of the great feudal barons . . . it may safely be said that peace had been unknown within her border. Whatever Germany suffered throughout the Thirty Years' War in the miseries of her people and the devastation and ruin of her fields and cities finds its parallel in what Japan suffered, not for thirty but for over two hundred and fifty years." [1]

It was in the year 1592 that, at the initiation of Hideyoshi, one of the supreme ironies of history befell. Righteous indignation had filled the minds of the people three centuries before at the invasion of Kublai Khan; now, in their conduct toward an unoffending nation, they were adopting the policy of Kublai himself. And they made an assault upon Korea, not by means of scattered private warriors, as in the case of the Chinese raids, but through the agency of a powerful national fleet and army. There was no provocation for the attack, other than the Japanese regent's greed for conquest; and the expedition appears especially uncalled for when one remembers that the Koreans were a peaceful people, both industrious and cultured, who sought quarrels with no one and whose military system had long since fallen into disuse. Perhaps it was for this reason that they appeared a desirable prey to the ambitious Japanese prince—at all events, he equipped an army said to have amounted to three hundred thousand men, and sent them off apparently assured of victory.

The first reports from the battlefield confirmed Hideyoshi's most sanguine expectations. The troops had disembarked without difficulty; equipped with firearms that spread panic among the natives, they had easily taken possession of the country; they had captured garrisons, routed armies, ravaged wide countrysides, and sent multitudes of preserved ears and noses back to Japan in testimony to the carnage they had achieved. Now was the time for Hideyoshi's subjects to rejoice!—now was the time

[1] Joseph H. Longford, *The Story of Korea.*

to give thanks to the gods!—now was the time, for soon their unimpeded succession of victories was to be interrupted, and the Koreans were to do the apparently impossible! They had not been prepared for war; yet, once war had been forced upon them, they proved that it is not in preparedness that a country's chief resource consists. And both on land and on sea they repressed the seemingly irrepressible invaders.

GUERILLA WARFARE

On land they harried and decimated the foe by means of guerilla warfare. Their ambushed spearmen waylaid the invaders amid the unmapped fastnesses of the mountains; their archers lay in hiding among impenetrable thickets and woods; and missiles in a deadly rain would fall upon the army from every unexpected quarter. Some parties of Japanese were lost, and their companions never heard of them again; some were faced with starvation, since they had to depend upon the conquered country for their supplies; and all, though trained in warfare and drilled

to an iron endurance, began in time to show the nervous strain, which manifested itself in such loss of courage that more than once a well equipped band was driven back by a numerically inferior foe.

More sudden but not less decisive was their defeat at sea. Equipped with a fleet of reversible row-boats whose iron spikes protected them against boarding parties, the Korean admiral Yi Sun lured the Japanese ships into giving him chase; then, at a sudden signal, the pursued vessels became pursuers, bore down against the enemy upon a favorable wind, and rammed and scattered the ships with auspicious ease. The Japanese could not board the spike-lined craft; they could not defend themselves against the fire-arrows; they had no answer to the concerted strength and fury of the attack, and least of all were they able to meet the assaults of the iron-decked Korean vessel—said to be the first ironclad in history. Soon the Japanese were in tumultuous flight, the victors pressing behind them with showers of arrows and ramming with furious impact—and few of them were there who survived to moor in safety that night.

This was the beginning of the end. The war was not yet over, and furious battles were yet to be fought—but the backbone of the invasion had been broken. As the conflict proceeded, the Japanese, perhaps filled with the temper of despair, were to become increasingly cruel, and were to burn and slaughter with abandon; but their fury was to gain them nothing; they were fighting a losing battle. There was, indeed, a Japanese victory at the town of Chinju, when, at a cost of sixty thousand Korean lives and thousands of Japanese, "Hideyoshi's vanity was appeased, the only object in this expedition"; [1] then there was a three-year interval, following which the invasion was renewed, and the Japanese, having again burnt and plundered the country and taken thousands of heads, were once more routed in a sea battle under Admiral Yi Sun.

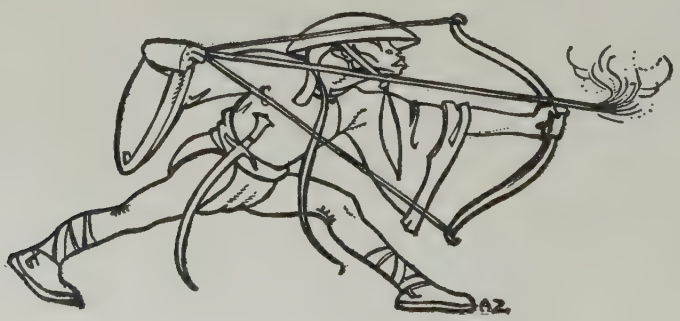
And so the war ended in a complete Japanese withdrawal,

[1] Joseph H. Longford, *The Story of Korea.*

just as a notable invasion three centuries before had resulted in the total evacuation of the Mongols. But does this tell the entire story? Far from it!—the imprint of the conflict was scorched irredeemably upon the bosom of Korea. Whereas the Japanese were clearly losers, and whereas "Military glory was the great asset of the war" and "All the value of the plunder . . . was not a minute fraction of that of the treasure expended," [1] still the Japanese were in every way gainers compared with their unfortunate victims.

Listen, for example, to Joseph H. Longford's summary of the results: "The ruin and humiliation inflicted on Korea were in inverse ratio to the gain and glory of Japan. Her population was more than decimated in battle, by famine, and by disease. The support of her Chinese allies had been almost as great a burthen to her as the plundering of her foes. Between the two the unhappy native had starved, and famine had brought in its train cholera and typhus . . . The capital and the two most ancient towns, both the seats of former capitals, both rich in every tradition of history and religion that appealed to the veneration and pride of the people, had been occupied and sacked with remorseless cruelty; industries had been destroyed, and the followers so exterminated that the industries vanished from Korea for ever, and the whole people were left with such memories of suffering and outrage that to this day 'the accursed nation' continued to be a common vernacular term in Korea for Japan." [2]

[1] Joseph H. Longford, *The Story of Korea.*
[2] *Ibid.*



CHAPTER XIII

THE DARK AGES

Having paid a visit to China and Japan, let us now retrace our steps to the shores of Europe.

European history, during the centuries between the downfall of Rome and the beginning of the Crusades, divides itself naturally into two segments, of which the first concerns the kingdoms of the west, and the second has to do with the eastern or Byzantine Empire. Our logical course, accordingly, will be to consider western warfare first; then, regardless of chronological sequence, to turn to the east and examine the methods of the Byzantines.

I have already said something as to the medieval barbarians of the west, and in particular as to the Vikings and the Franks. But the latter, who were to play an increasingly prominent part in the world's battles, deserve our further attention. Under Clovis they had achieved notable victories, and subjugated Gaul; under Charles Martel they had triumphed signally over the invading hordes of the Moslems; while under Charlemagne came thoroughgoing reforms in their methods of fighting, reforms that enabled Charlemagne to swing a conquering sword over a great part of western Europe.

Let us note briefly what he had done. As a monarch much given to fighting, he proposed to have the means of fighting successfully: consequently, most of his innovations consisted of improvements in the equipment and battle strength of his men. To serve the purposes of rapid movement throughout the wide reaches of his empire, he vastly increased the numbers of his

cavalry; to enable him to compete with the well armed Lombard and with the Avar horse-archer, he had to provide as many of his men as possible with coats of mail; to consolidate his conquests and keep what he had taken, he left garrisons in the occupied territory and built roads to connect each post with its neighbors. And, in order to provide a minimum fighting strength for his men, he issued an edict against the poorly armed: no soldier must appear bearing only a club, but every one must have a bow as well; while each count must see that his men have lances and shields in addition to bows, bowstrings, and arrows.

Still more noteworthy were the mandates concerning discipline and rations. Something regarding the habits of the men may be divined from the provision that he who arrived late for muster must go without meat and wine; and not less revealing is the rule that a man found drunk in camp must live on a prohibition basis until the end of the campaign. As for food, it was prescribed that each soldier was to bring enough to keep him for three months—the specific necessities being flour, bacon and wine. It must not be imagined, however, that every warrior was bent beneath the weight of three months' provisions—the army was followed by wagons each capable of carrying as much as twelve bushels of corn or twelve small barrels of wine. Incidentally, it will be observed that the latter article was accorded a high rank among military necessities.

As to the actual warfare waged by Charlemagne, it is difficult to speak with precision, for he is so vague and remote a figure, and the age in which he lived is veiled in such a mist of fable and tradition, that it is not easy to extricate fact from fiction and to tread with certainty upon solid ground. If one turns, however, to the contemporary writer Eginhart, one will catch some glimpses —though only glimpses—of the wars he waged. The following passage, for example, will give some idea of the sort of fighting he sometimes conducted and of the difficulties with which he had to contend: "In the midst of this vigorous and almost uninterrupted struggle with the Saxons, he covered the frontier by

garrisons at the proper points, and marched over the Pyrenees into Spain at the head of all the forces that he could muster. All the towns and castles that he attacked surrendered, and up to the time of his homeward march he sustained no loss whatever; but on his return through the Pyrenees he had cause to rue the treachery of the Gascons. That region is well adapted for ambuscades by reason of the thick forests that cover it; and as the army was advancing in the long line of march necessitated by the narrowness of the road, the Gascons, who lay in ambush at the top of a very high mountain, attacked the rear of the baggage-train and the rear-guard in charge of it, and hurled them down to the bottom of the valley. In the struggle that ensued, they cut them off to a man; they then plundered the baggage, and dispersed with all speed in every direction under cover of approaching night." [1]

If in this case the loot was all on the side of the Gascons, it was not infrequently the Franks who took the spoil. The following sentences, dealing with the conflict with the Avars, bear testimony to this fact: "Although they most vigorously prosecuted the war, it only came to an end after a seven years' struggle. The utter depopulation of Pannonia, and the site of the Khan's palace, now a desert, where not a trace of human habitation is visible, bear witness how many battles were fought in those years, and how much blood was shed. The entire body of the Hun nobility perished in this contest, and all its glory with it. All the money and treasure that had been years amassing was seized, and no war in which the Franks have ever engaged within the memory of man brought them such riches and such booty." [2]

In view of the material gains attendant upon such wars, and in view of the fact that Charlemagne here presents himself in the light of a robber baron on a gigantic scale, one wonders what were the motives that led him toward the battlefield. The answer, unfortunately, must be left to mere conjecture, for there are no

[1] Eginhart, *Life of Charlemagne.*
[2] *Ibid.*

records that describe the workings of his mind; and since conjecture is largely a matter of individual bias, authorities have been woefully divided. Judging, however, on the basis of his known activities, one is inclined to accept the view of the historian Hallam, who points out how he committed "an act of atrocious

CHARLEMAGNE THE IRON KING

butchery" by beheading in one day four thousand Saxons, and who concludes that his wars were no more than contests for conquest and that he himself was "Unsparing of blood, though not constitutionally cruel, and wholly indifferent to the means which his ambition prescribed." [1]

This stern impression is fortified indirectly by a description

[1] Henry Hallam, *History of Europe During the Middle Ages*, Vol. I.

which we have of the monarch himself: "Then appeared the iron king, crowned with his iron helm, with sleeves of iron mail on his arms, his broad breast protected by an iron byrnie, an iron lance in his left hand, his right free to grasp his unconquered sword. His thighs were guarded with iron mail, though other men are wont to leave them unprotected that they may spring the more lightly on their steeds. And his legs, like those of all his host, were protected by iron greaves. His shield was plain iron, without device or color. And round him and before him and behind him rode all his men, armed as nearly like him as they could fashion themselves; so iron filled the fields and the ways, and the sun's rays were in every quarter reflected from iron. 'Iron, iron everywhere,' cried in their dismay the terrified citizens of Pavia." [1]

During the three centuries between the death of Charlemagne and the First Crusade, there were few warlike developments of importance in western Europe. There was much fighting, to be sure, and when the people were not defending themselves against the pillaging expeditions of the Norsemen or against the devastating Magyar raids, they were finding a wealth of domestic quarrels to give employment to the warrior. But the plundering parties and the political dissensions of those uncertain ages seem rather remote and clouded in the modern perspective, and it is difficult to detect many points of significance amid the confusion and the hazes. It is true that there is a certain general interest in the private wars of the period, but these we shall reserve until our discussion of feudalism. It is true, furthermore, that a crisis in world history did occur when, in 1066, the army of William the Conqueror defeated the English at the Battle of Hastings; but this is an often-told story, which it would be fruitless to repeat; and we may content ourselves with remarking that, except for its demonstration of the superiority of the feudal cavalry and archers over the axemen of the native infantry, it illustrates no particular point in the development of warfare.

[1] Monachus Sangallensis, ii.

It would be possible to write at considerable length, of course, concerning the evolution of arms and armor in the early Middle Ages; concerning the increased use of defensive weapons, and the growing vogue of coats of mail; concerning the progress of siege-craft, and the medieval employment of the ballista, the catapult, the scaling tower and other devices inherited from the ancient world. But all this would show no essential point of novelty, and would prove barren of interest compared with the developments that had preceded it and with those that were still to come. Therefore, forsaking the western world for a while, we may do well to trace the course of warfare in that empire of which Constantinople was the head.

Here we will observe an entire change of atmosphere. It will be as if we have entered another universe; the methods of warfare common in the west are unknown here, while other and more skilled methods take their place. "For centuries," declares Charles Oman, "war was studied as an art in the East, while in the West it remained merely a matter of hard fighting." [1] And therein we find a distinction that is fundamental: it might be said that the Byzantine warrior fought in order to win, while the western knight fought in order to fight. No such generalization, it is true, can fully express the facts; but, at least, the statement will indicate an essential difference in spirit. It will indicate that the easterner was playing a shrewd game, not necessarily a physical game, in which the only rule was the rule of victory; while the westerner was an athlete relying upon his brawn to subdue the brawn of his competitor. The difference between east and west, in other words, was largely psychological, the difference between the cult which contemns fighting as a necessary evil and that which esteems it as a necessary good: hence, while the westerner fought in the direct and obvious manner and contrived rules of chivalry to insure the continuance of the direct and obvious manner, the easterner fought by whatever indirect method

[1] Charles Oman, *A History of the Art of War in the Middle Ages*, Vol. I.

he could devise, and, whenever possible, avoided fighting at all. His aim was not aggression, but defense; he did not care to accomplish by a bloody battle that which he could achieve equally well by a clever trick; he did not applaud courage for its own sake, nor value glory above wealth and men, nor look upon a contest of arms as a desirable spectacle; he "had no respect for the warlike ardour which makes men eager to plunge into the fray," and he held such display of military spirit to be "the characteristic of the brainless barbarian, and an attribute fatal to any one who made any pretensions to generalship." [1]

It was but natural that, beneath the persuasion of such principles, the Byzantines should employ every means in their power to achieve their victories—and that strategy should be prominent in their scheme of warfare. We find, indeed, that they were skilled in strategy, and were practiced in subterfuges, ruses and deceptions which their foes regarded as diabolical but which they themselves esteemed as of the very essence of successful war-making. And prominent among their methods were devices that—in the civilian code of ethics—might be regarded as merely dishonest. Thus, the Emperor Leo the Wise advises that, if negotiations be in progress and it be intended to cut them short, the foe should be lulled into a false sense of security by soft-spoken words, while an expedition should be made ready for sudden action following the rupture. Again, as we shall see, he recommends the ancient method of bribery; and he suggests likewise the time-honored plan of sending treasonable letters into the enemy's camp and of maneuvering so that they should be seen by the commander-in-chief and arouse his suspicions. Another scheme that he considers advisable is to spread the rumor that some influential person in the enemy's country is secretly disloyal, confirming the report by sparing his fields and houses while his neighbors' houses and fields are being plundered. Equally commendable is the device of sending legates to the capital of the

[1] Charles Oman, *A History of the Art of War in the Middle Ages*, Vol. I.

foe on some trumped-up excuse but with the real object of spying; while, in order to dupe one's own followers, it is permissible to spread reports of imaginary victories in some remote corner of the war-arena.

Toward each enemy the Byzantines would adopt a different plan of attack. They would not seek to snare a lion and a fox with the same trap, nor strive to impale an elephant and a squirrel with identical weapons. They did not look upon the Franks as they did upon the Saracens, nor upon the Slavs as upon the Turks; but for each of these peoples they worked out a separate system of strategy. Here, for example, is the advice penned by Leo the Wise at about the beginning of the tenth century regarding the Franks and Lombards: "So formidable is the charge of the Frankish cavalry with their broadsword, lance and shield that it is best to decline a pitched battle with them till you have put all the chances on your own side. You should take advantage of their indiscipline and disorder; whether fighting on foot or on horseback, they charge in dense, unwieldy masses, which cannot maneuver, because they have neither organization nor drill. Tribes and families stand together, or the sworn war-bands of chiefs, but there is nothing to compare with our own orderly division into battalions and brigades. Hence they readily fall into confusion if suddenly attacked in flank and rear. . . . Nothing succeeds better against them than a feigned flight, which draws them into an ambush; for they follow hastily, and invariably fall into the snare. But perhaps the best tactics of all are to protract the campaign, and lead them into hills and desolate tracks, for they take no care about their commissariat, and when their stores run low their vigor melts away. They are impatient of hunger and thirst, and after a few days of privation desert their standards and steal away home as best they can . . . Nor are their chiefs above the temptation of taking bribes; a moderate sum of money will frustrate one of their expeditions. On the whole, therefore, it is easier and less costly to wear out a Frankish army by skirmishes, protracted operations in desolate districts, and the

cutting off of its supplies, than to attempt to destroy it at a single blow." [1]

In the latter sentence we have the very essence of the Byzantine military spirit. "Easier and less costly!"—what a world of implications in these words! Here is ample testimony that the Byzantines were not fighters for glory, that it was not the passion of rivalry nor any overwhelming pugnacious instinct that moved them, but that they were swayed by the practical desire to accomplish the business of fighting in as simple, efficient and undemonstrative a fashion as possible.

Against the Magyars and kindred tribes, the Byzantine tactics were the reverse of those employed against the Franks. In this case, having to contend with scattered horse-bowmen instead of with a compact lance-wielding mass, they found dilatory and indecisive methods useless; it was advisable for the heavy cavalry to clash at once with the foe, instead of subjecting themselves to a rain of arrows. But more useful than the cavalrymen were the foot-archers, whose arrows carried further than those of the horsemen, and who would prove particularly valuable in shooting the foes' chargers from under them. Deprived of their steeds, the Magyars would be almost helpless—therefore, as not infrequently in the history of warfare, the horses were made the particular targets of the bloody destructiveness of man.

Different again were the Byzantine methods against the Saracen. Streaming through the defiles of the Taurus in huge bands at prodigious speed, their baggage laden on the backs of camels or other beasts and their foot-soldiers riding on the cruppers of the cavalry, the Moslems not infrequently descended in ruinous raids upon the Empire of the East. It was only their cavalry that was to be feared, for their infantry, with the exception of the armorless Ethiopian archers, was a mere disorganized mob of plunderers; and their horsemen, when they could not be put at a disadvantage by being attacked in cold and rainy weather (weather most dispiriting to the Saracens), were generally best

[1] Leo the Wise, *Tactica.*

disposed of by means of a concerted attack from several directions. An instance of the successful employment of this method occurred in the year 863, when an army under Omar, Emir of Malatia, was annihilated by the simultaneous appearance of ten hostile contingents of cavalry.

But when the invaders could not be vanquished by direct assault, they were sometimes overwhelmed by less open methods. A favorite plan was to cut off their retreat; to post infantrymen in the defiles of the Taurus through which the Saracens must return, and at the same time to pursue the raiders by means of the cavalry. Wedged in upon the narrow mountain road, with their burdened beasts and their spoil-laden wagons, the hostile archers discharging volleys from above and the hostile horsemen thundering behind, the retreating army would be converted into a mere panic-stricken rabble. Like defenseless children they would be shot down; and great would be their dismay not only at their own peril but at seeing their horses slashed and impaled by the arrows, for they valued their steeds above all else, and were as anxious to save them as many a man would be to save his closest friend.

Still another device to oppose the Saracen was the counter-raid. If the Moslem entered and ravaged the country of the Byzantine, the Byzantine might seek retribution by entering and ravaging the Moslem's country in turn—with the result, of course, that the Saracen would only be stung to greater fury in his own destructive activities. And thus we find a curious and ironic spectackle, certainly a gigantic *reductio ad absurdum* both of the raid for booty and of the retaliatory measures: Mohammedan and Christian alike would be making their way freely through the land of the foe, looting and destroying as they went, but in neither country would there remain any troops for purposes of defense!

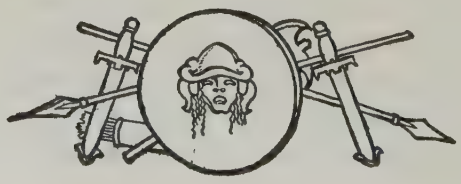
The Byzantine army, while recruited and trained with full attention to all details of tactics and strategy, was never based upon a system of universal service. Its members came partly

from the holders of military grants, and partly from the small free landholders; and its officers were drawn from the aristocracy of the country. Not only the officers but many of the soldiers, being men of means, were assisted during the campaigns by servants and slaves, who attended to the menial duties of the camp and took charge of the baggage animals; we find this practice recommended by Leo the Wise as leaving the fighting men free for the pursuit of fighting, and we hear him advise that every four or five of the poorer troopers try to keep at least one attendant among them. No duties of the "kitchen police" for the Byzantine warrior!—he was a specialist in the things of the battlefield, and could consecrate himself to his high mission hampered by no unromantic need of cleaning the mess-pans or peeling the onions.

For a period of five or six centuries the Byzantine army remained effective; then, at the battle of Manzikert in 1071, when the troops of Romanus Diogenes were cut to pieces by the Turks and the emperor himself was taken prisoner, a fatal blow was struck to the military power of the eastern empire. There was still to be much warfare and the ultimate downfall was to be long postponed; but the seeds of decline had been planted, and degeneration was to take increasingly powerful root in the imperial soil. And, as an indication of the change, we find that the foreign mercenary wins growing favor in the armies of Byzantium. Franks and Lombards, Russians, Patzinaks and Turks, begin to be hired to do the fighting of the empire; and professionalism stretches its greedy claws over the nation's history. As always, when men wage war for money, plundering becomes more important than fighting, and gain more essential than victory; and the Byzantine mercenaries, being no exception to the universal rule, cannot be expected to care as much for the success of their employers as for their own remuneration. As evidence of the spirit that actuated them, two examples will suffice: the first occurred in 1079, when, in the course of an engagement, the Patzinaks began to plunder their leader's camp instead of render-

ing him needed aid. And the second took place during the crisis of 1204, when the Franks were breaking into Constantinople, and when the mercenaries, instead of plunging forward to the defense of the city, struck for higher pay and refused to fight.

Before taking leave of the Byzantines, we may note a curious device which was a feature of their warfare—and, later, of the warfare of most of medieval Europe. This invention, known as "Greek fire," was an inflammable liquid which was sometimes discharged upon the enemy in fragile jars affixed to javelins or hurled from catapults, and sometimes was squirted from tubes on the prows of warships. But, however delivered, its effect was deadly, for all that it touched would burst instantly into flame; water was powerless against it, and the blazes could be checked only by means of sand or vinegar. When broken over the head of an enemy in a hand-to-hand combat, it would wrap him in a sheet of flame; when dropped from the walls of a besieged city, its livid, almost inextinguishable fire would consume the hostile engines, and its intolerable odor no less than its searing powers would keep the foe away; when employed in naval warfare, it would set fire to the wooden deck of a galley, and the resulting confusion would provide the assailant with an inestimable advantage. As compared with the explosives of a later day, it was of course weak and ineffective; but it must have seemed sufficiently formidable to those who watched it scorch living men to ashes. It was significant, at all events, of the scientific tendency that warfare was taking: a Byzantine of prophetic vision, thinking less of what Greek fire actually was than of what it implied, might have seen in it the precursor of all those bombs, bullets and cannon balls that were to go thundering across succeeding ages.



CHAPTER XIV

SARACENS AND CRUSADERS

Of all the wars which have convulsed this distracted planet, few have been stranger than the Crusades. Here we have a movement reaching to three continents and extending over the greater part of two centuries; we have a movement participated in by untold multitudes, women and children as well as knights-at-arms and kings; we observe unutterable miseries and an incalculable loss of life, and behold successive waves of pilgrims and adventurers wandering thousands of miles through the unknown to batter at the doors of the East—and the only excuse we hear for all this suffering and wastage and vain questing is that a thousand-year-old tomb must be recovered!

Certainly, to the modern mind, this would hardly seem sufficient justification for an inestimable expenditure of energy and the destruction of thousands of lives. And the marvel becomes all the greater when one recalls the total ignorance with which the earlier crusades were conducted—how even the leaders did not know the way to the Orient, so that they would frequently make long and ruinous detours; how they were so vague in their geographical ideas that they expected to conquer Persia on the way to Palestine; how their followers were apt to hail each fair-sized town they passed en route, and inquire if it were not Jerusalem; while the rank and file believed they were bound for a land overflowing with milk and honey, where the palaces were of marble and ivory, and where gold and silver were to be had almost for the asking.

But it takes two sides to wage every war, even a Holy War:

therefore, before we turn to the methods and experiences of the Crusaders, let us say a word as to their adversaries. Let us, indeed, go back a few centuries, and trace the military career of the Saracens, which will be of interest both because of its general place in the history of war and because of its particular bearing upon the Crusades.

We will find that, while religion was prominent if not foremost among the forces that actuated the Christian crusaders, their pious zeal was in no way superior to that which had motivated the holy wars of the Moslems. The supreme flame of Moslem enthusiasm, however, had burnt several centuries earlier; it had originated at the time of that great prophet who was the founder of the religion. For Mohammed had been something more than a seer and a teacher; he had been a warrior as well, and the sword he unsheathed had survived his death and slashed its way through many lands. And he had played his part chiefly by inspiring in his followers an attitude of mind favorable to warfare. "Let the champions of the faith of Islam neither argue nor discuss," he proclaimed; "but slay all who refuse to obey the law or to pay tribute. Whoever fights for Islam, whether he fall or conquer, will surely receive the reward. The sword is the key of heaven and hell!"

For his own men, however, the sword was principally the key of heaven, since the angels fought on their side, while it was Satan that befriended the foe. But his angels, strange to say, would seem not to have been too angelic. They were of the plundering variety; they had no objection to sacking and looting, and merely insisted upon a charitable rule as to the division of the spoil: "Know that whatever thing ye plunder, verily one fifth thereof is for Allah and the prophet, and for the orphan and the poor and the wayfarer."

Since Allah had been taken into the partnership, the follower of Mohammed would naturally feel justified in ravaging to his heart's content. And he found numerous opportunities in this direction—found opportunities under the prophet himself, for

the great leader of Islam, if humane by comparison with many military chieftains, was by no means a prodigy of self-restraint and mercy. His attitude of mind is apparent, for example, in the vengeance he took up the Koreitza, a tribe of Jews who had sided with Mohammed's foes. Having besieged the stronghold of this people, and having triumphed after their privations had made them sue for peace, he executed hundreds of the men in cold blood, and reserved the woman and children to be sold into slavery in return for horses and harness. And when the good work had been completed, he did not hesitate to give thanks to Allah, by whose decree the victory had been achieved.

But bloody as were the wars waged by the prophet, they were mild affairs compared with those that followed his death. Every device, not only of religious fanaticism but of sensuality and greed, was employed to develop a fighting incentive; and political motives were strangely intermingled with the ends of self-advancement and piety. Arthur Gilman, in his volume on *The Saracens,* provides a clue to one of the causes of the Moslem wars when he declares, "Despots have always found it necessary to employ their subjects in foreign wars from time to time, in order to keep them from feeling the galling chains by which they are bound or to hear their clanking; and it came to pass that when the kalif had all the tribes of Arabia under control, he saw no better way to restraint them from new revolts than by tempting them to make inroads upon their neighbors."

A key to the precise nature of the temptation is provided by Mr. Gilman in the further statement that, "At the Battle of the River of Blood (A. D. 633) seventy thousand men of Irak were butchered, if the accounts are to be believed, in order that the Arab might pitch his tents at will throughout the rich valleys of the Eastern rivers; and when the Romans were pushed by scores of thousands into the gulf at Wacusa, it was that the Moslems might riot in luxury, add to their harems, and enrich themselves with spoils. Each soldier received permission to take as slaves all the women of the conquered territories that he wished, and thus

the basest passions were encouraged in a manner that the prophet had never imagined possible." [1]

How the military system was made to appeal to the greedy will be evident from the rules regarding the distribution of booty. The spoils were to be divided both among combatants and among non-combatants by a graded system, each person to be awarded according to his rank, and even those of low degree and slaves not being overlooked, while the ordinary woman was to receive one tenth of a man's share. "This scale," says Gilman, "afforded the basis upon which the aristocracy of the nation was founded. It perpetuated the military spirit, by making this income dependent upon successful war; and it firmly united the whole population by interesting all in national aggrandizement." [2]

Even aside from the above-mentioned lures, the Moslems employed innumerable tricks and stimulants to engender a warlike state of mind. There was, for example, the time when a strong wind blew out the fires of Mohammed's foes, and when the prophet taught his people that Allah had intervened; there was, again, the occasion when, following the assassination of Othman, the governor of Syria flaunted the bloody garment of the murdered man and called upon his people to draw their swords in vengeance. But perhaps the culminating inducement was the promise of reward for the courageous warrior—reward not only in the Here, but in the Hereafter. Just as the slain Indian fighter would be transported to the Happy Hunting Grounds, and just as the Viking would be borne aloft to feast and battle in the great hall of Valhalla, so the faithful follower of Islam would pass through the gates of Paradise, and would there spend his days in voluptuous indolence amid the seductions of women and wine. "Fight valiantly, and care not what happens!" was in effect the message thundered into the ears of the devout. "If you live, you will have gain and pleasure in this world; if you

[1] Arthur Gilman, *The Saracens.*

[2] *Ibid.*

die, your pleasures will be never-ending in the next. Spread the faith of Allah and of his prophet to the furthest corners of the earth; plunge your swords into the hearts of the non-believers, for thus will you gain the crown of perpetual delight!"

It was beneath the prod of such fanaticism that the Moslems won their startling triumphs. It was such fanaticism that gave them the power to crush their foes in a series of overwhelming victories, and to bring the non-believers by the hundreds of thousands beneath their banner; it was such fanaticism that gained them conquest after conquest in Asia, Africa and Europe, and that at one time seemed to threaten the very stronghold of Christendom. When a warrior goes forth not caring whether or not he comes back alive, he is a redoubtable warrior indeed; he is vastly more effective as a fighting machine than the man who clings with human frailty to mere mortality; he has escaped from half the handicaps of human nature, and is superior to that instinct of self-preservation which is the root of all cowardice. Hence the early Saracens—owing sheerly to the psychological spur that drove them on—were vastly more effective man for man than their opponents; and hence, largely because of the force of an idea, they were able to spread their influence and their creed throughout half the known world.

Prior to the Crusades, the Moslems had come into more than occasional contact with Europeans; the Moors, for instance, had established themselves in Spain, and Charles Martel had met the Saracen hosts on the fields of France. Despite their warlike propensities, they had a civilization which, in its cultivation of literature and learning, was far more advanced than that of their Christian contemporaries; accordingly, it must not be imagined that their ultimate suppression represented the triumph of a higher culture over a lower, or that their Latin and Teutonic foes had any just reason for despising them. Indeed, if one be seeking the cause of the Crusades, no less than of the Moorish wars in Spain, one must not expect to find it in the natural opposition of a superior people to an inferior; but, on the other hand, one will

detect considerable excuse for the view of the Saracens that they were being assaulted by barbarians.

In one rather ironic way, the observer is impressed by the similarity rather than by the difference between the adversaries in the Crusades. While the Moslems were mainly the defenders and the Christians the aggressors, the Saracens too had waged religious wars such as the Christians were waging; the Saracens too had spread death and devastation for the sake of God and God's earthly representative. The names they had invoked had been different of sound and the express motives dissimilar; but in essence there had been a strange resemblance, for when men are swept by the great flame of fanaticism, the details on which they set their minds represent mere changeable symbols, while the momentous thing is the blazing, tempestuous passion that sears away all obstacles in order to consummate its one absorbing aim.

Having thus noted how alike the Christian and the Moslem were in certain fundamentals, and how similar were the Moslem wars to exterminate the unbelievers and the Christian wars to subdue the infidel, we are in a position to trace the course of the Crusades not without perspective. And, to begin with, we may now be able to reach some understanding of the motives of the Crusaders.

That the religious inducement was at all times prominent will be denied by few authorities. The age was a peculiarly confused and unenlightened one; men plodded through a twilight of blundering ignorance, superstition and credulity; there was no science and little philosophy to answer the enigmas of the universe; and the untutored and groping mind could find its questions answered and its sense of wonder awakened only by the Church. Hence it was inevitable that the Church should play the dominant rôle in all the affairs of life,—and that, when it gave its sanction to a war, its followers would be ready to listen and to obey. This much may be admitted without dispute—yet we would be most incautious to proclaim that the religious incentive was the only

one. Just as the Saracen warrior, though devout in his allegiance to Islam, was not superior to thoughts of booty in this world and of personal advantage in the Beyond, so the Christian Crusader was not undivided in the objects that led him toward the Holy Sepulchre. And gain and glory, it would seem, were among the motives that companioned piety and holy ardor. "Of the chiefs and soldiers," says Gibbon . . . "I will dare to affirm that *all* were prompted by the spirit of enthusiasm, the belief of merit, the hope of reward, and the assurance of divine aid. But I am equally persuaded that in *many* it was not the sole, that in *some* it was not the leading, principle of action. The use and abuse of reason are feeble to stem, they are strong and irresistible to impel, the stream of national manners. . . . War and exercise were the reigning passions of the Franks or Latins; they were enjoined, as a penance, to gratify those passions, to visit distant lands, and to draw their swords against the nations of the East. Their victory, or even their attempt, would immortalize the names of the intrepid heroes of the cross; and the purest piety could not be insensible to the most splendid prospect of military glory. In the petty quarrels of Europe they shed the blood of their friends and countrymen for the acquisition, perhaps, of a castle or a village. They could march with alacrity against the distant and hostile nations who were devoted to their arms; their fancy already grasped the golden scepters of Asia; and the conquest of Apulia and Sicily by the Normans might exalt to royalty the hopes of the most private adventurer." [1]

In addition to the inducements of adventure and of foreign gold, there were more direct and practical considerations that doubtless had weight with certain of the crusaders. For example, while a crusader bore the cross, he could not be sued for debt, nor could interest be charged upon the money that he owed—hence his enlistment in the holy cause might be in the nature of a fraud upon his creditors. Again, he was sometimes exempted from taxation and placed under the protection of the Church, so that

[1] Gibbon, *The Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire,* Vol. VI.

he could not be brought to court except for crime or for suits relating to land—and in this case, likewise, a scheming rascal might hold it to be cheaper to join the crusade than to meet his civil responsibilities. And if he happened to be a man of rank and had committed some dastardly crime, he might find that the penance imposed upon him was to serve a number of years under the cross; while if he were a monk he might escape from his cell, or if he were a priest he might forsake his parish, or if he were a serf he might desert his land, or even if he were a condemned criminal he might leave his dungeon in a manner impossible without some divine pretext.

Recent authorities, in listing the causes of the crusades, have been inclined to place the economic impulse foremost; to explain the entire movement on the ground of the quest for bread rather than of an illusory ideal. "We are apt . . . to mistake the motives of the Christians," declares Dana Carlton Munro. "In discussing the causes of the crusades, almost all historians, until recently, have laid the main emphasis upon the religious characteristics of the age. We have been taught that the men in the west, especially at the beginning of the movement, were inspired by fanaticism, by a spirit of asceticism, which led hundreds of thousands to offer themselves eagerly for service in the cause of Christ. Undoubtedly, religious enthusiasm was one of the causes. . . . But lately, specialists have felt that this explanation was inadequate. The new tendency . . . has been . . . to explain the Crusades primarily as a colonizing movement." [1]

Personally, I should be inclined to take the colonizing explanation with the traditional "grain of salt," for it seems to me to represent one phase of the modern tendency to overemphasize the economic interpretation of history. Yet that the colonizing inclination played a part—how great a part we need not say—is undeniable. In Munro's article we read, for example, such a revealing statement as the following, "Bohemnod, son of Robert

[1] Dana Carlton Munro, *Christian and Infidel in the Holy Land, International Quarterly, 1901.*

of Guiscord, had failed to secure his father's principality in Southern Italy, and used the crusade as an opportunity to obtain a new dominion for himself." Or, again, "Count Raymond of Toulouse, in spite of his great possessions, is said to have taken an oath before his departure that he would never return. . . . From the very beginning, his great desire was to secure a new principality, and to the end of his life he worked steadily to accomplish this object." Or, once more, "Baldwin and Tancred, as soon as they reached Cilicia, endeavored to make conquests for their own profit. When the former was offered an opportunity of ruling in Edessa, he abandoned promptly all further participation in the expedition against Jerusalem." Or, finally, "The leaders showed such an evident desire to neglect the conquest of Jerusalem, in order to obtain possessions in the more wealthy Syria, that the common people rebelled and forced the nobles to continue the march." [1]

All this would indicate that the economic motive—or, rather, the motive of greed—was dominant among certain of the crusaders, but it would not necessarily imply that it was dominant in the movement as a whole.

Certainly, it is difficult to see how any economic desire, if combined with clearness of vision and sanity of purpose (factors which no doubt were lacking), could have driven the pilgrims into their disastrous expeditions. From beginning to end, most of the crusades represented little more than a weary round of suffering and calamity; the angel of death hovered always near, and the black demons of catastrophe gathered round to persecute and oppress; and there is every justification for Henry Hallam's statement that, "So many crimes and so much misery have seldom been accumulated in so short a space as in the three years of the first expedition. . . . To engage in the crusade, and to perish in it, were almost synonymous." [2] Contemporary writers

[1] Dana Carlton Munro, *Christian and Infidel in the Holy Land, International Quarterly, 1901.*

[2] Henry Hallam, *History of Europe During the Middle Ages*, Vol. I.

estimate the loss to the Christians alone during this period at nearly a million, and Hallam contends that, at a modest computation, the death-list must have exceeded half that number; while Gibbon tells us that three hundred thousand crusaders had thrown down their lives before a single city had been taken from the infidel!

A CRUSADING ARMY

It was, indeed, almost as if men and women by the scores of thousands had been victimized by a mob hysteria and had flung themselves against the barriers of the east as lamp-dazzled moths fling themselves into a flame. What titanic stupidities we read of in the history of the Crusades, what scenes of pathos and of ter-

ror, what colossal and avoidable tragedies and defeats! Over and over again we follow the same story, watch the same blunders repeated, the same sorrows multiplied; we see swarm after swarm of enthusiasts, unable to profit from a sad example, taking the road to ruin that innumerable predecessors had taken before; we observe the great hosts of capable knights, and incapable infantrymen, and encumbering women and children as they go plodding over desolate hill and valley toward that Holy Land which can be little more to them than a fable; we find them beset on all sides by follies and disasters, till they sink down in their tracks and leave their unhonored bones to the vultures and the beasts of prey. In one account we read of that climax of fanaticism, a Children's Crusade, and learn how the unfortunate participants, though expecting to see the walls of Jerusalem crumble before them and the infidel surrender without even a sword-thrust, march but to death or slavery instead of to the holy sepulchre; in another account we are told how the mature crusaders are beset by the Arabs or the Turks, and are slaughtered like babes because they do not know how to meet the attack; while here, amid the innumerable tales of Christian reverses, we see a king taken prisoner, and there a king rescuing himself by climbing a tree, and yonder a Christian warrior saving his life by embracing the creed of Mohammed, or else turning to Islam because his misfortunes make him deem it the true faith.

It has been said that all the crusades have the same story to tell; and, except for the fact that the later crusaders were well enough informed to take the sea route to Palestine, this statement is largely the truth. Therefore, instead of incurring endless repetition by considering the crusades one by one, we will be able to treat them as a group. In general, the crusading parties were composed of a mere disorganized rabble, of armored knights and multitudinous non-combatants; in general, they were without discipline or effective leadership, and took none but the most elementary precautions for self-preservation; in general, they were ignorant of the country through which they were passing and of

the direct route to their goal and were much given to plundering and raiding, while on occasion they were not superior to varying their pilgrimage with drunken and licentious orgies. Among those expeditions which took their way overland, the skeleton form of famine was almost constantly in sight; thousands succumbed to starvation, and some sought to preserve their lives by roasting and devouring the flesh of captives; thirst was an incessant companion, and at the river near Heraclea multitudes perished because they hastened to drink regardless of the approach of the Turks. And when the natural barrenness of the country and their own improvidence did not suffice to exterminate them, the crusaders were reduced to ruin by the strategy of the natives, who burnt all fields and houses at the invaders' approach. Or, again, the provisions being exhausted and no prospect of their renewal in sight, they would sometimes support themselves on the flesh of horses; or, after a battle in which they had met defeat, the cavalrymen would sometimes desert, dashing away to safety and leaving the unfortunate infantrymen and camp followers to their fate. But as if the persecutions of famine and of the foe were not sufficient, pestilence was the not infrequent accompaniment of crusading armies; on one occasion thirty thousand men are said to have died of dysentery and the cold on the shores of the Propontis; while at all times disease found easy and numerous victims in the exhausted and privation-stricken multitudes.

Some idea of the hardships that the crusaders underwent may be gleaned from the following passage, wherein Gibbon refers to the second and third crusades: "Instead of a hospitable reception, the gates of the cities, both in Europe and Asia, were closely barred against the crusaders; and the scanty pittance of food was let down in baskets from the walls. Experience or foresight might excuse this timid jealousy; but the common duties of humanity prohibited the mixture of chalk, or other poisonous ingredients, in the bread; and should Manuel be acquitted of any foul connivance, he is guilty of coining base money for the pur-

pose of trading with the pilgrims. In every step of their march they were stopped or misled; the governors had private orders to fortify the passes and break down the bridges against them; the stragglers were pillaged and murdered; the soldiers and horses were pierced in the woods by arrows from an invisible hand; the sick were burned in their beds; and the dead bodies were hung on gibbets along the highway." [1]

Yet not all the outrages were committed by the foes of the crusades. Like many another oppressed group, the pilgrims could be oppressors in turn. I have already spoken of their plundering, which was perhaps to be explained by their hunger, and I shall shortly have occasion to refer to their lack of clemency toward the vanquished; but at this point I may cite one or two other instances indicating their humanity. Gibbon mentions, for example, how they massacred the Christian people of a friendly city "who came out to meet them with palms and crosses in their hands"; and we read how, on numerous occasions, they conducted incidental warfare not only against Christians but against the Jews, who had enjoyed protection and free religious rights in the trading cities of the Rhine and the Moselle, but who were now robbed and slain by the thousands by the zealous bearers of the cross. A few of these unhappy people, eluding their persecutors, sought the protection of the bishops under the cloak of a momentary conversion; others, refusing all compromise, barricaded themselves in their homes, and cheated the sword and the pillaging hand of the crusader by hurling themselves, along with their families and all their worldly goods, into the cold of the waters or the consuming heart of the flames.

It is a less unpleasant picture of the crusader that we may observe in certain of his relations with the Mussulman. Between Christian and Saracen there did not exist that continuous and bitter hostility which we are prone to imagine; on the contrary, there was something like mutual respect, even of mutual helpfulness, and neither the Moslem nor the warrior of the cross

[1] Gibbon, Vol. VI.

was habitually leaping wolf-like at his opponent's throat. There were only two occasions, says Dana Carlton Munro, when the contestants were "really in earnest": in 1099, when the Franks captured Jerusalem from the Mohammedans; and in 1187, when the Mohammedans retook Jerusalem from the Franks. At all other times, "We find but slight indication of a fanatical spirit on either side. We see the Christians and Infidels in constant and friendly intercourse. We learn that each respected the other, that each was ready to learn and to copy such customs as seemed advantageous, and finally, that they trusted one another." [1] And, in the Arabic historians especially, "Involuntary expressions of admiration for the enemy occur frequently . . . Gradually the impression is formed that their constantly recurring 'May Allah curse them!' is merely a stylistic phrase and has but little meaning." [2]

It is true that the friendly attitude was developed only after Moslem and crusader had had some opportunity to observe one another and to glean some elements of a mutual understanding. It is likewise true that many of the crusaders, arriving in the Holy Land and finding their predecessors on neighborly terms with the infidel, were profoundly indignant and demanded the immediate extermination of the foe. But all this does not modify the fact that, in most cases, it was not the pugnacious instincts of either side that were predominant, but rather the spirit of ordinary, peaceable humanity. Thus, we find that the Franks frequently called to their aid the Moslem physicians, who were vastly superior in skill to their own; thus, again, we observe that the Christians and the Saracens—relentless religious adversaries though they were—sometimes had common places of worship; furthermore, we note that it was a custom to exchange children on either side as hostages, thus promoting mutual knowledge and understanding; while we discover that many a war between the rivals was waged in words alone, and that the Mo-

[1] Dana Carlton Munro, *Christian and Infidel in the Holy Land.*
[2] *Ibid.*

hammedans, being better versed in dialectics, not infrequently won these verbal battles.

But even in the battles of the sword, Moslem and crusader were not always ranged against one another. From time to time the Christians solicited the aid of the Mussulmans in their quarrels with other Christians or even with the Moslems; in 1108, for example, Joselin of Courtenay was assisted by the Arabs in his contest with Tancred; and Frederic Barbarossa, when preparing to set forth upon his crusade, secured an alliance with the Sultan of Iconium. The Christians, returning the favor, occasionally supported a Saracen ruler in his warfare with some other Saracen ruler; while, as a parallel to the partnership of the Sultan of Iconium and Frederic Barbarossa, one may note the association of the Greek emperor with Saladin.

But what of those two supreme occasions when no such friendly relations subsisted, and when both sides were engaged not merely in casual hostilities but in a struggle to the death? Did they then show any humane consideration for the foe? or, following the practice common in warfare, did they behave like ravening beasts of prey? Let us, for the sake of comparison, consider the tactics of the conqueror on each occasion; and, disregarding the chronological sequence, let us begin by examining the conduct of Saladin upon his entry into Jerusalem. Faithful to the example of innumerable predecessors, he might have let carnage loose on the streets of the city as Titus had let it loose eleven hundred years before; and thousands of the defenceless might have been transfixed by his sword. But with a humanity none too frequent among conquerors, he decided to spare the inhabitants; he allowed the Franks and Latins forty days in which to escape to the seaports of Syria and Egypt; and the exaction he demanded was that ten pieces of gold should be paid for each man, five for each woman, and one for each child. The alternative to such payment was slavery; but he accepted less than the stipulated sum in seven thousand cases, besides releasing several thousand of the poor without any payment whatever; and while

some twelve or fourteen thousand were indeed led off into servitude, his total demands might be said to be insignificant compared with the gory tribute of many a victorious leader.

Yet, had he been vindictively inclined, he might have found justification for harsher treatment in the actions of the crusaders themselves upon their capture of Jerusalem eighty-eight years before. The story of this supreme crusading victory is well known and has been frequently told; but perhaps there have been few more revealing accounts than that given us by Fulk of Charteres, one of the actual eye-witnesses. Fulk tells how the Franks attempted to surmount the walls of Jerusalem by means of ladders; how, with trumpets sounding, they made an assault from all sides, only to be driven back; how, though their throats were parched from the lack of water, they next launched an attack with battering rams, catapults and wooden towers; how they were answered with slings and burning firebrands dipped in oil, as the result of which many perished; but how, on the following day, the battering-rams forced a breach in the wall, and a wooden tower caught fire and blazed so vigorously that the defenders had to desert. Then, amid the confusion caused by the smoke and flame, the actual entry was made. "At the noon hour on Friday, with trumpets sounding, amid great commotion and shouting 'God help us' the Franks entered the city. When the Pagans saw one standard planted on the wall, they were completely demoralized and all of their former boldness vanished and they turned to flee through the narrow streets of the city. Those who were already in rapid flight, began to flee more rapidly.

"Count Raymond and his men, who were attacking the wall on the other side, did not yet know of all this, until they saw the Saracens leap from the wall in front of them. Forthwith, they joyfully rushed into the city to pursue and kill the nefarious enemies as their comrades were already doing. Some Saracens, Arabs and Ethiopians took refuge in the Tower of David, others fled to the temple of the Lord and of Solomon. A great flight took place in the court and porch of the temples, where they

THE FRANKS ENTER JERUSALEM

were unable to escape from our gladiators. Many fled to the roof of the temple of Solomon, and there were shot with arrows, so that they fell to the ground dead. In this temple, almost ten thousand were killed. Indeed, if you had been there, you would have seen our feet, colored to our ankles, with the blood of the slain. But what more shall I relate? None of them were left alive; neither women nor children were spared." [1]

For three days the victorious massacre continued; the Jews were burned in their synagogue; the spears and shields of the knights of the cross were wet with Moslem blood; and when finally the zeal of the slayers relaxed and they decided to spare the surviving captives, seventy thousand corpses bore testimony to the deadly work they had done.

But, after the carnage, the pillaging! Considering the want of restraint in bloodshed, the looting was performed with remarkable forbearance. "The Crusaders entered the houses and took whatever they found in them. However, this was all done in such a sensible manner, that whoever entered a house first, received no injury from any one else, whether he was rich or poor. Even though the house was a palace, whatever he found there was his property. Thus many poor men became rich." [2]

And after the pillaging, the thanksgiving! As it had been in the time of Titus, so it was in the day of the Crusader. How meekly and how reverentially the victors showed their gratitude to the author of their deeds! "All, clergy and laymen," says Fulk, "went to the sepulchre of the Lord and his glorious temple, singing the ninth chant, with fitting humility, they repeated prayers and made their offering at the holy places that they had long desired to visit." [3]

[1] Fulk of Charteres, *The Deeds of the French Crusaders.*
[2] *Ibid.*
[3] *Ibid.*

CHAPTER XV

THE DAYS OF CHIVALRY

Although the Crusades absorbed a considerable part of the warlike energies of Europe for a period of almost two centuries, they come far from representing the sum total of European warfare for that epoch. During the twelfth and thirteenth centuries, as during the era which immediately preceded and that which immediately followed, conflict was almost continuous among the petty states and baronies of the continent; and those knights who did not go wandering off to the Holy Land found sufficient employment in spilling blood at home. The social organization—or, rather, the social disorganization—was peculiarly fitted for the breeding and perpetuation of strife; the feudal system gave every encouragement to the lawlessly inclined, the recognized rule of the land was the rule of might, and he who was not led toward warfare by a greed for plunder was stimulated to fight by a long training in arms, and by the sentiment in favor of the fighting profession as the most fitting for the young man of rank.

It is difficult for us to-day to recreate the conditions of medieval warfare. For a recent analogy, we should have to turn to those savage or barbarous races which have no organization superior to that of the tribe, and among which blood-feuds and raids for booty are frequent. Yet the analogy would be far from exact, since in some respect the chaos in feudal times was greater than that among savages, and in other respects there was a greater unity. On the one hand, the Church lifted its commanding although by no means omnipotent arm over many lands; on the

other hand, there were kings who controlled domains petty or extensive, and who sometimes warred with their fellow kings; while beneath the monarchs, but hardly less significant, there were a multitude of feudal lords and barons who were really sovereigns in their own way, and who waged their petty and private wars on all manner of private and petty pretexts. We of to-day are inclined to regard warfare as altogether a thing concerning the State; we are prone to look upon it as an affair in which only great and populous nations can participate, and which would be unthinkable on a minor scale; and we are apt to believe that the declaring and waging of war is one of the necessary and distinctive prerogatives of a central government. This point of view, while tending to increase the scope of conflict at the same time as it concentrates its control, undoubtedly leads away from anarchy, and is essential in order to eliminate the random raids and the insensate feuds of an undisciplined people; but this was not the point of view of the Middle Ages, and the European of six or seven centuries ago held that war might be not only a State affair but a communal affair or a family affair. The entire European continent was very much in the condition of a city which lacks all police protection, and which is constantly the theatre for the battles of organized pillagers and of rival gangs; it was, moreover, like a city filled with old animosities as well as with riches that the strong arm might at any time secure; there was a continual temptation to the baser and more greedy instincts of man, and neighbors and rival claimants were frequently at strife; while, within the circle of any family, a son might be expected to war with his father in order to enjoy his inheritance prior to his sire's natural death; or young brothers might be expected to declare war on the elder brother for the sake of his lands, or a nephew might march against his uncle in order to terminate an irksome guardianship, or a property-hungry son might take up arms against his widowed mother.

Even aside from the domain of the family, wars were waged on grounds that would seem to us of the most trivial. "The

deep-rooted habits of a military race," comments a French authority, "the hatred of strangers and neighbors, the clash of ill-defined rights, selfishness and covetousness, perpetually gave rise to bloody struggles, and made each lord the enemy of all around him. Every feudatory made war at least once upon his different suzerains, upon the bishops and abbots with whom he was in contact, upon his fellow vassals and peers, and upon his own vassals. The feudal ties seem rather to have been a permanent cause of violent conflicts than a guarantee of peace and concord. The sole ambition of the baron was to round out his domain at the expense of vassals who were too weak to resist him; the vassal took advantage of the youth or absence of his suzerain, or of the regency of a woman, to throw himself upon his lord's territory and injure it as much as possible. Battles were fought over the succession to a bit of land, over a frontier lawsuit, and over the exact nature of a feudal tenure." [1]

Yet there were rules regulating even these private wars. A man could not attack his neighbor without giving warning; at least a week's notice must be allowed; accordingly, the enemy would not only have a chance to prepare, but the assailants could hardly act in the heat of passion. Again, if a vassal took up arms against his suzerain, no nobles outside his own family circle were permitted to assist him; while a respite of forty days was provided before a belligerent could assault the relations of his foe; and, during this time, the relatives had the right to protect themselves by proclaiming their neutrality. But, even among relatives, those of priestly rank as well as women and minors were immune from attack; while all were safeguarded during the period of a truce, and the violators were severely punished.

Even so, the private wars were bitter and bloody affairs; and the opinion of humanity, even in those unenlightened days, does not seem to have been altogether in their favor. The Church, for example, made powerful efforts to suppress them; and although

[1] A. Luchaire, *Manuel des institutions françaises.* Translated in Dana Carlton Munro's and George Clarke Sellery's *Medieval Civilization.*

even its great influence did not suffice to uproot an institution so intimately intertwined with the feudal system, still its attempts are noteworthy and suggestive. Seeking to protect the poor—the heaviest sufferers in the incessant feuds—the French bishops proclaimed what was known as the Peace of God, and bade serf and noble alike to take an oath to refrain from all further war-making. But alas! the bishops had overestimated the power of the sworn word; some of the barons would not pledge themselves, and others would not keep their pledge; and though there was indeed some slight gain to the priestly and noncombatant elements, still the bloody raids and brawls continued as before. And the Church, accordingly, had to modify its requirements. Apparently its principle now was that one killing is preferable to two; contenting itself with the traditional "half a loaf" when there was danger of no bread at all, it sought to limit bloodshed to certain days in the year. One is curiously reminded of the game laws of a later day, which proclaim an open and a closed season for four-footed victims: there was a season for human slaughter, which was from Monday morning to Wednesday evening of each week; but to kill outside of the prescribed time, or during certain saintly feast-days or religious holidays, was to subject one's self to severe punishment, which might vary from the forfeiture of one's property to the loss of a hand.

It occurs to one that the latter penalty, if universally applied, might have been a powerful agency in checking the use of the sword. But evidently it was not very widely inflicted, for there is no record of a dearth of two-handed fighters; and while the restriction of the fighting days did a great deal for the poor and the defenseless, there was still a great deal that remained undone. Consequently, the Church was led to establish what were known as "sanctuaries"—holy places where bloodshed was forbidden. He who gained one of these retreats would be protected by the clergy from the sword of his foe—a safeguard which of course was only partial, but which sufficed to save many a wretch from a bloody death.

Yet the fact remains that, while the Church gained some scattered successes, its campaign against private warfare was on the whole ineffective. And no doubt the anti-military party of the time, sighing at their continual failures, were led to believe private warfare inevitable. "It is the nature of man to fight," we can imagine some disappointed idealist as saying. "It is his nature to attack the village or the castle of his neighbor. It is the son's nature to war with his father for his inheritance, and the younger brother's nature to battle with his elder brother, and the baron's nature to launch his troops against any fellow baron who arouses his jealousy or greed. These things are lamentable, but they are not to be avoided; they always have been, and they always will be as long as the world endures."

And, certainly, judging by the incessant petty battles of the time, such a point of view would have seemed the only sound one.

But what was the precise nature of these private wars? Were they at all like those public conflicts participated in by opposing myriads? It seems curious to us of to-day to note that the resemblance was marked; very much the same methods and the same weapons were employed, and the difference was largely one of degree. A baron storming the castle of his neighbor for the title to a trout pond was quite as much in earnest as a king storming an enemy's stronghold for the right of access to the sea—and the results might be quite as disastrous to the participants, the mortalities quite as real, as though the armies of whole nations were involved.

Generally speaking, however, there were no pitched battles in these private wars; in most cases, the opposing forces would merely skirmish and maneuver, perhaps risking an occasional cavalry clash, perhaps encouraging the duels of individual knights or else laying siege to a castle, but seldom undergoing the risks of a direct engagement. Yet in several respects the troops would manifest the character of real warriors. In the first place, they knew how to ravage the territory of an enemy. They would burn

huts, set fire to hayricks, trample down standing crops, seize and slay domestic animals; and the unfortunate peasants, pillaged and robbed, imprisoned or even hanged by the invaders, had abundant chance to taste the blessings of actual warfare.

And, in the second place, the troops were not unskilled in siege tactics. Often a moated castle was attacked by some predatory baron; and though it was perched high on an impregnable hillside, or though it commanded the steep bluffs above a river or glowered at the edge of some perilous swamp, it was not immune from attack and capture. If it could not be taken by direct assault—and stout indeed were the walls of most of these strongholds—its occupants might at least be starved into submission, for no matter how abundant the supplies they had gathered, the time must come when the last grain of wheat was gone.

But to wait for the intervention of famine was a long and tedious process (certainly not one which gave much play to combative impulses!); and the assailants would ordinarily try to force access to the fortress. This was by no means a simple undertaking; for if the aggressor survived the shower of arrows and the rain of heavy beams and stones, he might be scorched by Greek fire, boiled in steaming water, or roasted by molten lead. He had, however, the assistance of powerful engines—catapults and ballistas, battering-rams and siege towers akin to those of the ancients; and if he were not able to scale the walls or pound a breach in the masonry, he might have recourse to a mine—which means that he would excavate beneath the foundations of the castle, erect beams to provide a temporary support in place of the earth and rock he had removed, and then destroy that support and undermine the wall by setting fire to the timbers. Occasionally this device would succeed; at other times, it would be discovered, and a counter-mine would be planned by the defenders; while in some cases, when the tunnels of the opposing factions chanced to meet, there would be a sharp and deadly battle in the dark labyrinths underground.

The storming of castles has been painted in glowing and

seductive terms by Sir Walter Scott and other romanticists. But, writing at the comfortable distance of some hundreds of years, they have perhaps been bewitched by the golden hazes of the far-away, and have allowed their imaginations to blot out coarse and ugly details and to supply their place with a web of the glamorous and the heroic. "The real thing had little of romance about it," is the comment of a modern author. "In a real siege the air was full of heavy stones, javelins, arrows, and darts, some bearing masses of blazing pitch and tow with occasionally perhaps an arrow carrying a message from a traitor either within or without the walls to the opposing party, of barrels of the terrible Greek fire, of smoke from burning roofs and galleries and of crumbling mortar from falling ramparts. There was a wild and horrid confusion of terrible sounds, the din of armour, the shouting of battle cries, the groaning of dying men and the crash of falling stones and timbers and crumbling walls. Men shrieked in agony as they were burned by the boiling oil or melted pitch or blinded by the unslaked lime poured down upon them from the walls. The moat was red with blood. Such was a real assault upon a castle in the Middle Ages." [1]

The baronial battles, the family feuds, the neighborly brawls leading to assaults upon castle, field or village, were by no means the only varieties of petty warfare common in medieval times. Some of the wars—like the conflicts of the Roman arena—were deliberately arranged, and were participated in by men who entered in cold blood without any grievance or fancied grievance, and who butchered competitors that similarly had no grievance or fancied grievance. By this I refer, of course, to the tournaments —not to the more or less orderly spectacles of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries, but to their predecessors of some three or four hundred years before. Just as, in the Coliseum at Rome, mimic battles were staged with the deadly consequences of actual battles, so on the fields of Germany and France armored hosts would clash with sanguinary results; knights on horseback,

[1] E. M. Tappan, *In Feudal Times.*

watched and applauded by all the nobility of the surrounding countryside, would engage in duels fatal to them and to their chargers alike. It is reported, for example, that, so late as the year 1240, a contest was held near Cologne in which more than sixty competitors perished.

Despite the prohibitions of the popes and bishops and even of the kings, the bloody displays persisted: the spectators enjoyed the recreation; the competitors were spurred on by something of that applause which now greets the popular prize-fighter; and the merchants and common folk—certainly, this was a culminating reason!—favored the exhibitions because they encouraged trade.

But even after the tournaments had become somewhat less murderous and somewhat more like games as we should understand the term, they still possessed many of the qualities of actual warfare. The equipment of the contestant, to begin with, was the equipment of the warrior. His ten-foot lance, though blunted for the purpose of the encounter, was still a massive and deadly implement; his sword, in most cases a tapering steely blade about thirty-two inches in length, was well fitted to do bloody execution; while his armor and defensive apparatus were the weapons of the battlefield. How awkward, how ponderous, how uncomfortable he must have felt in his great suit of armor! —if it were of the lighter variety it would weigh about fifty-five pounds, while in many cases it would be far heavier; and so great an impediment was it that the knight could scarcely mount his horse without assistance; while, having mounted and been flung to earth, he was almost unable to rise unaided. Yet the steel garment, burdensome though it was, must have filled its owner with a great sense of security, for it covered him completely; and, wielding his lance with one hand and his shield with the other, he may have felt fairly safe against the swinging blade of his adversary.

But what a curious sight he made!—having adjusted his helmet, with its protecting vizor, he was truly a man of iron! Or,

rather, he looked not like a man at all, but like some curious metallic monster, some creature from another planet that had neither the limbs nor the features of humanity! Only his eyes, gaping through the tiny eyeholes, showed that he was one of our race; but even these, if the helmet chanced to swing slightly upon its axis, might slip from sight; and then the warrior, suddenly stricken helpless and blind, would become a blundering as well as a grotesque sight.

As it was on the actual field of battle, so it was in the tournament. The miniature combats represented no less than practice and preparation for the larger engagements; they gave the necessary skill, and created the necessary enthusiasm; they produced in the participant the desire for the contest and the applause on a wider scale, and in the spectator the love of military competition and display; they were at once the disseminators of the martial spirit and the preliminaries to martial conflict, and to understand their nature will be to understand the nature of much of the warfare of the day.

Let us, accordingly, seek to follow in outline the course of a tournament. We may pass over the preliminaries: the brilliant procession of cavaliers; the huge prancing armor-clad horses; the lances from which bright banners stream; the helmets glittering with bizarre and monstrous figures; the scabbards painted a glaring crimson, white or black; the burnished armor, the songs, and the gaudy audience of noble women and eager men—all the colorful and sonorous pageantry as yet untouched with blood, and calculated to arouse martial emotions. After this theatrical introduction a more serious business is in store: the actual jousting commences, and two armored knights ride forth in furious combat. Their purpose is to belabor one another with blows of their long swinging lances—with resounding crashes the weapons come down upon resisting armor and shield, and lucky is he whose shaft is not shivered or who does not go plunging ignominiously to earth. Duel after duel is staged; the racing chargers dash toward one another with all the frenzy of the

battlefield; the air is filled with the pounding of hoofs, the thudding of heavy blows, the clattering of armor, the shrieks and applause of the spectators; now a lance is smashed, now a knight is unhorsed, now two dismounted men wage a bloody contest with drawn swords—and tense is the excitement of the audience, great the enthusiasm of the warriors, for prizes await the successful, and heroes are to be made this day, and cowards proved!

And what if, as the price of all this glory, a few men are injured?—what if some have broken thigh bones, and others broken collar bones, while broken arms and ribs abound? Such little mishaps are to be expected; a brave man cannot be too careful about his bones; lucky indeed is it if the celebration does not end in a funeral.

It is on the second day that the exhibition reaches its climax. For then occurs the grand mêlée; and then those with a taste for actual battle may revel to their hearts' content. No mere individual duels this time!—two large parties, with possibly forty knights to a side, are to meet in a cavalry engagement. And now what energy, what gallantry, and what noise!—there is a great rush, the opposing lines dash together with brandished lances; all is confusion and clatter, the great weapons pound on helmet and shield and are shattered, sword strikes against sword and the terrible maces swing; then, while a cloud of dust obscures the field, the contestants become like wild men and deal their heavy blows with fast-increasing fury. Here sounds the groan of a fallen horseman; there the shrieks of one trodden beneath the hoofs of the maddened steeds; but, amid the snorting of the beasts, the rattling of weapons and the clamoring of charging men, who can heed the cries of the wounded?

The losses of the contest are soon forgotten. The dead—if there are any dead—cannot raise their voices in protest; the wounded would not be so cowardly as to complain; consequently, the tournaments continue to be popular. And for the triumphant knight they provide a matchless stimulus to warfare. Having displayed his prowess on the mimic field of battle, having manip-

ulated his lance and his shield dexterously and felt the supreme joy of seeing his rival topple to earth, would it not be good to show his skill on the actual battlefield? Indeed, what use in all the practice contests if the real contests are not in store? Why prepare himself to outmaneuver the enemy if no enemy in deadly earnest is to be found? So the knight might be expected to reason; and because of such reasoning, natural enough in the successful jouster, the tournaments must have played an important part in breeding a warlike state of mind.

All the knight's training, moreover, was directed toward producing a military spirit. His education in fighting began at an early age; when he was a boy of perhaps seven he was sent to the castle of some lord of high rank or possibly even to the court of the king, and there instructed in warfare; he was tutored in the use of weapons, he was permitted to engage in mock combats with other boys, he was taught to place supreme faith in the knightly ideal. And since the talk that he heard was all of tournaments and battles, and since fighting was set up for him as the only worthy goal, it was but natural that he should grow up imbued with military ardor. Warfare was a sort of second religion with him, and, like most of those who receive their training young enough, he remained loyal to his creed.

It must not be imagined, however, that the knight was so chivalrous and romantic a figure as legend and fable would make him. In many cases he was a mere bully and a brigand; the earlier knights, in particular, had many scoundrelly characteristics, and their virtuous attributes are largely the contributions of the hero-worshippers. Listen, for example, to the comment of J. Flach: "According to the testimony of both the legal documents and the poems, the knights were far from being defenders of women and the helpless; they were, on the contrary, their oppressors, despots, or executioners . . . In their savage outbursts of anger or their cold ferocity nothing restrained them; regard for weakness and religious fear had no influence. They killed unarmed men without mercy; they burned nuns in their convent

. . . The feeble had no rights in the presence of the strong. Women were fought over, and carried off as the legitimate prey of the stronger. A knight defended them only to possess them." [1]

The earlier knights, in a word, were merely a military class run wild; and, like all other military tyrants, they seized whatever they desired for the all-sufficient reason that they could.

Yet it is known that the knight did develop from a freebooter and raider to a warrior with a certain ideal of honor. This very advance, however, was due to the egotistic qualities of the self-seeker rather than to the generosity of the humanitarian. "When a knight was also a feudal lord and had associates of all ranks under his command," continues J. Flach, "he had to protect and defend them, under penalty of being abandoned by them and scorned by his peers as a coward. This duty was a point of honor. In time this point of honor grew by reason of their great boastfulness, which the heroes of the old chansons exhibited in rodomontades, and in bold and rash undertakings. Any wrong done to a protégé was an outrage to the protector. When a knight made himself the champion of all the feeble, he gave the most striking proof that he feared no rival, because he was under the necessity of fighting at any moment against all comers. Magnanimity might thus arise from the intoxication of pride, and from the exuberance of strength and individuality." [2]

Among the figures that lend glamour to the warfare of the Middle Ages, one of the most singular is the knight-errant. Riding in full armor across a peaceful countryside, with a faithful squire in attendance, he was constantly in quest of adventures; and when the adventures did not come of themselves, he would try to coax them forth, either by jousting with some passing knight or with the host that gave him a brief lodging, or else by posting himself at some bridge or cross-road and permitting no knight to go by without a passage at arms. One can imagine that

[1] J. Flach, *Les origines de l'ancienne France.* Translated in Dana Carlton Munro's and George Clarke Sellery's *Medieval Civilization.*

[2] *Ibid.*

he must have constituted a general nuisance, and have created ire in the heart of more than one opponent who was hastening to keep a rendezvous with some fair maid. Yet, generally speaking, the contests he waged were not dangerous, and usually both the rivals would leave the field uninjured. On occasions, however, the joust developed into a real battle, when the anger of the adversaries was aroused and they fought with intent to kill—an intent likely to be fulfilled. But more often the contests verged upon the ridiculous; and there would arise situations such as Cervantes has so pointedly satirized in his *Don Quixote*. One of the knights would proclaim, for example, that his lady love was the most beautiful on earth; and the other, though of course he had never seen the woman in question, would instantly deny the allegation, asserting that his own love was fairer by far. There being only one way to settle so delicate a matter, the two knights would instantly fly to arms; and he whose thrust was the quickest, whose lance the stoutest or whose horse the strongest would of course demonstrate the superior charms of his own lady.

And thus, in battles both great and small, have weighty matters always been decided.

JOUSTING

PART IV

THE WAR-GOD COMES OF AGE

CHAPTER XVI

THE DAWN OF A NEW ERA

Late in the Middle Ages some unknown inventor made a discovery which was to revolutionize warfare and to alter the currents of history. At last the war-god had come of age!—and though he had been deadly and destructive during his infancy and all-powerful in the centuries of his adolescence, still it required the pride of maturity to demonstrate his real qualities and to bring forth his hidden potentialities.

Before we consider this transforming change, let us review briefly the weapons favored by the war-god toward the close of the Middle Ages. We have already observed that havoc-wreaking inextinguishable flame known as Greek fire; we have mentioned the catapults, the ballistas, the battering-rams, the siege-towers and the other offensive implements surviving from the ancient world; we have touched upon the development of armor and the tendency of warriors to encase themselves in an ever-thickening coat of steel. There are other and important implements, however, which we have not even noted: the cross-bow or arbalest, a weapon usually of steel, which discharged heavy bolts or arrows after an involved process of winding; the long-bow of the Welsh and English, said to have been capable of penetrating an oaken defense four inches thick; the halberd of the Swiss infantry, an eight-foot shaft ending in a hatchet-like blade and a powerful spike or hook; and the pike, employed by the Swiss and others, an eighteen-foot weapon with a ten-inch blade fitted to deal terrific hacking blows. All these, and others akin to them, inclined to make the warfare of the late Middle

Ages a fierce and sanguinary affair. And yet they were merely puerile by comparison with the devices that were to come; they were one and all to be swept aside like infant playthings once the war-god had come into his own.

For the medieval era was not yet over when the seeds were sown for modern warfare. The time when man could be pitted against man in equal duel was approaching its close; henceforth the human arm was to lose in importance and the products of the mind of man to gain; and human ingenuity, consecrated to the cause of the war-god, was to summon forth powers akin to the power of the thunderbolt. A lance wielded by a man may be strong, but how much stronger a lance swung by the hand of the elements!—a stone flung by a man may do damage, but how much more damaging a stone hurled by the forces of whirlwind and fire! So the medieval innovators may have reasoned, when, finding an ally more potent by far than mere human muscle, they introduced the precursor of modern gunpowder.

Never, since the discovery of metal had enabled man to slash and maul his fellows efficiently, had so devastating a tool been placed in human hands. Yet it is doubtful whether the originators of gunpowder appreciated its importance; it is doubtful whether they realized that they had released upon the world a genie dreadful to tamper with and unrestrained in vengeance, a genie that would breathe a breath of smoke and fire, and batter down cities with a touch of his hand, and deal death more random and unavoidable than the remorseless lightnings of Jove. Probably they regarded the invention as an interesting experiment; but apparently many years passed before men began to form any idea of its possible implications.

It is not even known where gunpowder originated. Some have attributed the discovery to the Chinese, some to the Arabs, some to the Hindoos; others have altogether denied Oriental claims. It would indeed be ironic if the Chinese, one of the world's most peaceable peoples, should have contributed mankind's supreme warlike invention—yet there is reason for believing that the Chi-

nese were at least unconsciously the innovators. "Gunpowder was probably known to the Chinese in the latter part of the Han dynasty, (A. D. 250)," says S. Wells Williams, "but its application in firearms is not so plain." [1] Indeed, it would seem that it was first used in fireworks and as a charm to frighten away evil spirits. "No evidence exists of the use of gunpowder as an agent of warfare until the middle of the twelfth century, nor did a knowledge of its propulsive effects come to the Chinese until the reign of Yung Loh in the fifteenth century—a thousand years after its first employment in firecrackers." [2]

But before the fifteenth century, the propulsive effects of gunpowder were already known in Europe—accordingly, the claims of the Chinese are placed in jeopardy, for it is not inconceivable that the new methods were imported from the west.

So early as the thirteenth century an explosive compound was known to a few western scientists. Roger Bacon, for example, speaks of the terrifying effects of a substance composed in part of sulphur and saltpeter; and he intimates that it might be of service in warfare. Just how serviceable, he could have had no idea! But the information was by no means common property, and apparently more than half a century went by before powder-driven missiles took their place beside arrows and javelins on the actual field of battle. Chroniclers tell us, however, that cannon were used at the siege of Metz in 1324, and there is evidence that they were employed in England three years later; and from that time forth they were to be increasingly important in the history of warfare.

Like all infant inventions, the earliest cannon were exceedingly crude. Their man-killing powers were strictly limited; at first they could not compete with the arbalest and the ballista. Known as *pots de fer,* they were short, wide-mouthed implements usually of brass or copper; and when they did not explode and kill their operators, they might possibly be relied upon to damage the foe.

[1] S. Wells Williams, *The Middle Kingdom.*

[2] *Ibid.*

The earliest machines of this type discharged not metallic balls, but feathered bolts similar to those hurled by the established siege engines; and even after these primitive missiles had been abandoned, the projectiles were ordinarily of stone rather than of iron.

Another weapon that found favor in the fourteenth century was the *ribauld*. This was a machine intended for concentrated fire, and composed of a number of tubes each equipped to discharge a small missile. There is a record that, in the year 1387, Antonio della Scala, Lord of Verona, ordered three of these machines each three stories high and each provided with one hundred and forty-four tubes! Evidently he was anticipating the use of gunpowder on a large scale—yet, strange to say, the *ribauld* had not come to last; despite its size and complexity (or perhaps because of its size and complexity) it was soon supplanted by other and more effective forms of artillery.

Scarcely less curious was the *bombarde portative*, or hand-gun —the progenitor of the modern rifle, a sort of miniature cannon strapped to the soldier's pike handle. In order to be fired, it had to be held under the arm, with long staves resting upon the ground; and, in order to set the projectile upon its way, a match had to be applied to a touch-hole. Always a slow and inaccurate device, it was particularly ineffective on a stormy day, when the rain would wet the powder and the wind would blow out the matches; and for a long while the assault of the English long-bow was properly held in higher esteem.

Yet, blundering and uncertain as were the earlier uses of gunpowder, the new invention was gradually to transform warfare and to alter the course of history. As the years went by, it achieved marvel after unexpected marvel; by the early sixteenth century, for example, the cannon was instrumental in undermining the ascendancy of the Swiss infantry, which for a while had been the terror of Europe. In view of their custom of advancing in compact phalanxes, their great pikes projecting in impenetrable rows, the Swiss offered the best of targets for cannon balls: a

single shot, striking in the midst of their dense columns, might kill or disable fifteen or twenty men. But, with that conservatism conspicuous in military tactics throughout the ages, the Swiss did not endeavor to adjust their methods to the new conditions; they behaved somewhat like animals that, with only instinct to guide them, are unable to meet the attack of a new foe; they persisted in charging in dense masses straight into the flaming mouths of the batteries, so facilitating their own wholesale destruction.

Even before the discomfiture of the Swiss, however, cannon had given appalling demonstration of their powers. In the year 1453, they played a leading rôle in one of the crises of European history: it was largely because of their assistance that the Turks were able to burst down the barriers of the west and to enthrone themselves within the gates of Constantinople. The Byzantine empire, it is true, had by this time reached an advanced stage of decadence; yet Constantinople was still the most securely armed and formidable of all the fortresses of Europe, and did not even then seem an easy prey for the invader. Against the siegecraft of an earlier age, it would probably have been safe; but the new era was already dawning, and Mohammed II, Sultan of the Ottoman Turks, was not slow to aim against European civilization that new invention which European civilization itself had developed. In fact, he went so far as to hire a European to assist him; a skilled Hungarian gun-founder, Urban by name, provided him with a siege equipment of seventy cannon, the largest being a piece called "Basilica," constructed of hooped iron, and capable of hurling eight-hundred pound balls. Some idea of the bulk of this monster may be gained from the fact that it took sixty oxen forty-two days to drag it from Adrianople to the Bosphorus. Yet, like many another elaborate invention, "Basilica" did not justify the pains expended on it; it began to crack upon its second day of duty, and, in spite of all efforts to repair it, speedily went upon a permanent strike. But the smaller cannon—unfortunately for Constantinople—atoned for the failure of the fractious giant; fourteen batteries, discharging stones of from two

hundred to five hundred pounds, were placed in effective operation; and, in the course of a month or two, breach after breach was opened in walls once thought impregnable. And thus, with the assistance of the genie of the powder, the invaders from the Asiatic plains won possession of the most famous port of Europe.

But the invention of gunpowder, and the transformations it entailed, were not the only military innovations toward the close of the Middle Ages. The armies themselves began to undergo a fundamental modification; there was a marked growth in the spirit of professionalism, and the foundations were laid for those military conceptions which dominate the world at the present moment. Standing armies, for one thing, began to arise, developing slowly at first, but gradually gaining impetus; and, at the same time, mercenaries assumed a prominence unknown since the days of ancient Greece and Carthage. Both of these movements, perhaps, represented phases of the same tendency toward military specialization; but in their actual manifestations they differed widely from land to land.

Consider, for example, the Turks. Although they had been notable primarily as cavalrymen, they developed one of the world's most dreaded infantry forces; and at the same time, by means of that very infantry, they made the beginnings of a standing army. Like the Persians and the Spartans before them and like the Zulus of a later day, the Turks realized that the most efficient and docile warriors are those early trained in the cult of war; accordingly, it was their custom to levy upon Christian village communities a tribute of boys from seven to ten years of age; and these, chosen at the discretion of the sultan's emissaries, were to be exempted from the dread conscription only if their families had embraced the faith of Islam. One of the objects of the system, in fact, was to extend Mohammedanism, for the fate of the captives was far from enviable. They were all reared in barracks; they were subjected to a remorseless discipline, were educated in warfare and in the Moslem religion, and were trained to feel that their sole objects in existence were to give battle and

to spread the creed of the prophet. All their early years were consecrated to these ends; he who faltered or disobeyed was condemned to be strangled; he who was tractable and quick to learn might expect to be rewarded. After ten years of apprenticeship, the youths were drafted into the corps of Janissaries; then, wedded to their swords, they were held to strict celibacy, while perpetually before them was dangled the prospect of promotion out of the corps, of admission into all the freedom and license of a native Turk, and even of elevation into the highest offices of the Ottoman state.

The effects of this system were curious. That it achieved its object will be apparent from the fact that the Janissaries won a dreaded name and gained some of the sultan's most decisive victories. But that it achieved more than its object is likewise evident. In the first place, the Janissaries, though Christian by birth, were so thoroughly tutored in a militant religious psychology that, as one writer phrases it, they became "more fanatical in the service of Islam than the native Turks themselves." [1] And, in the second place, they created a soldier caste instilled with a combative spirit that tended toward the indefinite perpetuation of combat. "Their profession was war," comments the same author, "and they lived for war and for conquest. Their very existence made a policy of aggression necessary or easy to carry out. They were attached to warlike sultans, and despised those who wished peace." [2]

At about the middle of the sixteenth century, under Suleiman I, the Janissaries numbered about twelve thousand men. Not exactly an enormous figure, when one remembers the standing armies of later days!—but it was then a body unique in the western world, for, with the exception of comparatively small forces in France and Spain, the only standing armies were the few hundred men comprising the bodyguards of kings.

But great events, it is often said, have small beginnings; and

[1] Edward Raymond Turner, *Europe, 1450–1789.*

[2] *Ibid.*

just as the Turkish sultans stimulated a warlike spirit by means of their small corps of Janissaries, so, on a vastly wider scale, the rulers of the west were to cultivate a military frame of mind by means of vastly larger armies.

It was in the fifteenth century that Charles VII of France made the innovation of creating a standing army—an army paid in times of peace to be ready in time of war. While the feudal lords had had similar forces on a smaller scale, still the action of Charles is significant as representing the first establishment in western Europe of a national standing army. It was, however, but a natural development from the practice already in vogue: the kings had long been accustomed to paying their soldiers, and by the beginning of the fifteenth century the French army was composed largely of mercenaries—mercenaries who were employed at the outbreak of a war, and discharged at its close. This system—which was similar to that prevalent in many parts of Europe—was hardly as satisfactory as might have been desired; it had all the disadvantages inherent in the mercenary system. And France suffered most of the evils which nations have suffered throughout the ages when they have made it profitable for men to wage war regardless of the cause in which they participate. Since the prime object of the mercenaries was gain, the payment of wages was the test by which their actions were gauged: when the wages ceased, discipline would cease; or else the warriors would seek compensation by ravaging the countryside, and thus would be no less ruinous to the people than an invading army. But even when they received regular pay, the mercenaries would expect to enhance their returns by a share in the spoils of battle, and particularly in the ransom of prisoners; accordingly, their very existence provided a warlike stimulus, and their incorporation in the army encouraged raids for booty. Often they would choose to plunder a wealthy region rather than to engage in unremunerative combat; and sometimes, so unruly did they become, their leaders had little or no control over them, and had to submit to their desires.

But if they constituted a difficult and even dangerous body in times of war, they formed a still more disturbing element once peace had been declared. For them peace was synonymous with unemployment, with idleness, even with privation; their business in life was fighting, and they had received long instruction in violence, had even been rewarded for violence—were they then to change the habits of years simply because some prince or potentate had signed a slip of paper? Not at all! Though the rulers had declared for peace, they still remained at war—at war against civilians; they swarmed through the land in marauding bands; they looted and murdered, and lived by brigandage; they were the terror of the people, and the despair of the governments; and to suppress them seemed beyond human power. One of the few repressive measures—a measure that shows how a military class, once established, will incite warfare indefinitely—was to employ the unwelcome guests in foreign conflicts, and so rid the country of their presence; and this was not too difficult to accomplish, for the mercenaries were always to be induced to fight. So susceptible were they, in fact, to the lure of gain, that they would readily enlist under the banner of a former foe and fight side by side with men who had been the mortal enemies of their country.

Well into the reign of Charles VII the evils of the mercenary system continued almost unabated. Even after Charles had first gathered a small and reliable band of soldiers, the improvement was slight in range and left the army as a whole unaffected. "Most of the troops, lacking regular pay, were as unrestrained as before; captains often renounced obedience to the constable and the king, seized and plundered cities when the pay was not forthcoming, or refused to deliver up to the king cities which they were defending against the enemy. Nor was it always the worst warriors who distinguished themselves by disobedience and deeds of violence; men of achievement, like La Hire, partly through need, partly through love of gain, had recourse to the most frightful extortions. Only with the greatest caution could

the king venture to oppose the most terrible excesses, for the bands which were living by plunder and robbery were much more numerous than the better disciplined mercenaries." [1]

Yet Charles VII did gradually succeed in suppressing the unruly elements. As a minor measure, he sent a force of some twenty-five or thirty thousand to besiege Metz; and there he found allies not only in the direct losses of warfare, but in the cold, bad supplies, and disease, which reduced the army to an extent variously estimated by contemporaries as from one third to more than a half. Having thus weakened the troops, he disbanded the survivors without difficulty; then he arranged to discharge all the mercenary forces, granting to the released soldiers a sum of money sufficient to meet all their claims for pay, and at the same time extending to them a general amnesty for the crimes committed during war-time. The lawless rabble was thus dispersed, while the useful and disciplined troops were re-engaged; and thereby, at the expense of far less disorder that might have been expected, Charles established a solid basis for a standing army.

But it is not to be thought that, at a single bold stroke, he had wiped away all the evils of the old system. "It was impossible to cleanse the army, in a trice . . . Complaints against the misdeeds of the soldiers, against plunderings in war and peace, were still frequent, but a great step in advance had nevertheless been taken. The increased authority of the king over the troops and the dismissal of the useless rabble had so improved the fighting qualities of the army that the success of the last campaign was quickly achieved, and systematic plundering of the provinces ceased." [2]

The experience of England was not entirely dissimilar to that of France. In the fourteenth century Edward III raised professional national armies, by means of which he hoped to satisfy

[1] G. Roloff, *Das französische Herr unter Karl VII, Historische Zeitschrift*, Vol. XCIII. Translated in Munro and Sellery's *Medieval Civilization*.

[2] *Ibid.*

his dream of military glory and to achieve the conquest of France. And the result was precisely what he might have expected: the spirit of professionalism, once engendered, persisted of its own natural impetus; the soldiers, when discharged by the English sovereign, sought service as mercenaries elsewhere; and at the same time there arose a disgruntled and unemployed military class, a class of adventurers anxious to fight upon any pretext. It was these who, augmented by foreign troops, composed the armies which devastated England in the following century during the Wars of the Roses. That futile struggle, which smoldered throughout a period of some thirty years, was characterized by a curiously cold-blooded and deliberate professional attitude; the soldiers proceeded about the business of warfare as coolly and systematically as a merchant might proceed about the business of selling his wares; wholesale executions were ordered, not in the heat and frenzy of conflict, but with planned and reasoned intent; and the troopers, pursuant to the orders of their sovereign, would habitually strike down the nobles and let the common folk escape. Yet this clemency toward the poor people is to be explained less on the ground of humanity than by the fact that there was nothing to be gained by slaying an artisan or a tradesman; whereas the lords, on the other hand, were not only legitimate enemies but had houses and estates that might be despoiled.

Italy, also had witnessed the growth of a professional army; and the situation there was uniquely interesting. At about the beginning of the fourteenth century, bands of mercenaries known as the "Condottieri" became definitely established; and these, which represented military fraternities of so commercial a nature that they have been compared to trade-guilds, consisted of soldiers whose services were at the beck of the highest bidder. For our closest parallel we should have to turn to ancient Greece; the Condottieri had much in common with the companies that assisted the Hellenic tyrants and with Xenophon's famous "Ten Thousand"; they were under the immediate command of some leader who organized them and hired them out at his discretion;

they were willing to serve any master, and were constantly the vehicles of the machinations of ambitious princes. Their very existence—like the existence of mercenaries in all lands—was a proof of the unpopularity of war-making with the rank and file of the population; it was a proof of the necessity of some artificial agency of conflict to counterbalance the naturally pacific tendencies of the people; and their methods of fighting, no less than the causes in which they fought, show that the competitive impulse which they obeyed was no greater than that of the baseball player who knocks "home runs" for pay. The interminable struggles of the Guelfs and Ghibellines, for example, were prominent among the sources of their growth; frequently the Guelf or Ghibelline party of some city, actuated by old clannish hatreds and animosities, would contrive to expel its opponents; and the exiles, entering some town in which their own faction was dominant, were apt to seek service as mercenaries. Again, the Italian tyrants—who bring reminders of the tyrants of old Greece—required military bands to protect their thrones, and the only bands procurable were those of hired foreigners; while the system had a tendency to be self-perpetuating, since the neighbors of a tyrant would feel constrained to

CONDOTTIERI

protect themselves, which would mean that they too would have to depend upon mercenaries. And so, the demand being great, a supply was created, and a multitude of drifting men and adventurers found the profession of arms commercially profitable.

The republican cities of Italy, no less than the tyrant-ruled communities, relied upon mercenaries; Venice, for example, employed them for purposes of conquest; and Venice and her fellow states alike had opportunities to taste the full disadvantages of the system. Most of the mercenary chiefs, as befitted their profession, were boundlessly unscrupulous; in 1432 the famous leader, Carmagnola, was executed by the Venetians for treason; while others, whose treason became manifest but could not be punished, would establish themselves as military dictators, or else would conduct a profitable transaction by selling their employers and their employers' city to the enemy. Even the most high-principled of the Condottieri, though not stooping to the betrayal of their paymasters, saw no objection to taking sides with their former foes once the period of their engagement was over; and thus it often became dangerous for a ruler to discharge his hirelings, for who knew but that to-morrow they might not march against him in the service of his bitterest enemy?

But not all the failings of the Condottieri were of a moral nature. Skilled in warfare though they were, it was urged against them that they were not effective fighting instruments; they were woefully inefficient in killing. Whether or not this was a disadvantage the reader may decide for himself; but let us listen to some of the comments of that great contemporary student of statecraft, Machiavelli. Speaking of the mercenaries, he declares, "They have taken care to relieve themselves and their men of the terrors and fatigues of war. They do not kill each other in their combats, but take each other prisoners without a blow struck. They make no night attacks on fortifications, nor do those inside a fortification ever sally out against the tents of the besiegers; so there is no need to stockade or entrench camps. They do not continue a campaign into the winter. All these customs

have got into their military system because they want to avoid both fatigue and danger." [1]

In another place, Machiavelli expresses himself with even greater decision: "Mercenary and auxiliary troops are both useless and dangerous, and if any one attempts to found his state upon mercenaries it will never be stable or secure; for they are disunited, ambitious, and without discipline, faithless and braggarts among friends, but amongst enemies cowards, and have neither fear of God nor good faith with men . . . Their commanders are either competent, or they are not; if they are, then you cannot trust them because their chief aim will be their own aggrandizement, either by imposing upon you, who are their employer, or by oppressing others beyond your intentions; and if they are incompetent, then they will certainly hasten your ruin." [2]

The tactics of the Condottieri upon the battlefield were no better fitted to win Machiavelli's applause than the integrity of their aims. One's approval or disapproval of their tactics will depend, however, upon one's point of view toward warfare: if one favors struggles to the death, one must condemn them; if one holds bloodless strife to have advantages, one must judge them to be not without their merits. For rarely, in the course of civilized warfare, do we find battles treated so much in the light of a game as in the case of the later Condottieri; their methods have had few equals except among savages; they fought not so much to slaughter or to destroy as to win a contest regulated by certain well-recognized rules. In a sense, they were little more than chess players who moved their pawns across a gigantic board: owing to the limitations of their cavalry, they could fight only in certain favorable areas unencumbered by steep slopes, narrow defiles, or boggy lowlands; they were restricted to valley roads where their horsemen had room to maneuver; and the object of their tactics was to drive the enemy into a position where he could not manipulate with ease. Accordingly, battles came to be merely

[1] Machiavelli, *The Prince*, Ch. 12.
[2] *Ibid.*

competitions for the favored situation, and there were few if any direct clashes; the side which was outflanked would admit itself beaten, and felt it no disgrace to surrender; and there are records of engagements which lasted for so long as half a day without the loss of a single man on either side.

Ludicrous! one will exclaim. This is hardly warfare at all! And, judging by the standards of a later day, one must admit that it is hardly warfare. Yet the Condottieri, it must be remembered, had little if any incentive to slay one another. They were not fighting in hot blood but for pay, hence little of the frenzy and madness of the battlefield was theirs; they did not need to slaughter the enemy in self-defense, since their own lives were only slightly endangered; they had nothing of the stimulus of personal hatred, of glory, of infuriating propaganda, or of national or religious prejudice; there was no great cause at stake, since both they and their foes were battling for precisely the same ends; there might even be something of a friendly spirit, for possibly in the last campaign they had fought side by side with their present rivals, and in the next campaign might fight side by side with them again. Moreover, why kill their adversaries when they were worth more alive? Each prisoner might bring a ransom, besides having to forfeit his horse and valuable armor; or else he might be induced to enlist under the standard of the victors, and so the battle might become profitable to the one side without implying any loss to the other.

Still another reason for the indecisive battles of the Condottieri was that the mercenaries did not desire peace. If they slew all their enemies, the war might end; and, sooner than precipitate such a calamity, they would engage indefinitely in their inconclusive skirmishes, so "creating work" and perpetuating their source of livelihood.

It is related, however, that there were one or two instances in which the Condottieri were actually faced with sanguinary warfare. In 1439, for example, the Bolognese violated the rules of the game by employing hand-guns that slew a number of their

Venetian rivals: whereupon the opposing mercenaries, enraged at so unfair and inhuman a weapon, fell upon the Bolognese and massacred them. Later, toward the close of the fifteenth century, the Condottieri were confronted with still more bloody fighting: the troops of Charles VIII of France, swarming across the Alps and killing their foes by the thousand, outraged public opinion and disconcerted the Condottieri by what was regarded not as warfare but as mere butchery. The feeling of the Italians in this case must have been akin to those of the medieval Japanese when the invading Mongols, refusing the hand-to-hand combat of single duelists, surrounded and slew the native champions.

Only one more instance need be mentioned before we turn definitely to modern warfare. And this is an instance which, unlike those we have been considering, illustrates not the professional or commercial point of view toward conflict but the attitude of the civilian suddenly turned soldier. The case of Joan of Arc, and her services in driving the English from their continental strongholds, is too well known to deserve elaboration at this point; but neither must we overlook it altogether, for certainly it is unique in the world's battle annals. That this young peasant girl, inspired by the power of a vision, should have placed herself at the head of an army and won victory after victory over the dreaded invader, is a fact that seems not less amazing for the passage of five centuries; and that her appearance should have marked the turning point in the Hundred Years' War, and that she should have been the deliverer of her country when kings and warriors had failed, is to be taken as evidence of the tremendous part that psychology plays in battle. Her strength was a strength of the spirit only; her great weapon was her moral courage; and the resource that won her triumphs was the confidence and enthusiasm she inspired in her followers. She proved that the difference between victory and defeat may be the difference between two states of mind; and her name will stand for all time as the name of one who, in defiance of the re-

straints of position and sex, fought because some peculiar spur within her own consciousness bade her fight, and won because she had the power to communicate something of the fervor of her own dreams.

JOAN OF ARC LEADS THE ARMY TO VICTORY

CHAPTER XVII

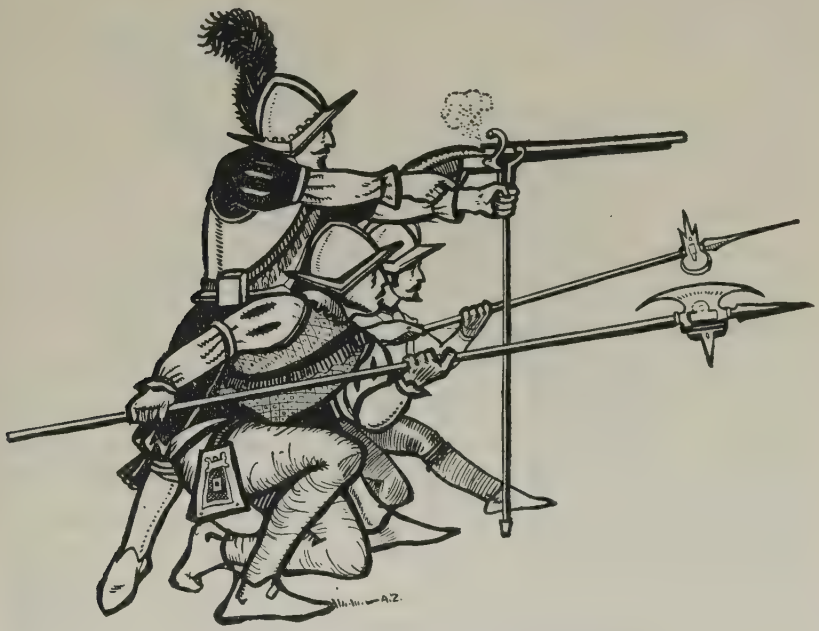
WARS OF POLITICS AND RELIGION

The history of Europe during the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries is so thickly interwoven with campaigns and battles that to provide even a summary of the warfare of the period would require no less than a separate volume. We shall have to content ourselves, accordingly, with a few general observations as to the military conditions of the times, followed by a discussion of particular manifestations of warfare in the various countries; and thus we may be able to cover in essence that which it would be impossible to consider in detail.

It is notable that the use of firearms had not yet reached maturity during the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. Men were still blundering and imperfect in their employment of the great invention; the skill of later days was as yet no more than a dream. Hand cannon, or muskets, were still clumsy and difficult to use; against the impetuous charge of horsemen they were almost valueless; consequently, in the Thirty Years' War, musketeers had to be shielded from the enemy's cavalry by the great projecting weapons of the pikemen. The larger cannon, likewise, were ponderous and crude; except in the domain of siegework, they underwent a general decline during the seventeenth century; they were inaccurate in aim, limited in range, feeble in their penetrative powers, and of uncertain durability; while, on the other hand, advances in the art of fortification more than counterbalanced their shattering effects.

During the whole epoch, only one important offensive implement was invented. This was the bayonet, whose precise

origin is unknown, but which is believed to have been first employed at Bayonne, in southern France. Consisting of a sharp blade or dagger affixed to the end of the musket, it was one of the simplest and yet one of the most murderous devices ever conceived by the ingenuity of man; it combined the deadly thrusting ability of the spear with the blasting power of the hand-gun;



MUSKETEER SHIELDED BY PIKEMEN

it linked the weapons of the ancient world with those of the modern, and preserved the most destructive qualities of both; while, by making it possible for the infantry to follow a distant discharge of missiles with furious hand-to-hand encounters, it facilitated death-dealing of a scope and variety inconceivable to the tacticians of preceding ages.

But during the greater part of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, and until bayonets had come into general use and muskets had been perfected, the gunmen continued to be a subsidiary part of European armies and remained largely dependent upon

the cavalry. Campaigns now had a tendency to be slow and circumspect, and the generals showed great care to keep within range of connecting fortresses and to maintain their lines of communication; the scope of conflict was largely restricted by conditions of weather and of season, and by the limited ability of the agriculture of the times to support large armies. And while, on the technical side, there was much attention to the details of tactics, still, until the time of Marlborough, there was little if any of that strategy which was to distinguish so many of the battles of the eighteenth and early nineteenth centuries.

But before discussing Marlborough and the changes he wrought, let us consider briefly the state of warfare in the various continental countries. And, first of all, let us turn to Russia —not because it was among the most important nations from the military point of view, but because it tended to preserve those medieval conditions which we have been tracing.

Until the dawn of the eighteenth century and the advent of Peter the Great, Russia might be regarded as in every respect medieval. The great and stirring movements which pulsated throughout the rest of Europe aroused scarcely an echo in the empire of the Czar, and tyranny and chaos walked hand in hand in those vast dominions. There was perpetual dissension and bloodshed, though small raids were more frequent than large-scale wars; continual looting expeditions were conducted by the Cossacks, who in the late fifteenth century left Kiev and other towns to form a settlement of traders and plunderers; and not less terrible than the Cossacks were the Tartars and other robber bands that kept the villagers in constant dread. So dire and so unremitting was the peril that a look-out was maintained on every church-tower; and the alarm-bell sounded whenever the watchman beheld in the distance a cloud of dust which signified the approach of the ravagers. Without an instant's delay, once the frightful signal was heard, the entire population would dash off into the safety of the forest, bearing with them all their possessions of value and driving their cattle before them; and when

the enemy arrived upon the scene, the worst that they could do was to burn down the village.

But the raids were not always on a small scale; nor was the damage always slight. I have already spoken of the Mongol invasion of the thirteenth century, and of the destruction of Kiev; scarcely less appalling was the incursion of the Crimean Tartars

COSSACK RAID

three hundred years later during the reign of Ivan the Terrible. The following account of the burning of Moscow, which I find in Sonia E. Howe's *Some Russian Heroes, Saints and Sinners*, was written by an eye-witness, a foreigner who chanced to be in Moscow at the time of the disaster:

"They had set fire on all sides so that it seemed a burning globe: then did arise so fierce and violent a wind, that it drove the rafters and long trees from the suburbs into the city. The

conflagration was so sudden, that no one had time to save himself . . . The persons that were burned in the fire were almost two hundred thousand . . . Many lords and gentlemen were stifled in the caves where they had retired, because their houses being made of great trees, when they fell, crushed down all that was underneath; others being consumed to ashes, stopped all the exits so that for want of air the people all perished. The poor country people that had saved themselves in the city with their cattle, from three score miles round about, seeing the conflagration, ran all into the market-place, which was not paved with wood with the rest; nevertheless, they were all roasted there, in such sort that the tallest man seemed but a child, so much had the fire contracted their limbs. . . . In many places of the market, the bodies were piled one upon another, to the height of half a pike . . . This wonderful conflagration caused all the fortifications of the town wall to fall, and all the ordnance that were upon it to burst. The walls were made of brick, according to the ancient way of building, without either fortifications or ditches. Many that saved themselves amidst the walls, were nevertheless roasted."

Hideous as was this incident of the Tartar war, it was by no means the only appalling event of the reign of Ivan. Apparently that potentate did his best to deserve the appellation of "The Terrible": in addition to conducting a sort of private inquisition which was like warfare on a small scale, he took destructive measures almost without parallel in the world's military annals. History abounds in instances of wars caused by the pride, arrogance or ambition of despots; it likewise abounds in examples of civil strife occasioned by political rivalry or the jealousy or personal aspirations of powerful leaders; but rarely have the two forms of warfare been combined, and not often has an absolute monarch been constrained, without the justification of a rebellion, to do battle against his own people. Yet this is precisely what Ivan did. He "divided the kingdom against itself," states Maurice Baring. "His 'court' played the part of executioner to

the rest of the country. The creation of *Oprichina* brought about a kind of civil war; in one and the same town he set one set of people against another, calling one lot his people and bidding them kill the others and loot their houses. He ended by thinking solely of his personal safety, and to preserve this he struck blindly right and left, and by so doing he sowed the seeds of mutiny and anarchy which existed only in his own unbalanced mind—seeds which were to bear bitter fruit in the coming period; for the measures he took in self-defense nearly brought about the ruin of Russia." [1]

Those measures consisted, specifically, in attacks upon whole cities, in which houses were ransacked, monasteries and churches robbed, and the citizens massacred by the wholesale. Thus, in the town of Novgorod, in which sixty thousand of the Czar's loyal subjects are said to have been murdered, "the streets ran with blood, and the river Volkhof, its waters dyed red, was damned up with corpses." [2] And all this not because the citizens desired to fight or had any need for fighting, but because a single man, distorted in mind and drunken with authority, had absolute power to punish and to command!

From the time of Ivan we may pass over a period of a century or more to the day of Peter the Great. During the interval there occurred much fighting, particularly against the Swedish armies of Gustavus Adolphus; but there were few changes of significance in military methods. Turning to Peter, however, we are face to face with a figure of outstanding military importance. First of all, it is noteworthy that, like Ivan, he knew how to smite with a rod of iron. Woe to those that dared lift their voices against him!—when a certain band of soldiers, the *streltsui,* revolted and deposed their officers, it did not avail them to complain that they had had to endure long and fatiguing marches over parching plains, that they had tasted no food except bad meat, that they had been exhausted by strenuous tasks and had

[1] Maurice Baring, *The Russian People.*

[2] Sonia E. Howe, *Some Russian Heroes, Saints and Sinners.*

been banished to remote garrisons. Whether or not their claims were just, their judgment was exceedingly poor; the Czar's forces met them and shattered them without difficulty; four thousand six hundred were made prisoners—and their rewards were torture, the dungeon, and the gibbet. Some were broken on the wheel, some were slain by methods still more excruciating; over a thousand in all were executed; and the Czar himself, supervising the bloody work, is said to have delivered the death-blow to several scores. Then, not content with taking vengeance upon the men themselves, Peter wreaked his wrath even upon their families: he drove their wives and children from the city, and forbade the people to offer them food or succor.

Such was the method by which one of the greatest of Russia's military leaders established his authority. This is perhaps the most striking single instance of his severity; yet, even when the provocation was slight, he ruled with a rod befitting an Oriental despot. Notice, for example, the following military regulation—a regulation that may be taken as evidence of the sternness even of his piety: "Those who use an unchristian oath or blasphemy, and, whether sober or under the influence of drink, insult the name of God, or blaspheme, or openly say something insulting against the Holy Name of God, and are caught so doing by two thoroughly trustworthy witnesses, or should the matter be otherwise proved, shall, according to the nature of the case, receive corporal punishment or be put to death."

It was Peter that gave to Russia a large-sized army equipped with uniforms and built upon the western European plan. Before his time, the army had been composed largely of foreign mercenaries augmented by a small native militia; Peter, however, believed in patronizing home talent, and accordingly subjected his people to a system of conscription which, as Alfred Rambaud tells us, "was long to be a source of despotism and tyranny," and which, moreover, was to be productive of "a whole popular literature of 'lamentations of recruits.'" [1] The plan was

[1] Alfred Rambaud, *History of Russia*, Vol. II.

to draw recruits from all classes of society; to send both the married and the unmarried men between the ages of fifteen and thirty in bands of five hundred or a thousand to the nearest towns, and there to drill them to fill the gaps in old regiments or to form new regiments. The first universal conscription occurred in 1705, and there was a new levy every year until 1709; while, as a result of the innovation, the army at the close of Peter's reign numbered about two hundred thousand men.

And thus, in one country at least, was laid the basis without which the large-scale wars of later years would have been impossible.

Let us now go backward a century or two, and journey southward from the realms of the Czar. Even before the days when Ivan the Terrible perpetrated his atrocities and waged war upon his own people, outrages equally frightful had been committed by the Spaniards in the name of religion and God. It would be out of place here to dwell upon the Inquisition, which, although it imposed the extreme horrors of warfare upon a peaceful population, belongs to the domain of civil rather than of military history; it would likewise be out of place to comment upon Spanish activities in the New World, which pertain more properly to the subject-matter of the following chapter; accordingly, we must confine ourselves at present to the movements of the armies of Spain on the European continent. And, because space forbids us to follow all the military undertakings of the Spanish during the century of their greatness, we must limit ourselves to considering a single characteristic campaign—the warfare conducted by Ferdinand and Isabella against the Moors.

Before the time of these two monarchs, the Spanish expeditions into Moorish territory had consisted of little more than raiding parties, which had driven tempestuously through the land, sweeping away all things that barred their path, but inflicting little irreparable damage. Ferdinand and Isabella, however, inaugurated a system of more thoroughgoing devastation: their scheme was to strike fast and often, sending their armies

against the foe both in the spring and in the fall, and allowing the Moorish crops no time to ripen before being trodden to earth. They waged warfare, in a word, not only against the people themselves, but against the very food supply of the people; and the alliance they signed was with that most redoubtable of warriors, Famine. While on the one hand their Mediterranean fleet blockaded the coast and cut off supplies from Africa, on the other hand their armies systematically ravaged a strip of land leagues wide on either side of the line of march; they battered down farm-houses, demolished mills, looted and destroyed granaries, uprooted grape-vines, chopped down olive trees, and laid waste the groves of oranges, mulberries and almonds—in short, they accomplished most of that damage which the Vandals had achieved before them, and which invading armies have been wont to accomplish since the beginning of history.

Simultaneously, not content with reducing the country to a wilderness, they attacked the people in their strongholds, and captured citadel after citadel once thought impregnable. The Moors, who had long defied their foes from inaccessible fortified eminences, were to succumb to that great invention which had already altered the tides of human affairs; firearms were to consummate that which neither catapult nor arbalest could accomplish, and gunpowder was to drive the Mohammedan from western Europe. In order to shatter the Moorish defenses, Isabella assembled a huge train of artillery, distinguished by cannon or "lombards" twelve feet long—immense clumsy contrivances incapable of moving vertically or horizontally. These machines, which discharged ponderous iron or marble balls as much as fourteen inches in diameter, were transported only with extreme difficulty; a great body of men were employed to construct roads, to build bridges, to level down whole mountainsides and to fill up ravines and valleys in order to permit their passage. But, once they had been moved, they fully repaid the effort, for neither the steep cliffs and hillsides of the Moors, nor their stout walls, nor their showers of stones nor their poisoned

SPANIARDS RAVAGE MOORISH TERRITORY

arrows, were sufficient to save them from the terrible powder-driven missiles.

Unlike the majority of conquerors, Ferdinand achieved a reputation for humanity upon the battlefield—but that his clemency had its limitations will be apparent from an incident of the Moorish war. Incensed at the resistance offered by the town of Benemaquez, he reverted to the methods of ancient warfare; having captured the stronghold, he ordered that one hundred and ten of the leading citizens be hung above the walls; while the rest of the population were spared only to be sold into slavery, and the city itself was razed to the ground. Yet these harsh measures gained him nothing. "The humane policy, usually pursued by Ferdinand," comments Prescott, "seems to have had a more favorable effect upon his enemies, who were exasperated, rather than intimidated, by this ferocious act of vengeance." [1]

Not only King Ferdinand but Queen Isabella took a prominent part in the Moorish war. The forces that motivated her were characteristic of the age; she was ruled not so much by the need or the desire for conquest as by the frenzy of religious fanaticism. "Isabella may be regarded as the soul of this war. She engaged in it with the most exalted views, less to acquire territory, than to re-establish the empire of the Cross over the ancient domain of Christendom. On this point, she concentrated all the energies of her powerful mind, never suffering herself to be diverted by any subordinate interest from this one great and glorious object." [2]

Great as were the successes of Ferdinand and Isabella during the last years of the fifteenth century, the Spanish army may be said not to have attained the apogee of its power until the reign of the Emperor Charles V a generation or two later. A curious mixture of modernism and medievalism was now to be observed; mercenaries were employed in the foreign wars, according to the established practice of the times; yet there were attempts to se-

[1] Prescott, *Ferdinand and Isabella*, Vol. I.
[2] *Ibid.*

cure the services of citizens and to produce a psychology favorable to warfare. "Every effort was made to surround the profession of arms with a halo of glory, and to make it seem a privilege rather than a burden to embrace it; to preserve medieval ideals while adopting modern organization." [1] And, though the latter aim was doomed to failure, large elements of medievalism still survived; the individual military hero, the Achilles or the Roland whose deeds were wrapped in a mantle of glamour that made him the talk of the land, was not yet a thing of the romantic past, but still enjoyed his knightly prowess and renown. Soon, soon he was to vanish from the face of the earth, engulfed by the rising tide of mechanization—but for a while yet he was to survive, no doubt brutal and blood-bespattered enough when viewed too closely, yet not without a certain grandeur as compared with the military automatons that were to follow.

Another sign of the medievalism of sixteenth century Spain was the recrudescence of the crusading ardor. No positive fruits, it is true, were borne by this reviving spirit of the Middle Ages; but there were enthusiastic demands for a Holy War. And though one discounts their sincerity and holds them to be in part but pretexts for the raising of armies for other purposes, still one must admit that there was something in the religious atmosphere of sixteenth century Spain that favored a renewal of the crusades; and one finds it hard to believe that those pious souls who tortured their foes to death under the sanction of the Inquisition would have hesitated altogether to confer their favors upon the eastern Infidel.

It is certain, at all events, that while Spain waged her religious wars primarily against the Moors and against her own subjects, a smoldering religious fervor filled the very atmosphere of the times, and in more than one spot on the European continent burst into deadly conflagration. Consider, for example, the German Social Revolution of the early sixteenth century. While,

[1] Roger Bigelow Merriman, *The Rise of the Spanish Empire*, Vol. III.

as the very name of this upheaval implies, the causes were largely connected with the social fabric, still there was a definite religious basis, and Martin Luther has been held to be partially if indirectly responsible. It is true that the poor had been suffering oppression at the hands of the rich, that the peasantry had had scarcely any voice in the management of their own affairs, and that they had been stung to frenzy by the raids of bands of free-booters—but why is it that, once they had revolted, the particular targets of their wrath were the churches, the monasteries and the priests? Innumerable were the offenses that the rebels perpetrated against religious institutions; we read, for example, that "In July 1524 there was a tumultuous rising in the Thurgau; some 5,000 of the common people fell upon the Carthusian monastery of Iltengen, near Frauenfeld, plundered it, burnt it to the ground, and pillaged the houses of the priests who dwelt around." [1] Or, again, we are told that, "On March 19, 6,000 rebels of the Mindel and Kamlachthal organized the notoriously ill-famed 'red gangs.' On March 26 the Baltringers and the Allgauers began the plunder of churches, cloisters and castles." [2] And, at the same time, we learn of cathedrals battered to earth, of altars and images destroyed, of priests' vestments and books looted and carried away, of sacred images broken or decapitated and of baptismal fonts emptied; nor are such offenses mitigated by the other activities of the insurrectionists, by the grain supplies plundered, the cattle and sheep slain, the villages and cloisters burned to ashes, and the knights and nobles put to death at the point of the spear.

Yet, strange to say, it was a deeply religious spirit that moved the rebels. How the pious emotions of the fighters were stimulated and inflamed will be indicated by the following speech of Thomas Munzer, one of the leaders of the revolt: "Strike, strike, strike! while the iron's hot. Keep your swords warm with

[1] Johannes Janssen, *History of the German People at the Close of the Middle Ages*, Vol. IV.

[2] *Ibid.*

the blood of tyrants. It is not possible while they still live, that you should be freed from the fear of man. One cannot speak to you of God, while they rule over you. Strike, strike, strike! while it is still day. God goes before you; do you follow? The history

GERMAN RABBLE LOOTING CHURCHES

is written in the twenty-fourth chapter of St. Matthew. Let not yourselves therefore be intimidated, God the Lord is with you. It is the Lord's battle not yours; it is not you who are fighting. Quit yourselves verily like men, and you will have the Lord for your helper. When Jehosaphat heard these words, he fell upon the

ground. Therefore, strike with God's help, who will strengthen you, without fear of man, for the true faith. Amen." [1]

Evidently the words took effect; certainly, there were many who had been brought to Munzer's frame of mind. Even while he was speaking, his associate Pfeiffer and his host were in a neighboring district, "striking" as he had commanded. "They spread themselves over the country," Janssen summarizes, "they robbed, murdered and burnt; cloisters, castles and villages were stormed and burnt to the ground; the inhabitants were compelled by force to join the rebels; whoever refused to do so was condemned to be speared to death." [2]

And all for what? is the question that one may ask. In the end the peasants met with defeat after defeat; the revolt was suppressed, and there was a bitter price to pay. "Germany indeed presented a melancholy aspect in all the districts over which the war and insurrection had raged; more than a thousand cloisters and castles had been reduced to cinders; hundreds of villages had been burnt down; fields lay uncultivated; farming utensils, cattle and all movable goods had been carried off; the widows and orphans of more than 100,000 slaughtered peasants were in a state of profoundest misery." [3]

Yet the German Social Revolution was only one of a long series of Central European struggles that had their roots partly or wholly in religion. In France, during the latter half of the sixteenth century, there were no less than nine religious wars, one following close upon the heels of the other; the Catholics and the Huguenots were in incessant conflict, and their differences of creed and ceremonial were submitted to the adjudication of the sword. Needless to say, the sword was an impartial arbiter; it decided all questions of righteousness judiciously on the basis of the strength of the arm; and the best evidence of its methods was that which occurred in the year 1572, when the Catholics of

[1] Strobel, *Thomas Munzer*. (Quoted by Janssen.)
[2] Janssen, Vol. IV.
[3] *Ibid.*

Paris initiated the famous massacre of Saint Bartholomew, which is said to have started in a sort of panic, but which ended in the slaughter of from one to ten thousand Huguenots. The spilling of blood, however, seemed only to breed an appetite for more blood, for the subsequent butchery of Huguenots throughout the provinces was deliberately ordered; and while we cannot say how many perished (the estimates vary from ten thousand to seventy thousand), we know that the carnage was not only on a vast scale, but that it was merely the preliminary to further orgies of murder, and that it was twenty-six years before the Edict of Nantes put an end to the reign of bloodshed and terror.

Less than a generation after the signing of this document of religious toleration, one of the most disastrous of all the wars of religion flared forth in Germany. It is known that the Thirty Years' War—which was really a series of conflicts indulged in by most of the leading nations of Europe—was largely religious in its basis; and the damage wrought in the name of the Almighty was vastly greater even than that wreaked by the Social Revolution of the previous century. One need hardly state that a country cannot prosper when it is the prey of bands of lawless soldiers, which infest it like a plague of locusts and pass through it only in order to consume its substance; yet Germany was not only made the victim of such parties of plunderers, but was drained continuously and almost past the point of exhaustion. The very name, "wolf-strategy," which was given to the marauding tactics of one Tilly and his men, will convey some idea of the sort of warfare that was waged.

All authorities agree upon the irreparable damage, both material and moral, which was wrought upon the unhappy German states. Edward Raymond Turner, for example, indicates the general range of the destruction when he declares, "Armies of Swedes, of Spaniards, of Frenchmen, of German hirelings, and foreign mercenaries, marched back and forth through the country year after year, living on the wretched inhabitants, burning and plundering as they went. Interminably the war dragged on

with battles and skirmishes whose names are no longer important. Meanwhile, extensive districts of Germany were reduced to a desert. The entire German population was lessened by three fifths. The wealth and the culture of generations preceding disappeared. The German countries did not recover for nearly two hundred years." [1]

The further fruits of the war are described by Kathleen M. Gardiner in terms equally suggestive: "The scramble for territory and the desire for domination which drenched Europe in blood during the eighteenth century, and the material degradation and the mental lethargy which made the people of central Europe submit hopelessly to the 'benevolent despotism' of Hohenzollerns and Hapsburgs were also its legacies: it seemed as if religious freedom had been purchased at the expense of freedom in very other sphere. Even religion lost its inspiration, and Europe settled down to a period of materialism in which wealth and power were the supreme objects of desire, and in which spiritual values almost entirely disappeared." [2]

It is remarkable that, despite the ravaging expeditions which formed so conspicuous a feature of the Thirty Years' War, one of the participants was a man distinguished for his tactics and strategy, and destined to be remembered among the world's foremost military leaders. I need not describe in detail the innovations introduced by that fiery king of Sweden, Gustavus Adolphus; these would be of interest to none but the student of military technique, and it is important for us to note merely that he took measures which gave increased deadliness to warfare. He vastly enhanced the mobility of his cavalry by marshalling them three ranks deep instead of six or eight; he gave an improved power to musketry by abolishing the old instrument that required a ground-rest; he made of his infantry a stronger and more self-reliant weapon, and so paved the way for those later wars in which swarms of foot soldiers were to be the chief com-

[1] Edward Raymond Turner, *Europe, 1450–1789.*

[2] Kathleen M. Gardiner, *Anglo-European History, 1492–1660.*

petitors. There is a certain significance in the fact that the proportion of infantry to cavalry steadily increased after the time of Gustavus, and that, simultaneously, the musket was gradually driving out the pike until at last the latter disappeared entirely and the powder-driven missile proclaimed once for all its supremacy in modern warfare.

While prodigious and incessant military activities were being undertaken on the Continent, the god of war had by no means neglected the British Isles. Two names stand out in gigantic outlines amid the turmoil and confusion of the seventeenth and early eighteenth centuries—the names of Cromwell and of Marlborough, names strangely unlike, and yet similiar in that they have both left an indelible mark upon Anglo-Saxon history. Both accomplished that which no Englishman had ever accomplished before: the one by dethroning and decapitating a king and setting up a government of his own, and the other by establishing the supremacy of British arms against continental rivals. And both—as befits men enrolled among the military great—were accustomed to wading through blood. It will be impossible to enumerate all the sanguinary exploits by which they rose to fame and power; but, to consider Cromwell first, let us indicate the general nature of the warfare that was waged.

"On the whole," declares John Morley in his biography of Cromwell, "the contest in England was stained by few of the barbarities that usually mark a civil war, especially war with a religious color upon it. But cruelty, brutality and squalor are the essence of all war, and here too there was much rough work and some atrocity. Prisoners were sometimes badly used, and the Parliamentary generals sent great batches of them like gangs of slaves to toil under the burning sun in the West Indies, or to compulsory service in Venice or an American colony. Men were killed in cold blood after quarter promised, and the shooting of Lucas and Lisle after the surrender of Colchester in 1648 was a piece of savagery. . . . The ruffianism of war could not be avoided, but it was ruffianism without the diabolical ferocity of

Spaniards in the sixteenth century, or Germans in the seventeenth, or French sansculottes in the eighteenth." [1]

A favorable picture, upon the whole! The forces engaged in the English civil war, though not disinclined to cruelty, were mild and merciful compared with their contemporaries in other lands! These comments, however, apply only to the warfare waged in England—vastly different is the case when we turn to Ireland. That stricken country, which had already groaned beneath the hands of the English and was still to suffer during coming generations, has rarely been treated more pitilessly than by Cromwell and his followers. As if the land were not bled sufficiently during the internal struggles of the years between 1641 and 1652, in the course of which thousands upon thousands of Catholics and Protestants slaughtered one another in the name of religion, Cromwell added a new element of rapine and bloodshed upon his invasion in 1649. At the time of embarking, it is said, "he did expound some places of Scripture excellently well"; at the time of his arrival at Droghega, a few weeks later, he gave practical demonstration of the principles that animated him. As the result of a parley, the general of the opposing forces had been persuaded to surrender; but at this juncture, though there was no apparent need for severity, Cromwell ordered his enemies all to be slain.

There ensued, accordingly, one of those massacres which are among the minor incidents of most wars. Boldly flashed forth the swords of Cromwell's followers; vigorously the blades slashed through defenseless throats and heads and breasts; and before the day was over, according to the leader's own admission, the weapons were red with the blood of two thousand men. Eighty of the enemy, however, did manage to escape to the steeple of St. Peter's Church; but little refuge that sanctuary was to afford them!—Cromwell ordered the church steeple to be set on fire; and, of the unfortunates huddled in the holy edifice, fifty were put to the sword while the other thirty were roasted alive. None

[1] John Morley, *Oliver Cromwell.*

the less, Cromwell could be more lenient upon occasion; having captured some enemies hidden in a tower at the city gates, he contented himself with having the officers knocked on the head, with slaying one out of every ten of the men, and with shipping the rest into slavery in the Barbadoes.

The words of Cromwell after the victory accord well with the words of conquerors throughout the ages. In the sentiments he expressed, there is something curiously reminiscent of the speech of Titus after the sacking of Jerusalem: "I am persuaded that this is a righteous judgment of God upon those barbarous wretches. . . . It was set upon some of our hearts that a great thing should be done, not by power or might, but by the spirit of God. And is it not so, clearly? That which caused your men to storm so courageously, it was the spirit of God, who gave your men courage and took it away again; and gave the enemy courage, and took it away again; and gave your men courage again, and therewith this happy success. And therefore it is good that God alone have all the glory."

One wonders whether Cromwell was willing to let God likewise have the glory for the subsequent deeds of his faction in Ireland. Possibly it was owing to the benevolence of Providence that the Long Parliament, with Cromwell's sanction, ordered hundreds upon hundreds of executions; that the population was exiled upon a wholesale scale; that immense tracks of lands were confiscated for the benefit of private adventurers and of Cromwell's soldiery; that ships were made ready for the transportation to Jamaica of boys and girls collected by sheer force. All this, no doubt, is to be explained by the kindness of the Omnipotent, for victorious warriors, in the seventeenth century no less than in our own day, have been notoriously eager to share their laurels with God.

When we turn from Cromwell to Marlborough, we find a different sort of fighter battling under altogether different conditions. Whereas the operations of the one were confined to the British Isles, the domain of the other was the European con-

tinent; and whereas Cromwell is of importance as a political usurper rather than as a military innovator, the advent of Marlborough marks a new step in the evolution of war. For Marlborough was one of the first moderns to adopt what may be termed the civilized rather than the primitive view of warfare; he had nothing in common with the savage for whom strife is merely a random and occasional affair, but broke away completely from that pristine attitude of mind which is incapable of envisioning whole campaigns and series of campaigns as part of a vast concerted movement. He was capable, in short, of conceiving of each of his battles with relation to other battles, much as a chess player conceives of each of his moves with relation to other moves; he was able to appreciate and to observe the needs of his allies as well as his own immediate requirements; he could regard land warfare and naval warfare not as separate undertakings but as parts of the same gigantic movement, and could make fleet and army work in unison. Moreover, he was a master of tactics and strategy; he understood how to concentrate his strength so as to strike at the enemy in vital spots; he was an adept at those deceptions, tricks and surprises which mark the distinguished general; he was skilled in marches and maneuvers that would precipitate encounters with the enemy under conditions favorable to himself. And—most important of all—he recognized the supreme truth that the primary end of modern warfare is bloodshed. If his perception in this direction was not altogether flawless, at least, as C. T. Atkinson assures us, "He went nearer than any of his contemporaries to realize that the destruction of an enemy's army is the chief object of a battle, and that gains of trophies and territories are of secondary importance in comparison with the reduction of the enemy's fighting power." [1]

The validity of Marlborough's theories is attested by the fact that he never failed to take a town he had besieged and never lost

[1] C. T. Atkinson, *Marlborough and the Rise of the British Army.*

a battle. None the less, at the distance of more than two centuries, the cause in which Marlborough fought seems rather shadowy to us, and the gains from all his victories rather uncertain; the Grand Alliance appears remote and unreal, the figment of an incredible past; the War of the Spanish Succession has significance chiefly for the antiquarian; and the question as to who deserved the throne of the sonless Spanish king, no less than the question of the various commercial interests involved, can scarcely have more than an academic value for us now. Yet Property and Authority, those twin instigators of warfare throughout the ages, had done their work thoroughly and well; and the battles in which Marlborough engaged, if revolving about no issues that could not have been decided otherwise than by sword and thunderbolt, were at least sanguinary enough to vindicate the creed of the great English leader. Thus, at Malplaquet the French lost not less than eleven thousand men, while the Allies were victorious at the cost of one fifth of their army of one hundred thousand—a slight enough penalty by comparison with the casualties of subsequent struggles, and yet a figure sufficiently appalling for those days of small-scale wars. Again, at Blenheim the Allies paid for their triumph with 12,500 men slain and wounded and an even greater number taken prisoners; and the Franco-Bavarian losses, which include the fugitives drowned in the Danube or cut off by the pursuing cavalry and by the peasantry, have been estimated by Millner as amounting to 38,000.

It was with reference to the latter battle that Southey wrote his celebrated poem, ending in the well known lines:

"And everybody praised the Duke
Who this great fight did win."
"But what good came of it at last?"
Quoth little Peterkin.
"Why that I cannot tell," said he,
But 'twas a famous victory."

CHAPTER XVIII

WARS OF EXPLORATION AND COLONIZATION

While deadly wars were raging with ever-increasing fury upon the continent of Europe, white civilization was being introduced at the point of the sword into the wildernesses of far-distant lands. The solitudes of the northern woods, once undisturbed except for the occasional whirring of arrows and the war-whoop of the Iroquois, now resounded to the rattling of musketry; the quiet of the southern mountainsides, where contented communities dwelt tranquilly beneath the Inca sovereignty, was broken by the march of European gold-seekers; in the jungles of Florida, and among the forests of New England, the blood of redskins flowed before the advance of the invader; while the omnipotent white man, not content with grasping at the riches of two new-discovered continents, was stretching a greedy hand into Asia and Africa, was fattening from a slave-trade that brought the horrors of a war of annihilation upon peaceful communities, and at the same time was rearing his palisades around vast districts of an Orient too feeble to prevent.

The story of European conquests in non-European lands is one of the most melancholy in all history. Although not without its occasional bright points, it is mostly a record of brutality, avarice and destruction; it is a tale of fanaticism and bloodshed, of arrogance and deception and of a craven injustice; it shows the white man in outlines of unsoftened red and black, with a smile on the face and a sneer at the heart, with a smoking musket in one hand and a Bible in the other. Whatever the creed that the invader espoused in words, the creed that he favored in action was

the creed of might; whatever the code that he sponsored toward his companions, the principle that he followed toward the natives was that the heathen has no rights; and never, in all the countries that he traversed, had the savage inhabitants known such misery, nor such wastage nor such bloodshed as he brought them from the seat of the world's culture.

The wars of exploration and colonization are perhaps not among the greatest that our planet has known. Frequently the numbers of their participants were few; often they represented but isolated expeditions affecting only a single limited district; and yet, considered in their totality, they are among the most important in history, for they incurred the extermination of whole races and whole civilizations, the subjugation of other races and the decadence of surviving cultures; they enabled a single continent to become the conqueror of several continents, and a single system of action and belief to become dominant over the greater part of the known world; they presented a lesson in the success of organized ruthlessness, and demonstrated the power of a single invention to dash down the barriers of half the earth. For, had not the newcomers acted in disregard of the rights of the natives, they would surely never have supplanted the natives; and had not some unknown member of their race discovered the use of gunpowder, all the arts and graces of civilization would have counted for little in the scales of superiority against the tomahawks and blow-guns of the aborigines.

To delineate all the wars of the explorers and colonizers would manifestly be impossible, even though one were to reserve a separate volume for the subject. It would be interesting to dwell upon the struggles of the French and British in India, and particularly upon the deeds of the audacious Clive; it would be interesting, likewise, to describe those African slave-wars which left a trail of human bones in their wake; but the most wide-reaching and important of the colonizing contests were waged in the New World rather than in the Old, and we will be best repaid, accordingly, by devoting our attention to America. And since, even in

America, the field is vastly too broad for detailed treatment, we will have to confine ourselves to the discussion of a few typical and significant conflicts. The best plan, probably, will be to begin with the French and English in North America, and then to turn at greater length to those most energetic and ruthless of all modern adventurers, the Spaniards.

Between the French and English in America there was a vast difference in the treatment of the Indian. "The scheme of English colonization," says Francis Parkman, "made no account of the Indian tribes. In the scheme of French colonization they were all in all." [1] Hence we would expect—and rightly expect—to find the Indians as a whole better disposed toward the French than toward the English, and more frequently the allies of the former. Yet the relations of the French with the red man present one anomalous feature. While in general they were friendly with the natives, they found an inveterate foe in the most powerful and dreaded of all the nations of the northern woods: the Iroquois confederacy. And the Iroquois hatred of the French, strangely enough, originated from a desire of the white man to gain the good will of the savage—or, rather, from his fatal error in gaining the good will of certain savages at the expense of others. It was the explorer, Champlain, who took the disastrous stroke that was to antagonize the Iroquois at the same time as it won him the gratitude of the Hurons and Algonquins; and his mistake indicates not only that he underestimated the power of the Iroquois, but that he did not sufficiently recognize how seeds of animosity, planted in the mind of man, germinate throughout the years and bear a poisonous fruit.

At all events, the fact remains that he made the tactical blunder of joining a war party against the Iroquois. With his European weapons and armor, he had little difficulty in winning the day; merely to behold him, the enemy was stricken mute with astonishment; and the sequel, which is described by Champlain

[1] Parkman, *Pioneers of France in the New World.*

himself, must have filled his foes with amazement and impotent rage:

"I looked at them, and they looked at me. When I saw them getting ready to shoot their arrows at us, I levelled my arquebuese, which I loaded with four balls, and aimed straight at one

CHAMPLAIN ROUTS THE IROQUOIS

of the three chiefs. The shot brought down two, and wounded another. On this, our Indians set up such a yelling that one could not have heard a thunderclap, and all the while the arrows flew thick on both sides. The Iroquois were greatly astonished and frightened to see two of their men killed so quickly, in spite of their arrow-proof armor. As I was reloading, one of my companions fired a shot from the woods, which so increased their astonishment that, seeing their chiefs dead, they abandoned the field and fled into the depth of the forest." [1]

The victory had been won—but it was to cost the French dear. "Here was the beginning," comments Parkman, "and in some

[1] Parkman, *Pioneers of France in the New World.*

measure doubtless the cause, of a long series of murderous conflicts, bearing havoc and flame to generations yet unborn. Champlain had invaded the tiger's den; and now, in smothered fury, the patient savage would lie biding his day of blood." [1]

There were other engagements in which Champlain assisted the Hurons and Algonquins, and many an Iroquois fell an easy prey to his bullets. Once, building a movable tower and great wooden shields according to the fashion of medieval European warfare, he attacked a palisaded stronghold of the Iroquois; at another time, assisted by some fur traders that, as Parkman says, had to have "their share in the sport," he fired upon a small party of Iroquois at bay in a forest barricade, and made possible their total extermination. Certainly, he did not understand how he was adding fuel to a dangerous fire; how he was giving fresh excuse for a blood-feud that would call for gory reprisals.

Generations after the death of Champlain, the Iroquois were still the foes of the French and the allies of the English—even though they were to learn how little the latter were to be relied upon, and were gradually to be filled with a certain respect for the courage of their enemies. And while the French were making protracted and difficult efforts to allay the ancient antagonism of the Five Nations, they were at least to enjoy the friendship of other Indian tribes; the warfare which they waged against the English, particularly in the early days of the eighteenth century, was largely accomplished with the aid of the redskins. The very name sometimes given to the series of conflicts—the French and Indian Wars—indicates the importance of the part that the red man played; and the entire struggle is of significance as showing how readily the European resorted to the methods of savage warfare and employed the services of savages against his civilized brother. Property rights, the fur trade and the lust of conquest were of course prominent among the causes of the war; but the prime factor was the long-cultivated antagonism of French and English, as reflected in particular in the War of the Spanish Suc-

[1] Parkman, *Pioneers of France in the New World.*

cession then raging upon the European continent. And it was on the basis of such an antagonism that the white man fought side by side with the Indian and suffered white communities to fall beneath the scalping knife and tomahawk.

It was the white man, indeed, that often stimulated the Indian to the attack. The bloody raids at the beginning of Queen Anne's War, says Parkman, "were due less to the Abenakis than to the French who set them on."[1] And, strangely enough, "The instruments of this ignoble warfare and the revolting atrocities that accompanied it were all, or nearly all, converted Indians of the missions."[2] Concerning the precise nature of those atrocities, and of the barbarities that ensued, I shall not discourse at length, for the story has been repeated again and again: how skulking parties of Indians would lie in wait for days in the thickets, bearing down with murderous knives upon the unwary passer-by; how other bands would launch attacks upon isolated villages or houses, burning and plundering, slaughtering old and young alike, sparing neither the woman in child-bed nor the new-born babe; how, at other times, they would take captives whom they would hold for ransom, and whom they would drag away through the trackless wilds until their strength failed and the stragglers were released by tomahawk or knife.

Even when the white man did not directly encourage and abet the destructive activities of the redskin, he had no small blame for Indian warfare. It was he who put the musket into the Indian's hands; it was he who provided the Indian with the horse; it was he who supplied "fire-water" to inflame the passions of the native; it was he who set the example in savagery by offering bounties for the scalps of the savages, and by hunting them down as though they had been coyotes. Observe, for example, the actions of the civilized man and their impression upon the aborigines in the war waged in South Carolina under Griffith Rutherford: "The whites . . . gladly availed themselves of the South

[1] Parkmen, *A Half-Century of Conflict*, Vol. I.
[2] *Ibid.*

Carolina bounty offered for Indian scalps. At times they exultantly displayed the reeking patches of hair above the gates of their stockade; at others, with many a bloody oath, they compelled their commanders to sell the Indian captives into slavery or else see them scalped upon the spot. Twenty years afterward Benjamin Hawkins relates that among Indian refugees in extreme western Georgia the children had become so terrified by their parents' accounts of the atrocities of the enraged borderers in the campaign of 1776, that they ran screaming from the face of a white man." [1]

It must be remembered that South Carolina was by no means the only colony in which a price was placed upon the scalp of a red man. Even the sedate Massachusetts, as we have already seen, was induced to adopt the practice—was induced *to pay men for making a trade of killing Indians.* It is said that this investment in scalps did not prove profitable; but, whether or not the number of slain red men justified the expenditure from the point of view of the colonists, it is not surprising if the measure did not justify the termination of warfare from the point of view of the Indian.

As early as 1637, during the Pequot War, the English colonists gave evidence of the sort of fighting they favored. Whatever justification the Pilgrims may have had for entering into the conflict, their method of prosecuting the war certainly calls for explanation. Carried away, possibly, by the passions of conflict, they cast a firebrand into the midst of the native encampment, with the result that the whole settlement was soon ablaze, and that the inhabitants—men, women and children alike—were either burnt to death or else fell an easy prey to the muskets of their foes. An effective plan of attack, no doubt, and one that conforms to the principles of warfare as they have been applied throughout the ages!—yet, had the assault been made by the natives, would not the cries of "Indian atrocities!" sound to the very heavens?

But let us pass over these unpleasant scenes; let us overlook, likewise, the outrages committed during King Philip's War, when

[1] Archibald Henderson, *The Conquest of the Old Southwest.*

captured Indians were imprisoned, hanged, or sold into slavery in the West Indies. Even when the colonists tried to deal leniently with the red men, their ignorance of native customs and psychology frequently paved the way for conflict. Imagine, for example, the effect of a law such as the Pilgrims passed in 1652, forbidding the Indian to hunt, fish or labor on the Sabbath! And consider the haughty tone of the following ordinance, enacted by the Pilgrims in 1660: "Inasmuch as complaint is made that many Indians press into divers places of this jurisdiction whereby some of the plantations begin to be oppressed by them, they therefore enact that no strange or foreign Indians shall be permitted to come into any places of this jurisdiction, so as to make their residence there and that notice be given to the several sagamores to prevent the same." [1]

The root of the trouble here, as in many other cases, was that the Indian, in common with other savage peoples, had difficulty in understanding the white man's conception of property; it was not easy for his untutored mind to comprehend the invader's inalienable right to any piece of land he had staked off for himself. This source of disagreement persisted even after the white man had taken the ground by what he regarded as legitimate purchase. "The Indians," says Reuben Gold Thwaites . . . "could not comprehend the meaning of a permanent land transfer, their notion being that the courtesy of a temporary occupancy was alone sought, and that in due time they would be permitted to regain their hunting-grounds." [2]

Even aside from the disputes arising from such misunderstanding, it is notorious that the white man not infrequently precipitated warfare by his lack of good faith. So flagrant was the outrage that Voltaire, in commending William Penn's treaty with the red men, was led to make the sardonic statement that, "It was the only one ever concluded between savages and Christians that was not ratified with an oath, and the only one that was never

[1] Mary Caroline Crawford, *In the Days of the Pilgrim Fathers.*
[2] Reuben Gold Thwaites, *France in America.*

broken!" Whether or not this be an exaggeration—one recalls, for example, that the Pilgrims' treaty with Massasoit does not seem to have been violated—it is certain that Voltaire's remark contains the kernel of an important truth. For, if the letter of an agreement was sometimes kept, its spirit was frequently outraged. A single illustration will suffice: the Pennsylvania whites once made a treaty with the Indians according to the terms of which they were to receive as much ground as a man could traverse in a day—the intention of the donors being that they and their white friends should cover the ground together in a leisurely fashion, pausing every now and then to smoke and chat. The whites, however, had no such intention; they engaged skilled cross-country racers, who paused not in their antelope-like flight from dawn to evening, so depriving the Indians of a strip of land many times as wide as they had meant to grant. Doubtless the realty grabbers congratulated themselves upon this clever trick—yet is it surprising if such tactics planted seeds of resentment that bore an eventual crop of blood?

On the whole, one cannot but conclude that the Indians in many cases were mere guileless children played upon by crafty self-seekers; one cannot but endorse the statement of Charles A. Eastman that, "It is a matter of history that the newcomers were welcomed in almost every case with unsuspecting kindness, and in his dealings with the white man the original owner of the soil has been uniformly patient and reasonable, offering resistance only under irresistible provocation." [1] To point to conflicts of somewhat later date than we have been considering, one might cite the Black Hawk War of 1836, which broke out after the American government, by a treaty with the Sacs, had taken the land of the Foxes without the formality of asking their permission; or one might call attention to the Seminole war in Florida. The latter began as a direct result of the slave trade: the traffickers in human flesh, it seems, had set hands upon Osceola's wife, a handsome young Indian woman with traces of negro

[1] Charles A. Eastman, *The Indian To-day*.

blood, and the irate husband had been arrested for objecting. But subsequently his pleas were heard to better effect among his own people, and within a year he had taken up arms and become the champion of their cause.

But despite the outrages perpetrated by the Anglo-Saxon and French settlers, it was the Spaniard that wrote his name most indelibly in blood across the early history of America; and it is the Spanish wars that present the most striking points of interest.

These conflicts fall naturally into two divisions, of which the more important, of course, were waged against the natives. But not all had the natives as their targets, and some of the goriest pages of Spanish colonial history have to do with the battles of white man against white man. Jean Ribaut's French settlement of 1562 to 1565, for example, offered a ready mark for the bloody passions of the Spaniard; the same religious fanaticism which had already left its crimson stain upon the shores of Europe was to trace a sanguinary trail along the coast of Florida. It would be but a waste of words to describe the incidents that paved the way for this half-forgotten tragedy; the motivating cause is sufficiently plain, and the spirit of the Spaniards is well enough revealed by the words of their leader, Menendez: "Comrades, the time has come to show our courage and our zeal. This is God's war, and we must not flinch. It is a war with Lutherans, and we must wage it with blood and fire."

And with blood and fire the war was waged! Making a night assault upon the undefended Fort Caroline, which was occupied mostly by men without weapons and by women, children and camp followers, Menendez and his men swung the pike and halberd with deadly intent. At first no quarter was given—their weapons clove the heads of fever-stricken men, of shrieking women, of children scurrying about like trapped rats; and lucky were they who could dash past the maddened soldiery, over the palisades, and into the safety of the woods. Lucky indeed were they, and yet their fate was unenviable—to rove half-naked

through those swampy, unpopulated forests, with neither food nor succor to be had. Sooner than face so grim a fate, six of the fugitives returned and surrendered—only to be hewed down by the merciless victors and be hurled, gashed and crimson, upon the great heaps of the massacred.

After Menendez had duly thanked God for his victory, it was found that the corpses numbered one hundred and forty-two. The total might have been about fifty greater; but, with unexpected humanity, he had calmed the final fury of the assault with orders to spare the women and the boys under fifteen. Hence he was able to thank God with a clear conscience.

Yet this was not the end of the slaughter. Some time later, Menendez managed to waylay bands of Frenchmen returning with their leader to the fort; and, having captured them all (it is thought that he promised them their lives), his men bound their hands behind their backs, approached them with brandished blades, and put one all-important question—were they Catholics or Lutherans? It being learned that they were of the Reformed Faith, no mercy was to be expected; with but five exceptions, they were all massacred—and no doubt this was only just, for, as Menendez afterwards wrote, their death was "necessary for the service of God our Lord."

The episode, however, had a ferocious sequel. Menendez's severity was to prove, as the severity of others had proved so often before, that warfare, whether on a large scale or a small, breeds a state of mind favorable to further warfare. There was a French adventurer, one Dominique de Gorgues, who was so incensed at the atrocities of the Spaniards that he determined to wreak vengeance. Accordingly, he equipped three small vessels, engaged a hundred arquebusiers and eighty sailors, crossed the Atlantic, and launched upon a little war of his own. Aided by bands of Indians, he assailed the Spanish stronghold, routed the defenders, and with the exception of a few captives, put them all to the sword. But the prisoners were reserved for a still harsher fate; one and all were hanged from the tree where the Frenchmen had been

hanged before them. And the Spanish inscription for their victims, "Not as to Frenchmen, but as to Lutherans," was replaced by a new legend, "Not as to Spaniards, but as to Traitors, Robbers, and Murderers."

Such was the way in which the white man brought civilization to the New World; such was the example by which he instructed the red man in the charms and refinements of Europe!

DE GORGUES HANGS THE SPANIARDS

A more direct and forceful bit of instruction was that provided to the Patagonians by the great explorer Magellan. Upon arriving at Tierra del Fuego, Magellan found the natives amicably disposed, and for a while the most pleasant relations subsisted —until, in an evil hour, it occurred to the voyager to carry a few of the Indians back to Spain for exhibition purposes. Accordingly, he enticed four of the men aboard the ship, taking the simple and effective method of snapping leg-irons about them and calming their protests by means of blows on the head. When one of the captives lamented his sudden separation from his wife, Magellan conceived the plan of seizing some of the women as well; but when the kidnapping party went ashore, they

were greeted with the arrows of the natives, for one of the prisoners, evidently not desiring a free passage to Spain, had escaped and informed his fellows of the white man's perfidy.

A simple incident, and yet the source of interminable warfare! Truly, the evil that Magellan had done was to live after him; three generations later, when Sir Francis Drake arrived in Patagonia, his party was attacked by Indians—Indians of the very tribe that Magellan had betrayed! And between subsequent arrivals and the natives there was to be no kindness. "Here," says one commentator, "was the beginning of that feud between the white man and the aborigines of the Land of the Horn: a feud which grew and widened, in the atmosphere of hatred and mistrust which it engendered like a miasma, till in after years, no man could even recall the time when either had regarded the other in simple curiosity and friendly welcome." [1]

But the real story of Spanish warfare in early America was not the tale of casual explorers: it was the story of the *conquistadores*. And among the *conquistadores* there were men of various types, though most were distinguished by their ruthlessness and their avarice. There were some who, like Cortes and Pizarro, were not only the conquerors of vast territories but the destroyers of whole civilizations, and these deserve to be considered at length; there were others who, like De Soto, were mainly notable for their long and aimless wanderings, and who committed crimes and depredations that were matched only by their miseries and misfortunes.

De Soto, who has been called "The best of the Conquistadores," is remembered as the discoverer of the Mississippi; he also deserves to be remembered as typical of Spanish warfare in the New World. Though perhaps he was a prince among his kind, he was capable of fierce destructive orgies, was capable of exterminating whole Indian tribes. It is recorded, for example, that, having set fire to the native stronghold of Mauvila and stormed it in the face of a desperate defense, his followers massacred

[1] W. S. Barclay, *The Land of Magellan.*

men and women indiscriminately, sparing the life of not a single savage. The losses of the red men have been variously estimated by the Spaniards as from eleven hundred to twenty-five hundred; but, whichever figure be correct, it is certain that the destruction was complete and that the slaughter was as great as the population made possible.

The character of De Soto and his expedition is summarized by Francis Parkman in a few succinct phrases: "The clangor of trumpets, the neighing of horses, the fluttering of pennons, the glittering of helmet and lance, startled the ancient forest with unwonted greeting. Amid this pomp of chivalry, religion was not forgotten. The sacred vessels and vestments with bread and wine for the Eucharist were carefully provided; and De Soto himself declared that the enterprise was undertaken for God alone, and seemed to be the object of his especial care. These devout marauders could not neglect the spiritual welfare of the Indians whom they had come to plunder; and besides fetters to bind, and bloodhounds to hunt them, they brought priests and monks for the saving of their souls." [1]

It is curious how closely the various *conquistadores* duplicated one another in the avowal of their aims. For example, the military code that Cortes promulgated before the siege of Mexico would certainly have won the applause of De Soto, had it not seemed to him the mere echo of his own preachments. "The instrument," says Prescott . . . "reminds the army that the conversion of the heathen is the work most acceptable in the eye of the Almighty, and one that will be sure to receive his support. It calls on every soldier to regard this as the prime object of the expedition, *without which the war would be manifestly unjust, and every acquisition made by it a robbery.*" [2]

Cortes was another of the milder conquerors—almost a model of mercy and benevolence by comparison with his countryman, Pizarro. Let us, accordingly, consider a few of the incidents of

[1] Parkman, *Pioneers of France in the New World.*

[2] Prescott, *The Conquest of Mexico*, Vol. II.

the holy war he waged against the heathen. There are many facts of significance that we cannot more than touch upon: how he and his handful of adventurers forced their way into the dominions of the warlike Aztec in defiance of the injunctions of the rulers; how, though scarcely knowing whither they were bound or what obstacles or foes beset them, they pressed on to the capital of the empire; how they treacherously seized and bore away the hos-

THE SEIZURE OF MONTEZUMA

pitable and friendly emperor, Montezuma; how they burnt at the stake the minister Quauhpopoca and a corps of his associates; how, assaulted by the natives and endangered on all sides, they forced their way by night out of the city amid a ferocious struggle costly in blood to them and the Aztecs alike; how, subsequently, they gathered allies from among the peoples whom the Aztecs had subdued and oppressed, and launched an attack upon

the city; how they ended their career by enslaving the very tribes they had released, and by executing the dauntless and fiery-spirited emperor Guatemozin on a trumped-up charge in defiance of their promises.

All this we must pass over, though it would be interesting to dwell upon it. A description of one or two typical encounters will suffice to inform us what sort of warfare Cortes waged. Let us consider, first of all, the massacre that took place at Cholula during the course of the march to Mexico. Here we find one of those outbursts of infuriated slaughter which seems always ready to break forth at the bidding of the conqueror. True, there was the excuse of contemplated treachery against the Spaniards, but most of the victims could have had no part in the offense; and, having been received in a friendly way within the gates of a friendly city, Cortes must be held to have strained the so-called "right of conquest" to its utmost. Certainly, he was taking a curious method to fulfill what Prescott calls "the obligation to retrieve the nations sitting in darkness from eternal perdition"—for neither the Assyrians nor the Romans nor the Huns in their most bloodthirsty moments could have wreaked more ferocious vengeance than Cortes dealt upon the unsuspecting town.

But it may be best to let Prescott tell the story. "The fatal signal, the discharge of an arquebuse, was then given," he declares, after explaining how Cortes had met the Cholulan chiefs and threatened to make an example of them. "In an instant every musket and crossbow was leveled at the unfortunate Cholulans in the courtyard, and a frightful volley poured into them as they stood crowded together like a herd of deer in the center. They were taken by surprise, for they had not heard the preceding dialogue with the chiefs. They made scarcely any resistance to the Spaniards, who followed up the discharge of their pieces by rushing on them with their swords; and, as the half-naked bodies of the natives afforded no protection, they hewed them down with as much ease as the reaper mows down the ripe corn in harvest

time. Some endeavored to scale the walls, but only afforded a surer mark to the arquebusiers and archers. Others threw themselves into the gateways, but were received on the long pikes of the soldiers who guarded them. Some few had better luck in hiding themselves under the heaps of slain with which the ground was soon loaded." [1]

Having destroyed all the visible inhabitants, the Spaniards and their Indian allies proceeded to the inevitable aftermath. First the bloodshed, then the plunder!—such is the universal law of conquest; and, obedient to this cosmic principle, the victors burst into the temples and houses, and robbed them eagerly of all valuables, all jewels and articles of gold and silver, all food supplies and even all wearing apparel. They did respect, indeed, the orders of Cortes to spare the women and children; and yet many among those unfortunates must have longed for a releasing sword-thrust; they were now no more than the property of the conquerors; and, having lost their male relatives and their homes, they faced no prospect better than that of slavery.

In reflecting upon the excesses at Cholula, Prescott finds them to be no more than the "inevitable evils" of war; he points out how often they have been duplicated and how firmly they have root in the military psychology. "The atrocities at Cholula were not so bad as those inflicted on the descendants of these very Spaniards, in the late war of the Peninsula, by the most polished nations of our time; by the British at Banajoz, for example,—at Taragona, and a hundred other places, by the French. The wanton butchery, the ruin of property, and, above all, those outrages worse than death, from which the female part of the population were protected at Cholula, show a catalogue of enormities quite as black as those imputed to the Spaniards. . . . The consideration of these events, which, from their familiarity, make little impression on our senses, should render us more lenient in our

[1] Prescott, *The Conquest of Mexico,* Vol. I.

judgments of the past, showing, as they do, that man in a state of excitement, savage or civilized, is much the same in every age." [1]

But those who have once tasted blood seem usually to thirst for more; and so it is not surprising that other scenes of carnage should have followed the Cholulan outrage. Some time later, at the instigation of Cortes' lieutenant Alvarado, a group of unarmed Aztecs, estimated at not less than six hundred, were attacked without even the shadow of justification which had marked the affair at Cholula; and of that festive assemblage, which had come forth in ceremonial attire trusting in the representations of the Spaniards, not a single man was left alive. It will be useless to linger over this gory event; nor would it repay us to describe the battles that ensued when the Aztecs, filled with a flaming sense of their injuries, rose up against the invaders and drove them from the capital. Far more interesting is the culminating act in the drama, when Cortes returned with his native allies and began a three months' siege—a siege which, as Prescott remarks, was "unmatched in history for the constancy and courage of the besieged, seldom surpassed for the severity of its sufferings." [2]

In some ways the investment of Mexico merely repeats the old melancholy story which has echoed through all the centuries of human conquest. Mingled with the cries of the unfortunate Aztecs, one may hear the lamentations of the ages, the wailing of Medians assaulted by Assyria, and of Carthaginians reduced to the last dire extremities by the Romans, and of Gauls when they made their final futile rally around Vercingetorix, and of Saracens when the victorious torrents of Crusaders streamed into Jerusalem, and of the defenders of Herat, and of Kiev, and of Peking when the Mongols stormed their strongholds. It is all an old and often-repeated tale; and yet, though the agonies that were suffered and the ruin that was wrought bring reminders of

[1] Prescott, *The Conquest of Mexico*, Vol. I.
[2] *Ibid.* Vol. II.

the agony and the ruin of long-vanished cities, the capture of Mexico was in certain respects without a parallel.

One of the features of the attack was that the Spaniards were a numerically insignificant band, and that their success would have been impossible without the aid of allies once subject to Aztec rule. This in itself is important as showing how the very conquests of the Aztecs, by antagonizing the subjugated tribes, opened the door for the overthrow of Aztec supremacy. But the most striking fact about the siege is not the numbers or the racial composition of the aggressors; it is the spirit displayed by the defenders. Many another beleaguered people, it is true, has been tenacious almost to the limits of human endurance, and many another has preferred the extremity of suffering to the ignominy of surrender; yet very few have displayed an attitude at once so arrogant, so unyielding, and so all-enduring. Certainly, the Aztecs had need of all the traditional stoicism of the red man, and certainly that stoicism has rarely been displayed under more excruciating conditions—waging a hopeless war, undergoing unimaginable torments, they would not bow the neck before the conqueror, they would not capitulate when capitulation was the only way to life, they would not raise a finger to save themselves from the foe they loathed.

The horrors endured by the defenders almost surpass belief. While they huddled in vast hordes in the city, the natives mingling with the swarms of husbandmen who had sought refuge in the town, they had the torment of seeing the outlying buildings torn down by the ruthless hand of the invader; and they not only watched temple and palace reduced to piles of rubble, but saw the systematic destruction of the irrigation works on which they had expended untold skill and labor. Yet there was no defense that they could offer, nor were their native spears and arrows a match for the artillery of the Spaniards; and while they clenched their teeth and waited, Famine and Pestilence advanced the work of devastation begun by their remorseless enemies. Soon the food supply of the city was exhausted; soon the people were reduced to

gnawing at tough fibres and roots, to devouring lizards and rats, to chewing the bark of trees or procuring scanty sustenance from blades of grass; while they had no drink except the brackish and salty water of the soil. It is little wonder, accordingly, that disease stalked among those crowded multitudes; little wonder that Death began to seize his victims in fast-increasing numbers. Before long the corpses, too numerous to be buried, began to lie about unattended upon the mats and hearths where they had perished; the living, themselves within grasping distance of the grave, could no longer give a thought to the dead; the air began to be permeated with the vile odors of corruption, and pestilence only gave birth to further pestilence. Now the Aztec warriors, once the boldest of the bold, had barely the strength to swing a spear or launch an arrow in their own defense; gaunt and emaciated, they looked already like the specters of men—and yet, though the offer of quarter was repeatedly made, they refused to yield the town.

Harrowing almost beyond words were the scenes that the invading parties observed upon entering the city: "The floors covered with prostrate forms of the miserable inmates, some in the agonies of death, others festering in their corruption; men, women and children, inhaling the poisonous atmosphere, and mingling promiscuously together; mothers, with their infants in their arms perishing of hunger before their eyes, while they were unable to afford them the nourishment of nature; men crippled by their wounds, with their bodies frightfully mangled, vainly attempting to crawl away, as the enemy entered. Yet, even in this state, they scorned to ask for mercy, and glared on the invaders with the sullen ferocity of the wounded tiger." [1]

Moved to commiseration, the Spanish commander sought to spare these piteous wretches; but his words were powerless to stay the passions of the Indian allies. "An Aztec, under whatever circumstances, was an enemy; and, with hideous shouts of tri-

[1] Prescott, *The Conquest of Mexico*, Vol. II.

umph, they pulled down the burning buildings on their heads, consuming the living and the dead in one common funeral pyre!" [1]

But still the besieged would not submit; and at length Cortes was led to storm the city. The scenes that ensued are depicted by Prescott in a vivid passage: "The arquebusiers now poured in a deadly fire. The brigantines replied by successive volleys in the opposite quarter. The besieged, hemmed in, like deer surrounded by the huntsmen, were brought down on every side. The carnage was horrible. The ground was heaped up with slain, until the maddened combatants were obliged to climb over the human mounds to get at one another. The miry soil was saturated with blood, which ran off like water, and dyed the canals themselves with crimson. All was uproar and terrible confusion. The hideous yells of the barbarians; the oaths and execrations of the Spaniards; the cries of the wounded, the shrieks of women and children; the heavy blows of the Conquerors; the death-struggle of their victims; the rapid, reverberating echoes of musketry; the hissing of innumerable missiles; the crash and crackling of blazing buildings, crushing hundreds in their ruins; the blinding volumes of dust and sulphurous smoke shrouding all in their gloomy canopy, —made a scene appalling even to the soldiers of Cortes, steeled as they were by many a rough passage of war, and by long familiarity with blood and violence. 'The piteous cries of the women and children, in particular,' says the general, 'were enough to break one's heart.' " [2]

According to the statement of the conquerors, forty thousand persons perished on that fatal day. And, whether or not this figure be an exaggeration, it is certain that the carnage was prodigious. It is certain, moreover, that the onslaught of the Spaniards marked the end of the haughty empire of the Aztecs. From that time forth, the survivors of the defeated race were to be but slaves in the land they had ruled; their civilization was to

[1] Prescott, *The Conquest of Mexico*, Vol. II.
[2] *Ibid.*

vanish, and their very name to become but a memory; while, in their place, the conquerors from across the sea were to govern the land with a rod of oppression.

In commenting upon this sudden overthrow of one of the most powerful kingdoms of the New World, Prescott observes that the time was ripe for the downfall of the Aztecs, and that one can scarcely regret the destruction of a civilization based upon the institution of human sacrifice. As to the horrors of human sacrifice there will of course be no question; yet, in considering the state of Mexico to-day, I am inclined to wonder whether Prescott's view is not that of a historian who reasons merely *after the event*, and who does not take into account that which *might have been*. Human sacrifice has been not unknown to other peoples that have survived and justified their survival: it was practiced, as we have noted, by the early Hebrews, by the Romans and Gauls and Britons and others; and any of these, had they been extirpated before they had abolished the sacrifices of their own account, might have found enemies to proclaim that their extermination was desirable because of their vile practices. It is not impossible that the Aztecs, if left to themselves, would in time have overthrown the pernicious institution that degraded their civilization; for this institution, rooted in the military and religious psychology of the land, was susceptible to change or elimination according to the change in religion and in military standards. At all events, the accomplishments of the Aztecs in architecture, in irrigation, and in various of the industries and arts, might have seemed to give hope of a richer future than their Spanish conquerors had reserved for them.

Very much the same comments will apply to the Incas, whose civilization was blasted almost at a stroke by another of the *conquistadores*, Pizarro. But the Incas were a more attractive people than the Aztecs; they resorted to no such abhorrent and brutalizing practices as did their northern brethren; they were also, as we have seen, less given to warfare than the Aztecs, and they had evolved a system of government unparalleled in the history of

the world. Opinions of recent commentators have differed as to the beneficence of the Inca régime; some, like W. H. Hudson, have found it repugnant as compelling the submergence of the individual; others, like Sir Clements Markham, have acclaimed it as an ideal system, maintaining that "This was indeed socialism such as dreamers in past ages have conceived, and unpractical theorists now talk about." [1] But whichever view one may accept, there are certain facts that are indisputable: the Incas had evolved a centralized and paternalistic scheme of government that attended to all the needs of the people; each man was watched over and provided for by the State, each man was assigned his position and work in life by the ruling authority; poverty was eliminated, need was unknown, and all the people were bountifully cared for and abundantly nourished. To the more individualistic Anglo-Saxon, this system may seem unduly repressive; but it appears to have been well adapted to the simple folk of the kingdom of Tahuantinsuyu; they seem to have been happy and to have prospered mightily; and it is by their standards and not by our own that we must judge the success of their government and estimate the effects of the Spanish conquest.

Let us now follow briefly the career of the *conquistador*, Pizarro. Was it for the good of the natives that he entered the country? And did he propose to confer the benefits of a higher civilization upon the benighted denizen of a backward land? Religion of course walked side by side with him throughout his march, just as it walked side by side with most of his conquering contemporaries; but it must be admitted, alas! that his aims were slightly sordid, and that the gold of the antipodes made quite as much appeal to him as the salvation of the heathen. Perhaps it was the humbleness of his beginnings and the povery of his early days that had put dreams of fabulous riches into the mind of this destroyer of empires; at all events, he had opened his career in the plebeian rôle of a swineherd, and had never made sufficient

[1] Sir Clement Markham, *The Incas of Peru.*

conquests in the domain of knowledge to be able to sign his own name. It was not unnatural, accordingly, that the advantages of worldly wealth should appeal to him; and when, a hardened adventurer of sixty summers, he set out to procure the treasures of that El Dorado which we now know as Peru, it was not to be expected that he would permit inconvenient scruples to interfere with the ambitions of a lifetime.

From the moment of the first arrival of his party upon the South American continent, Pizarro gave proof of the methods which were to distinguish him. He attacked and plundered every defenseless Indian village that chanced upon his path; he made prisoners of the peaceful inhabitants, with the hope of using them subsequently as hostages; he exchanged worthless trifles for the native gold and silver when he was not strong enough to take them by force. By the Incas, who were dazzled at his burnished coat of mail, he was regarded as a messenger from the gods; and, lacking the power to attack them, he accepted their proffers of friendship, and secured all obtainable gold and precious stones by means of barter. Then, with the prediction, "We shall meet soon again," he sailed away, leaving the people to regret the departure of the amiable stranger.

Time was sadly to disillusion them. Pizarro was to fulfill his promise—and in a way that his simple admirers could not have anticipated. With a crew of two hundred reckless adventurers—a crew that would certainly not have been out of place on any pirate brig of the times—he re-visited the shores where he had been received so hospitably, and once again he began to burn, plunder and slay. His eyes gaped wide at the sight of the golden temples that lined his path; he seized the precious trinkets from the altars of the sun-god; he did not scruple to wade to riches through deepening streams of blood. Little wonder, therefore, that he was not everywhere received enthusiastically. On the island of Puna, for example, the natives objected to seeing the Spaniards break into their shrines; and they ungraciously protested against finding their wives and daughters in the forced em-

brace of the strangers. Treacherous savages that they were, they plotted the extermination of the intruders; but the plot—unfortunately for Peru—was discovered in time; and Pizarro's revenge was the indiscriminate massacre of the inhabitants. Against the terrible fire of the Spanish musketry the Indians were defenseless; the bullets mowed them down as ninepins are mowed down by a skillful bowler; their only safety lay in flight—and this, alas! was a momentary safety only, for Pizarro and his men scoured the island for days and hunted down every human being. By way of adding spice to the sport, they spared some of the chieftains from their bullets in order to burn them at the stake—and thus did they teach the methods of Christendom in the land of the Infidel.

Having duly chastised the island of Puna, Pizarro advanced to the city of Tumbez—the city where he had previously been received with such friendliness. But the natives, not desiring to share the fate of Puna, locked their gates against him: whereupon Pizarro launched an assault with cannon ball and musket, and at the same time charged with his cavalry. The sight of the dashing horses—creatures unknown in the Inca world—was more than the defenders could endure; they set fire to the town, and rushed panic-stricken to the mountains; with the result that while they lost their all, Pizarro gained little more than a pile of smoking ruins.

Disappointed at the issue of the battle, Pizarro now undertook the invasion of the interior. With a company of sixty-seven horsemen and one hundred and ten foot-soldiers, he set forth into the heart of the continent. And since the limitations of his knowledge were redeemed by the excellence of the Inca roads, he managed to progress without mishap so far as the great city of Caxamarca. Had the monarch Atahuallpa sought to lift a hand against him, he and his party might have been annihilated at a blow long before reaching the city; but the emperor had prepared a different plan of reception, and as the adventurers approached the town they were dazzled by the vast display of the

Inca war-camp, which skirted the mountain slopes for a distance of no less than five miles. No hostile demonstration, however, was made; Atahuallpa received the Spanish messengers in a haughty spirit, but took no move against them; nor could he have anticipated how his pride was to be humbled the following day. For, in the deep of the night, while Pizarro schemed and plotted in one of the palaces of Caxamarca, a fateful plan was hatched: the Spanish artillery was brought into position; the cavalrymen were mounted and hidden in the various rooms; the infantrymen were bidden to be in readiness for action.

Dawn broke without sign of a disturbance, and during the day the imperial pageant moved solemnly into the town. Magnificent and impressive was the spectacle that Atahuallpa presented; his nobles in bright litters attended him; troops of dancing girls tripped gaily before; his followers, waving their feather fans, were attired gaudily as brilliant flowers; while in the rear strode five thousand fighting men. One oversight, none the less, had been made—one fatal oversight; for the people, not anticipating attack, had come without their weapons.

After the procession had drawn to a halt and the Inca soldiers were massed about their sovereign in the central square of Caxamarca, the Spaniards commenced negotiations. And, characteristically enough, they opened on a note of holiness. The monk Valverde stepped forth, and loudly proclaimed the story of Christ; following which he demanded that Atahuallpa accept the Christian faith; while, as an evidence of Christian charity, he announced that Atahuallpa's refusal would be followed by warfare and the destruction of the pagan temples.

In order to make his arguments convincing, the monk showed the emperor a copy of the Bible. But the Inca, not having been educated in Spanish hieroglyphics, threw it to the ground with the statement that it meant nothing to him. And by those impious words he sounded the doom of his kingdom!

Swift and furious were the events that ensued. "Pizarro sprang to his feet and hastily tore his gay cloak off his coat of

SPANISH MASSACRE OF THE INCAS

mail, the sign agreed upon beforehand; the twenty men of the bodyguard rushed upon the Inca, with a blare of trumpets the cavalry burst from their hiding-places in the palace, the field-pieces thundered forth and the merciless Spaniards shot their guns into the astounded multitude, slashing and cutting down all they touched, whilst the pious Christian monk cried in loud, inspiring tones:

" 'Beat down the heathen! Strike boldly! I absolve you from all sin!' "[1]

Being thus officially exempted from blame, the Spaniards forced their way dauntlessly into the dense, unarmed mass of their foes. In places the swarm was so thick that the walls collapsed beneath the pressure of the terrified populace; but closer and closer and ever closer the people crowded, lifting no hand in their own defense. And while the cannon boomed and the musketry rattled and the infuriated horsemen charged, the foot-soldiers pushed forward with bloody blades hacking and slashing; and victim after unresisting victim was left in a crimson heap upon the crimson pavement.

Meanwhile Pizarro himself had reached greedy hands into the golden chair of Atahuallpa, and dragged down the emperor from his royal perch. Atahuallpa's followers who rushed up to save him were instantly and pitilessly slain; and the monarch himself, bruised and bloody, and with garments ripped from his body by the furious soldiers, would not have escaped death had not Pizarro spared him for reasons unconnected with clemency.

The merciful falling of night put an end to the sanguinary scene. The slaughter had lasted a bare half-hour; yet more than two thousand Inca corpses bore testimony to the deadliness of the invader. And while the bewildered survivors were left to mourn their dead, and while the proud emperor was bound and held as prisoner in one of the rooms of his own palace, the Monk Valverde observed the immemorial custom of conquerors by

[1] Otfrid Von Hanstein, *The World of the Incas.*

leading the soldiers in a service of thanksgiving to the author of their deeds.

It might be thought that the Spaniards had now reached the height of all possible iniquity. They were to prove, however, that they were yet far from the limits of their baseness. It was to be expected, of course, that they would loot the city of every object sacred and profane; it was to be expected that they would strip the temples bare and destroy the art treasures of generations; it was even to be expected that they should use their ill-gotten riches to appease their lust of gambling, and that stolen fortunes should be lost by the shifting of a deck of cards. But what was certainly not to be anticipated was their total lack of faith to their royal captive. Pizarro had promised him his release upon the payment of a reasonable ransom—a roomful of gold; and Atahuallpa, who, like his subjects, could not understand the white man's craving for this pretty metal, dazzled the covetous Spaniards by actually complying with their demands.

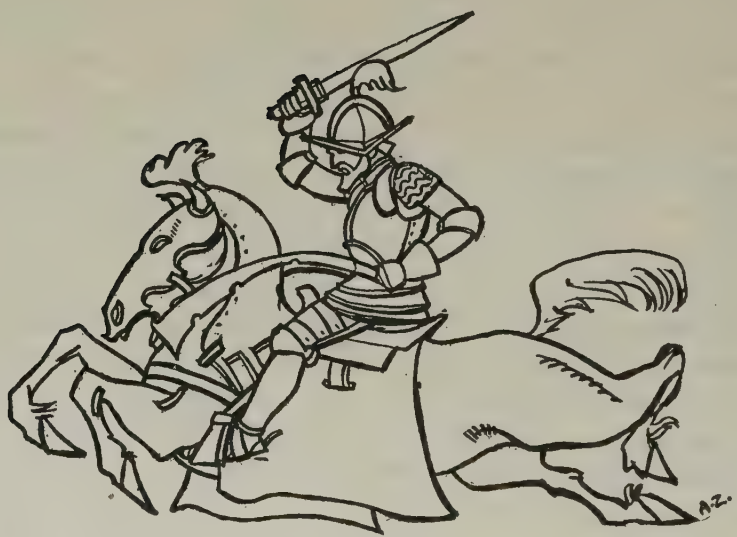
But having acquired a fortune that ran far into the millions, did they keep their pledge to the unfortunate sovereign? Was their avarice now sated? and, being one and all wealthy men, were they content to return whence they had come and leave the Inca kingdom to recuperate from the blow they had dealt it? Not at all! The abundance of riches only filled them with the desire for a greater abundance of riches; having captured a hillock of gold, they would be content with nothing less than a mountain. And, accordingly, they took care to destroy all obstacles that might interfere with the fulfillment of their dream. One of those obstacles happened to be Atahuallpa—could it matter, therefore, that they had given their word to spare him, and had received untold treasure on the strength of that word? Being superior to all such hampering scruples, the conquerors proceeded to remove the possible impediment from their path; they condemned him to death on a charge of murdering his brother (a convenient charge too transparent to deserve serious consideration); and, perhaps feeling that this accusation was weak, they added that

the monarch deserved death because he had several wives, besides which he was a heathen and a squanderer of treasure that his white guests might have used. Useless for him to protest!—the funeral pyre was built, the name of the Almighty was invoked anew by the murderers, and the victim was offered—as a culminating mercy—the choice of death by strangulation instead of by the flames if he would first acknowledge the God of his oppressors.

The death-knell of the ruler was also the death-knell of the empire he had ruled. Several hundred of his subjects took their own lives in order to join their sovereign in the fields of the blest; the survivors, feeling that their gods had forsaken them and that the end of all things had come, were an easy prey to the marauding Spaniards. And the work of devastation proceeded almost without cease or hindrance. The gold plates were ripped from the walls; storehouses were looted, and sepulchres plundered; priceless art works were melted down and lost irrecoverably; the fields were ravaged, the fruit trees torn to earth, the water system destroyed, the tame llamas shot by the hundred, the human inhabitants slaughtered like sheep. Stung to desperation, the natives burnt down their ancient capital of Curzo as a means of entrapping the Spaniards; but in vain!—the invaders escaped, and lived to destroy forty thousand more fighting men in the last unavailing stand of the Incas.

To-day the Inca kingdom is no more. The very Inca race has vanished from the face of the earth. Other tribes now roam the forests and mountains of Peru—savages whose ancestors were not among the natives of Tahuantinsuyu. Fire and sword and enforced baptism did their work well—fire and sword, and the destruction of the institutions of a whole people, and the breaking of their spirit. In the year 1603, less than a century after Pizarro had undertaken his task of conquest and conversion, the descendants of the twelve million flourishing inhabitants had been reduced to a mere five hundred and sixty-seven! And a short while later even those five hundred and sixty-seven were gone!

A magnificent achievement, this feat of Pizarro's, an achievement unparalleled in the history of warfare!—for never before or since, amid all the annals of bloodshed and destruction with which human history abounds, has a band of two hundred adventurers been able to undermine an entire civilization and effect the extermination of a thriving population of millions!



CHAPTER XIX

TWO WARRIOR KINGS

In the opening years of the eighteenth century a new military light flamed across the skies of Europe. The youthful king of Sweden, scarcely more than a boy, dazzled the world with a swift succession of victories in Denmark, in Saxony, and in Russia. When viewed to-day with the perspective of more than two hundred years, he seems to have had something of the brilliance of the meteor, for his day of glory was brief indeed; he went down to failure in the crucial struggle, and his defeat put an end to the greatness of his country (which is to say its military greatness). But although his reign saw the last of Sweden as a conquering empire, Charles XII is a figure that still challenges attention, partly because of his effect upon his own generation and the decisive character of the warfare waged against him, and partly because of his curious and somewhat quixotic personality.

Fiery and headstrong, with something of the spirit of a jousting knight or of a gladiator whose audience is the world, Charles XII was bred on the traditions of an earlier day, and in the prosaic eighteenth century he was an anomaly. Unlike most of the generals of his time, he fought less for political advantage or material gain than for that unknown quantity which goes by the name of renown. He might almost be said to have been a hunter of chimeras, a dreamer constantly in search of the mountains of the moon; but the difference between him and most visionaries was that he had the means to work toward the fulfillment of his ambition, and that his desires were paid for with the blood of innumerable men.

The character of Charles and of the forces that motivated his fighting are aptly summarized by Alfred Rambaud in the following passage: "His dominant virtue and vice was a passion for glory. Glory, and glory alone, was to him the end of war. He appears not to have understood that it is possible to acquire it by practicing the arts of peace . . . His conduct appears to be regulated . . . by some strange and archaic point of honor. He knew Alexander the Great only as the romantic hero of Quintus Curtius, and this phantom he took for his ideal. He was nourished on the old Scandinavian sagas, and we may truly say that the soul and spirit of the old Vikings revived in him: he had their wonderful deeds forever before his eyes, and the versified maxims of the Scalds forever present to his memory. Charles the Twelfth was a hero of the Edda set down by mistake in a matter-of-fact century . . . Pitiless to others as well as to himself, we find him undertaking useless dangers and fatigues like a sea-king who had only his head to risk; considering a war as a single combat between two champions, which could only end, if not with the death, at least with the dethronement, of the vanquished; fighting not to gain crowns, but to distribute them; giving largesses to his soldiers as if he had always the treasures of pillage . . . despising all the luxuries of life, like the Northmen who boasted of never having slept beneath a roof . . . regarding a backward movement as dishonor, and considering prudent advice an evidence of weakness; ready to face water, as in the marshes of Lithuania, or fire, as in the conflagration of Bender." [1]

A present-day psychologist, analyzing the case of Charles, might say that he had a "glory complex." Clearly, his passion for the battlefield sprang from a psychological overdevelopment that was almost pathological, and was due in part to the overstressed teachings of tradition, and in part to that egotism which craves boundless personal distinction.

These conclusions are substantiated by the memoirs of Carl Gustafson Klingspor, an officer under Charles XII and also one

[1] Alfred Rambaud, *History of Russia*, Vol. II.

of his personal friends, who in his old age wrote a volume that depicts the king vividly and yet with surprising freedom from bias. One learns a great deal of the character of Charles, and likewise a great deal concerning the fighting obsession that ruled him, when the biographer recounts his winter pastimes: "There being no real enemy or fortresses to take, His Majesty built fortresses of snow and divided his guardsmen into two parties, and they fought for their possession so lustily that many an arm and leg were broken before the walls were demolished. And when there were no further bastions to be taken, I remember how the King would on a frosty night break so many window-panes with snowballs that the commanding officers and civil officers did the following day, in deepest submission, petition that a royal glazier might be appointed for the army, to reset the panes,—a petition His Majesty proved his good heart by granting. When this jest no longer amused the King, he devised another, namely, riding into the camp in the calm of the night, imitating the frightful shrieks and cries of the Russians, so that all would tumble out of their beds and rush into the streets with naked swords, ready for the fight." [1]

It is hard to conceive of this breaker of window-panes and player of youthful pranks as the commander who led his troops to many a gory victory and defeat. Yet Charles, having indulged in mimic warfare, seemed all the readier for actual combat, which he appears to have regarded somewhat as a game on a larger scale. He could be severe enough upon occasion, could be harsh enough to meet the cruelest exigencies of battle; Klingspor tells us that he was careless of human life, and had no compunction at all about executing a man for disobedience; and there was certainly no undue leniency about the rule which he enforced, condemning a soldier to be shot if he stole or in any way infringed the regulations.

How Charles could have retained his romantic ideas of battle

[1] John A. Gade, *Charles the Twelfth, King of Sweden* (Translated from the manuscript of Carl Gustafson Klingspor).

after the sanguinary campaigns in which he engaged, is a question that none but the psychologist will dare to answer. It is certain, at all events, that he hewed his path to glory through unspeakable suffering and horror. Even in his earlier engagements, in which victory was usually his, he paid for prestige with a heavy toll of tears and blood; Klingspor speaks, for example, of battles wherein "The water in the trenches was turned to blood, and the corpses were piled high as the bastions." And at times, when less ghastly scenes oppressed the eye, the hearts of the soldiers were filled with a deep longing and unrest. "How gladly," says the biographer, "would we have returned unto the dear Swedish shores, where the white birches with their emerald leaves were mirroring themselves in the waters!" Futile words! —the mere echo of the plaint of homesick myriads murmuring throughout the centuries!—the vain cry of the peace-loving mind of man in its unconscious turning toward the things of kindliness and beauty! Unavailingly the Swedish soldiers were to long for their fatherland, and many among them were never to behold it again; while those destined to return were first to endure agonies unutterable.

It was in the campaign of 1708–1709 that Charles made his great attempt to fulfill his dreams of conquest by the invasion of Russia; and it was then that the military power and prestige of Sweden was dealt its death-blow. The undertaking was both foolish and impracticable, as was proved not only by Charles but by Napoleon himself when he made a similar venture a century later; and from the first, had he judged by the signs, the Swedish king might have known that he was essaying the impossible. But apparently he did not judge by the signs; for he advanced boldly into the Russian Baltic provinces, which Peter had systematically ravaged; nor was he daunted by the fact that the roads had been torn up, the bridges destroyed, the mills demolished, and the country burnt over until there was not a trace of food for man or beast. Wishing to entice Charles into a trap, the wily Czar

would harry the Swedish advance guard now and then with a small band of soldiers, over which the invaders would win an easy victory; and the Swedes, accepting the bait, pressed hopefully onward—only to be assailed by the most deadly foe that ever sapped an army's strength.

Peter had done well to rely upon the assistance of the Russian winter, but he could not have known that the cold that year was to be exceptional even for those northern climes; and he could scarcely have guessed how well his ally was to perform its work. Lacking winter clothing, nourished mainly upon mouldy bread, the men trudged in forced marches across the Russian plain, perishing by the thousands, while their starving horses dropped to earth beneath them, and their guns, for want of transportation, had to be abandoned in the bogs and rivers.

Let us view the hardships of that winter through the eyes of one of the actual sufferers: "Around us, amid the howling icy blasts, the very game froze stiff in the fields and the birds fell stark dead from the air, even as if they had been shot. Easy enough was it for the regiments who marched in the rear to find their way; they needed no guides, for the road of march was strewn with horses that had burst, with the stiff frozen corpses of the men, and their arms and trappings. Our hearts ached and our eyes ran when we saw the hundreds of brave lads who cried for the field-surgeons to cut off their hands and feet, that had grown white and crackly, while the ears and tips of the noses would drop off even without the assistance of the knife. . . . On one march alone two thousand men fell dead before the eyes of His Majesty. Those who dropped and fell by the roadside were not the whole number of all we lost; for when, at the end of our day's march, we came to dismount from our horses, all of us stiffly and slowly but some not at all, we would find that a few of the horses were bearing stiff corpses, the knees frozen to the saddle and the fingers frozen to the reins so tightly that more than once we must needs cut them free. And those who could

dismount, if we had a warm place such as a fire in a half-burned hut, would die when they came to the heat." [1]

If the sufferings of the men were extreme, they were at least no greater than soldiers have endured before and since. And when a monarch sets out to win glory, must he not expect to pay a price?

It is a marvel that any of the troops survived the ordeal; but there were left, according to Klingspor's statement, twenty thousand out of the fifty-one thousand that had comprised the army eighteen months before; and, of these, one third were "ill or maimed, desperate and tired unto death." Most of the survivors, moreover, were either slain or captured by the Russians at the battle of Poltava the following June. In this crucial engagement the Swedish infantry was virtually annihilated, while the fourteen thousand cavalrymen were taken prisoners; and the king, escaping into Turkey with a detachment of fifteen hundred men, was to have abundant opportunity to reflect upon glory relinquished and greatness overthrown.

More than a generation after the death of Charles, Europe was to be astonished by a general more startling than the Swedish king had been even in his initial successes, and far more notable for the innovations he introduced into military tactics. The character of Frederick the Great was perhaps not so eccentric as that of Charles, although it will well repay study even apart from the battles he waged; but his admirers were not slow to recognize that here was one of the world's great army leaders. Many were the changes that he effected in methods of warfare, and until the appearance of Napoleon the example he set was supreme; the characteristic of his campaigns was the swiftness and decisiveness of his movements and the shattering impact of his blows; he was always ready to take the initiative and was generally prepared to strike at the foe; and a bloody but decisive clash was usually preferable in his mind to protracted if bloodless skirmishing. It was his principle to move into the field sooner than the enemy; to

[1] John A. Gade, *Charles the Twelfth of Sweden.*

be free to go whither he would by carrying his rations with him, and, if possible, to make requisitions upon the country; to prevent the enemy from carrying out its plans, and to disregard sieges and fortified places in favor of direct conflicts on the field. "The period," says T. A. Dodge . . . "is distinguished for the revival of battles, and of operations looking toward battles . . . Frederick not only showed Europe what speed and decision can do in war, but he made many minor improvements in drill, discipline, and battle-tactics. He introduced horse-artillery.—He demonstrated that armies can march and operate continuously, with little rest, and without regard to seasons. Light troops grew in efficiency. War put on an aspect of energetic purpose." [1]

One of the reasons why troops grew in efficiency was the remorseless discipline that Frederick imposed; and one of the reasons why war put on an aspect of energetic purpose was that the mind of the army had become no more than a reflection of the mind of its commander. Note, for example, the following rules, which Frederick has confided to his *Political Testament* of 1752: "Military discipline makes the troops absolutely obedient. It makes blindly obedient the soldier to his officer, the officer to his colonel, the colonel to his general, and the generals to the commander-in-chief. A soldier who murmurs against a non-commissioned officer, or who draws his weapon against him, and an officer who draws his weapon against his commander, must be punished with death, for no clemency is possible toward those who violate the rules of discipline. . . . The slightest loosening of the bonds of discipline would create a spirit of lawlessness and of mutiny . . . Therefore the generals and colonels are given a despotic power over their regiments . . . Thus discipline will be better observed among soldiers in the army than among monks in a monastery. Absolute subordination through all grades makes the army dependent upon the will of a single man, the ruler, and if he is a skilful general he need only give his orders, for he can be certain that they will be carried out with exactitude."

[1] Theodore Ayrault Dodge, *Great Captains.*

It cannot be maintained that Frederick thought the members of his army had much inherent desire to wage war—not if they were likely to mutiny at "the slightest loosening of the bonds of discipline." However this may be, it is certain that he went far toward producing that military standardization, that utter submergence of the individual, which was logically implied by the nature of modern warfare, and which was later to be so prominent a feature of the military system of all lands.

But while Frederick's insistence upon strict discipline was of importance, and while his other minor innovations were far from negligible, it was really the application of a single trick or method of warfare that was chiefly responsible for his victories. And that trick was in part geographical in its nature, since it involved the necessity of securing the most advantageous position, then of drawing up his troops at such an angle that only part were accessible to the enemy's attack, and finally of keeping back a large reserve to fill in gaps in the line and to attack the foe at its most vulnerable point. The result would be that the enemy also would be compelled to keep back a large reserve; but since it was Frederick that took the offensive, the enemy would not know how best to employ the excess forces, and frequently would find them only in the way; and a numerical superiority in the foe would thus prove valueless or worse than valueless, while a sudden concentrated Prussian attack might break through a weak point in the opposing lines before the reserves could be summoned, and so would probably decide the battle.

It is curious, when one comes to reflect upon it, that the destiny of whole nations—and, in a sense, the destiny of all white civilization—could be determined by the evolution of a new scheme of battle tactics in the mind of a single man. Yet Frederick demonstrated, as Marlborough had demonstrated before him and as Napoleon was to demonstrate in the years to come, that warfare was progressing an incalculable distance from its primitive beginnings, and that in modern battle the importance of the individual soldier was becoming totally obscured by the po-

tentiality of the leader. A single ingenious and ambitious captain might count for more than an entire army: for them but to follow and obey, for them but to exhibit their docility to the utmost; for him to shift the very currents of human life, and to plant seeds that would produce a noxious bloom for his own generation and for untold generations to come.

In the case of Frederick, the significance of the new tactics was by no means exclusively military. Indeed, the military importance, while the most obvious, was the least profound; and the vital if indirect effects of the innovations were political and social. Even to-day we are draining—and draining not yet to the dregs—the bitter cup that Frederick filled; prominent among the historical sources of the World War were the campaigns that the new tactics encouraged, and the policy they enabled Frederick to enforce. Had not his military methods equipped him to win a striking and unexpected success, had they not vouchsafed to Prussia a conspicuous place in the councils of Europe and encouraged other nations to emulate the Prussian example, the subsequent story of Europe would certainly have been vastly different, and probably would have been considerably less gory.

For, after the manner of most successful generals, Frederick became the idol of his people; and, in the worship that they paid him, his ideals became their ideals, and his philosophy their philosophy. But it happened, unfortunately, that his conduct never erred on the side of the too-scrupulous, and that his master in political morality was none other than Machiavelli; it happened that the method he espoused was the method of might, and that, in his code, the rights of the weak received scant consideration; accordingly, he transmitted to future generations a Machiavellian policy, and his tactics became the logical precursor of the Bismarckian tactics of the mailed fist. Yet in spirit he was akin not only to Machiavelli and to Bismarck but to Nietzsche; and the principles which the philosopher afterwards proclaimed in words were proclaimed in action by Frederick, so that it is easy to trace the continuity of a belligerent tradition from

the warrior king to the celebrated maker of phrases, and from the maker of phrases to the would-be supermen and the embattled millions of later days.

To gain an understanding of the warfare not only of Frederick's day but of succeeding generations, it is essential to know something of his policy both before the outbreak of war and after the declaration of hostilities, and to follow the diplomatic methods by which he fought his way to glory and to power. First of all, it is important to note that, adopting the system so prominent to-day, he was an advocate of "preparedness." Turning to his *History of the Seven Years' War*, we will read that, "The peace which Europe had enjoyed allowed every nation to turn its attention to internal affairs. I applied myself to increasing military discipline, perfecting the fortresses, and amassing for the army arms and accoutrements which every war demands in such prodigious numbers. While looking to the finances, they did not absorb the whole of my attention; *the army, that instrument of national glory and conservatism, was not neglected.* I inspected it minutely in order that discipline and subordination should be rigorously maintained in every province. The troops were assembled regularly every year in their peace camps, where they were trained in great evolutions and maneuvers. The infantry were exercised in different formations, plain attacks, outpost attacking, defense of villages and entrenchments, crossing of rivers, retreats, and, in a word, in every maneuver it may be necessary to make before an enemy."

Such precautions made it evident that Frederick was expecting an actual enemy; indeed, it would not have been human to allow so much skill and preparation to go to waste merely for lack of a foe against whom to use it. Frederick accordingly set about to find a foe; and in this task, in which a far less able diplomatist might have succeeded, he of course experienced no difficulty. He tells us that all Europe was jealous of Prussia's newly acquired military power, and with these words he feeds his own pride at the same time as he disparages his neighbors; but the fact is that

he had given very definite reasons for suspicion. First of all, he had antagonized Austria when in 1740 (the year of his accession to the throne) the Empress Maria Theresa had assumed the Austrian crown and he had joined France in an unprovoked attack. "To oppose Prussia," declares Ronald Acott Hall, "was . . . France's natural policy. But that Prussia, which had every reason for gratitude to the Austrian House, having been recently raised by it into a kingdom, should take this opportunity of plundering the young and apparently defenseless Queen of Austria's dominions without some good reason, is a condemnation of any sense of national honor." [1]

Having trampled upon one of his neighbors, Frederick now proceeded to play false to the other. He entered into a secret treaty, agreeing to aid the Austrians in return for the fortress town of Neisse; and this compact, which he of course concealed from his French allies, and which, as Hall remarks, "ruined their whole campaign," he defended "on the hollow ground of national exigencies." [2]

In view of such careful tilling of the soil, it was but natural that, by the time that he had equipped himself for more extensive warfare, he should have enemies ready-made. Neither France nor Austria was wholly without justification in following Frederick's lead in preparedness; but, in so doing, they provided him with the excuse he sought; Frederick, as so often, was to take the initiative; and, on the pretext that all Europe was an armed camp ranged against him, he was to launch the attack. His reasons for beginning the Seven Years' War in 1756 are offered in the following passage: "By deferring the war I should be giving time to my ill-intentioned neighbors to become formidable, while that year Russia would be unable to take any active part. These considerations made it appear advisable to anticipate my enemies instead of postponing hostilities for a year through considerations of misplaced delicacy. Moreover, by waiting events I

[1] Ronald Acott Hall, *Frederick the Great and His Seven Years' War.*
[2] *Ibid.*

should have made it easy for my enemies by united efforts to make my provinces the theatre of war; while by carrying the war into the enemies' country Prussia would be spared." [1]

In answer to the charge that his was the blame for opening hostilities, Frederick haughtily applies an argument not unknown to other conquerors: "As to that terrible name of aggressor, it is a vain reproach which would be borne lightly by any but the pusillanimous; it was unnecessary to give it heed in these circumstances, where it was a matter of the safety of the State." [2]

And in another place, according to Ronald Acott Hall, he serenely writes: "Ambition, interest and the desire to make people talk about me carried the day, and I declared for war."

Having opened the war, Frederick altered his policy in no essential. He continued to be immune to "considerations of misplaced delicacy"; and, in a manner comparable to that of a later Prussian king in a still greater invasion, he ordered his troops into the neutral territory of Saxony. And again he did not have far to look for excuses. "I believed myself justified in taking this step," he writes, "on account of the 'mauvaise intentions' shown in every dispatch of the Saxons I had seen. Moreover, *reasons drawn from political necessity, and the demands of war supported and justified my conduct.*" [3]

But, for all his daring intentions, Frederick was not immediately successful. Saxony offered unexpected although futile resistance, and throughout the weary length of seven years the war dragged on, at the cost of incalculable suffering and havoc, but without the gain of a single inch of land by any of the continental powers. And in the end Frederick himself was glad to put an end to the "brutal war," which, by his own confession, had left the Prussian fields fallow and waste, had swept the country bare of man and beast, and had stamped on every province the imprint of poverty and calamity. Yet Prussia was not

[1] Frederick the Great, *History of the Seven Years' War.*
[2] *Ibid.*
[3] *Ibid.*

the only sufferer; all the combatants alike had shared in the devastation. "The belligerents on quitting the arena," says Frederick, "began now to realize the acuteness of their wounds. Prussia had lost more men than had composed her original army. Austria was laden with debt. The French government, which had suspended interest on its debt, was without credit. The nation groaned under the crushing burden of taxation. The national debt had accumulated and risen to an enormous size. . . . Sweden was on the point of bankruptcy. The Kingdom of Prussia had, however, suffered the most of all, for the Russians, Austrians, French, Swedes, and troops of the Empire had all made ravages into its territory. Also military expenses had been enormous." [1]

None the less, the Prussian government, as Frederick triumphantly announces, had not been damaged so seriously as other governments. And the reason was that, whereas the central power in France and England and other nations was impoverished, in Prussia "the subject was impoverished, while the Government was by no means insolvent." [2]

But although the burden has been shifted from the shoulders of the rulers to the back of the common man, Frederick realizes what a catastrophe has befallen all alike, and makes the pious adjuration: "May it please Heaven to protect future rulers of Germany from entering into another equally disastrous and devouring war." [3]

[1] Frederick the Great, *History of the Seven Years' War.*
[2] *Ibid.*
[3] *Ibid.*

PART V

THE ENTHRONEMENT OF THE WAR-GOD

CHAPTER XX

THE FRENCH REVOLUTION AND NAPOLEON

During the latter half of the eighteenth century, tremendous changes were astir in the world. The very foundations of western civilization were being transformed; the secret of the mechanization of industry had been discovered; a new mechanical power—the power of steam—was to work a wizard's metamorphosis, and was to produce a social disturbance of a profounder nature than any one could have imagined. And while the general effects of the Industrial Revolution of course belong to the domain of peace, yet we will find that, even from the military point of view, it wrought a change that was little short of revolutionary.

First of all, by giving impetus to the forces of production, it enabled military supplies and munitions of war to be turned out on a vaster scale than ever before. Secondly, by substituting the labor of machines for the labor of human muscles, it released innumerable hands from the manufacture of essential articles to the wielding of the bayonet, and made it possible for the male population to be called to the field of battle in proportions once inconceivable. More significant still, however, was the fact that the machine process not only created material things in abundance but stimulated the birth rate: it promoted a vast increase in the population of England, of Germany, and of other industrial countries, and so produced that overpopulation which tends toward warfare, and at the same time provided the human fuel for conflict on an unprecedented scale.

Another development that might have been realized by the

observer of the late eighteenth century—although it was not to be fully apparent for another hundred years or more—was that the war-god was seeking an alliance with the wonder-working goddess of Science. Long before, the war-god had learned what Science could achieve by the contribution of catapults and of Greek fire, as well as by the far more terrible gift of gunpowder —but those deadly genii that lay hidden in steam, in electricity, in gasoline, in the fumes of the laboratory, were now giving just the faintest intimations of their existence. And though such intimations were visible only to the prophetic eye, the prodigious reality of science was making itself felt more and more potently, and the soil was being sown for warfare of a more efficient, shattering and amazing nature than the most audacious militarist had ever dared to conceive.

This, however, was a matter to be dealt with by the future. A condition that the eighteenth century itself had to meet—and a condition that may have seemed more striking to a contemporary even than the Industrial Revolution or than the growth of science—was the democratic uprising, the development of a self-assertive and republican spirit in the people of the American colonies and in the most powerful monarchy of the European continent. In America this spirit found expression in the Revolutionary War, a conflict which, while prolonged and onerous and costly in life, is less noteworthy as a military event than for the social and political developments that followed; in Europe the new spirit bore fruit in that tremendous upheaval known as the French Revolution, an eruption probably encouraged to some extent by the success of the American rebellion, and certainly stimulated by the writings of men such as Rousseau and Voltaire, but manifestly due in the main to the inflamed passions of a people groaning beneath intolerable burdens.

Behind the French Revolution one may observe the forms of those two ominous ancient giants which have been prominent throughout the ages as the instruments of strife—Property and Authority, or, rather, Property and Privilege. The specific rea-

sons for the Revolution are of course well known, and the most obvious factor was the inequality that permitted a wasteful aristocracy to exist side by side with a populace frequently at the verge of starvation: the economic element has come to be recognized as quite as important as the political, and it is easy for us to-day to observe that there was something perilously awry in a state which levied oppressive taxes upon the poor only to squander them in court frivolities; a state which at the same time encouraged its capitalists—its nobles and even its king—to gamble in the wheat that meant life or death to the people.

It will be unnecessary for us to follow the course of the great upheaval; it has been portrayed abundantly in history and romance. Yet the imagination never ceases to be captivated nor the mind to be appalled by the grisly incidents of the Reign of Terror; even after the lapse of more than a century there is something alarmingly real about the guillotine, and one can still hear the screams of the wretches wheeled through the streets of Paris to a bloody doom; one can re-capture something of the anguish of the thousands massacred by the Terrorists, or drowned like unwanted kittens in the Loire at Nantes, or shot down in troops like butchered cattle at Lyons. Civil war in its most violent and brutal form had come to France, and the outrages that were perpetrated stand as evidence of the excesses men will commit when passion has kindled their hearts and overwhelmed their reason; all the bestiality of avenging fiends had possessed the "sans-culottes," and all the indignities and suppressed resentment of years had gathered like a thunder storm, to strike with the vehemence of the lightning and the elemental fury of the typhoon.

From the point of view of the development of warfare, the Revolution is of interest largely because of the contest that opened in 1792 against Austria and Prussia. In this struggle one may observe the rising of a new national spirit; one may behold volunteers flocking to the colors with patriotic ardor; one may see men filled with a new devotion to fatherland, men striving to put

into practice that fiery injunction of Danton, "Audacity, more audacity, and yet more audacity!" Recruits now began to fight with vigor not because they were units in a vast machine but because they desired to fight; passion filled their minds and hearts and they were fervent in defense of a land that was theirs as never before; their battle movements became freer and more daring;

FRENCH REVOLUTIONARY ARMY

a new energy possessed them, they charged the foe with courageous zest and rapidity, they pursued his retreating columns recklessly, they were given to all manner of bold surprises and ambushes, and they more than atoned by bravery and intelligence for that which they lacked in discipline. Theirs was a citizen army, and an army of citizens that desired to conquer!—the old formalities of warfare, the rigidity that had marked it since the time of Frederick the Great, was to be tolerated no longer!—the day of the individual had dawned, and the individual was to show that he was superior to the mass! Promotion was now thrown open to every soldier; corporal punishment was declared

unsuitable for a free man; a new system of tactics was devised, and with the aid of that new system the vast army of French citizens—nearly half a million were enrolled in 1793 alone—marched to victory against the rule-bound minions of autocracy.

And how tremendous was the effervescence of the national spirit at their triumph!—and how profound the distaste their success awakened in royalistic Europe! They were the Bolsheviks of the eighteenth century!—they were the proponents of an infamous code, the code of democracy!—they wished to impregnate all the world with the poison of their republican creed! We may be sure that the monarchs of Europe, grimly smiling to behold the military exploits of the revolutionists, swore many an unofficial oath that did not bode well for the new régime in France, and secretly vowed to embrace any opportunity to pounce upon this upstart government that denied the divine rights of kings.

Few contemporary observers could have understood just what direction French affairs were taking. Few observers could have recognized that the road was being paved for the tread of armies such as the world had rarely heard before. Yet Robespierre, with prophetic vision, had foreseen that the Revolution would facilitate the rise of a military dictator; while Marat, writing on April 24th, 1792, in his little newspaper, *l'Ami du peuple,* was led to lurid and yet clear-sighted utterance: "What afflicts the friends of liberty is that we have more to fear from success than from defeat . . . the danger is lest one of our generals be crowned with victory and lest . . . he lead his victorious army against the capital to secure the triumph of the Despot. I invoke heaven that we may meet with constant defeat . . . and that our soldiers . . . drown their leaders in their own blood."

Even while Marat wrote, the leader whom he had foreseen hovered unobtrusively in the background. An obscure lieutenant of artillery, ambitious of success but no stranger to poverty, Napoleon Bonaparte would at that time have been picked by few

observers as the Emperor of later days; but so early as 1793 he was to demonstrate his ability by devising a plan for routing the Anglo-Spanish forces at Toulon, and in recognition of his services he was to be promoted to the rank of brigadier-general; while in 1796 he was to set out for Italy as commander of the first of those armies which were to make possible his extraordinary conquests.

No figure of modern times—probably no character in all history—has taken firmer hold upon the popular imagination than has that of Bonaparte; and the vast mass of Napoleonic literature, which has been estimated as amounting to something like forty thousand volumes, will bear testimony to the amount of interest he has aroused. The existence of many of these works is of course to be explained by mere hero-worship, by the glamour which attaches to every successful general; the existence of many others is due to the fascination of the many-sided but enigmatic personality of the man; but even after one allows for those which merely represent some unimportant private reaction, and for those which are no more than echoes, the very bulk of the literature would indicate the transcendently important part that Napoleon has played in the world's affairs.

The most brilliant soldier of modern times and the most spectacular since the days of Alexander, Napoleon stands out against the sultry background of his generation not only as a fiery example but as a challenge and a warning. He demonstrated how it is possible for a man of indomitable will and insatiable ambition to print his signature in blood across the face of a continent; how the energetic One may lead the docile Many, and how whole nations may be moved to bend the knee before the shrine of Glory; how men by the millions may be intoxicated by the elixir of a great name, and, under the illusion it creates, may plunge into furnace or flood; how cities may be wrecked, and empires ravaged, and peaceful populations annihilated, and corpses by the thousands be left to the vulture and the wolf, not because the people desire the terrors or the losses of conflict, but because they

bow in reverence before a crowned figure and tremble at the tones of a commanding voice.

What was the motive that bade Napoleon set forth upon his astonishing career? Perhaps, had he himself been questioned, he could not have answered—for are not men's deepest purposes often a secret even from themselves? He merely took advantage of a system, a system that enabled one man to climb to power and renown on the shoulders of a myriad unresisting fellows; and the disorganization of contemporary France and of contemporary Europe made all things malleable in his designing hands. But was it the fervor of patriotism that moved him? and was he striving for the welfare of humanity rather than for personal ends? One has only to observe his deeds in order to find the answer. The political and economic scheme then in vogue (a scheme which was not changed in essentials since his day) offered all its rewards to him who planned shrewdly for his own good rather than for the ends of mankind—and was it to be thought that a man of boundless strength of will linked to boundless egotism would fail to place personal advantage first? Certainly, not Napoleon!—certainly, not this man who was suspicious of every disinterested motive in others, this man who once called the great Talleyrand a gull for aiding him without ulterior design! Every word he ever spoke, almost every action he ever performed, gives proof that here was one who held his own welfare uppermost, one who made of himself a god about whom the empires revolved like the constellations about the knees of the Almighty.

Yet, strange to say, it was the most impractical of all objects, that bauble of the imagination—Glory—which seems to have dominated this most practical of all men. "Death is nothing," he writes; "but to live vanquished and without glory is to die every day." [1] And, speaking of one of his early campaigns, he declares, "I undertook a gigantic expedition to occupy people's minds and

[1] Napoleon, *Correspondence*, I.

to increase my glory."[1] Certainly, the truth of his words is evidenced by the nature of his projects and of his deeds; from his first triumphant entry into Italy as a twenty-seven-year-old commander, down through all the turbulent years to his last tragic failure on the field of Waterloo, he was moved by objects that might seem strangely chimerical to one who judged the aims of men only by the value of the results; and, if the explanation of Glory does not suffice, then his actions must appear totally incredible.

Consider, for example, the Egyptian campaign. What was his object in making this perilous and unprovoked expedition against a peaceful land? Surely, the avowed object of blocking British communications with India could actually have interested him little enough; and if, as has been reported, he had designs of marching across the Asian waste upon India itself, then manifestly he was drunken with romantic ideas of renown. And what about the project he entertained for so many years, the unrealizable project of setting foot on English soil and seeing the proud island empire bow before his conquering hordes? Does it not seem that he desired to emulate Cæsar? for what advantage to France to be burdened with the rule of the intractable British Isles? what advantage to any one except to him whose fame would overshadow the fame of Alexander?

Again, in his aim for a colonial empire in America—an aim still more remote of fulfillment—did he not but echo the cry of the most illustrious of the glory-seekers, "More worlds to conquer!"? And in his invasion of Spain, was he not undertaking that which no man would have attempted except with glory-blinded eyes?—for the country, cut off from France by the secure barrier of successive mountain ranges, could be defeated without being conquered, and, in the absence of effective control from the sea, its permament subjugation was unthinkable. Likewise, in his assault upon Russia (the details of which we shall shortly con-

[1] Colonel Vachée, *Napoleon at Work.*

sider), he was attempting the conquest of distant and scantily populated territory that at best could be of but doubtful advantage to France although it might add to the already gigantic reputation of Napoleon; he was by this time so firmly wedded to a conquering tradition that practical difficulties and the cost in life were overlooked. And finally, in the futile and disastrous campaign of Waterloo, it was the destiny of Napoleon rather than the destiny of the millions that was the excuse for fighting; and before the ultimate downfall, he had to make a last sacrifice of blood on the altar of his ambition.

All the incidents of his career seem to indicate that the welfare of France and of the men that served him were of but slight importance in his mind compared with the fame of Napoleon. "I thought that Davout loved me, but he loved only France," he is reported as lamenting, after his abdication in 1815; while to his brother Joseph he once gave the significant warning, "Do not forget that your first duty is toward me, your second toward France, and your third toward Spain." [1] And at another time, with a callousness matched only by his complacency, he stated, "I have an income of a hundred thousand men"—words unfortunately all too true!—for he was no miser, but spent his income with spendthrift abandon! The slightness of his regard for human life even in his earlier and more humane days is illustrated by an incident of the Syrian campaign, when having taken two thousand prisoners and fearing to release them but having little food on which to keep them, he had them shot in cold blood on the ground of "military exigency." All in all, there seems to be only too much justification for Nietzsche's blasting characterization: "Napoleon's being was certainly formed by faith in himself and in his star, and by the contempt of Man which proceeded from it."

The case of Napoleon is not the only one that history presents of a man who rose to renown upon the stairs of an overweening

[1] Colonel Vachée, *Napoleon at Work.*

ambition and above the crushed and bleeding bodies of his fellows. But rarely has the passion for individual luster been so favored by that inscrutable goddess who deals the cards of Chance; and rarely has it been linked to a personality of such searching intelligence and such commanding powers. Even leaving out of account the question of Napoleon's motives, the fact of his rise is astonishing enough; and, after one has made all due allowance for the large part that a propitious environment and sheer good fortune played in his career, one must attribute his success in large measure to his native qualities of will and perception.

But what precisely, were those faculties that enabled him to rise? And by what methods did he win those victories that make him unique among the warriors of modern times? Innumerable explanations have been given; and the very variety of the attempted solutions indicates the impossibility of finding any one all-sufficient reason. In one work, for example, we will read that Napoleon's success was due to the fact that, in his youthful days, he evolved a fresh plan of battle by the light of the study lamp, and subsequently put that plan into effective operation upon the actual field, gaining triumph after triumph so long as he alone employed the new methods, but succumbing as soon as his foes came to understand the scheme and to utilize it against him. But in another book we will find an emphatic denial that he ever resorted to any formula; and, in view of the variety of the engagements that he directed and the number of his victories, one must admit that the facts would seem to favor the latter view. It would appear that, as in the case of Hannibal and other outstanding commanders, it was his resourcefulness rather than his adherence to a formula that most frequently won him the day; he is known to have been a careful student of the science of warfare, and a master of tactics and strategy; but his own quick decisiveness, the inspiration or the calculation of the moment as he stood surveying the field of conflict, aided him no less than did the meticulous preliminary survey and the detailed planning.

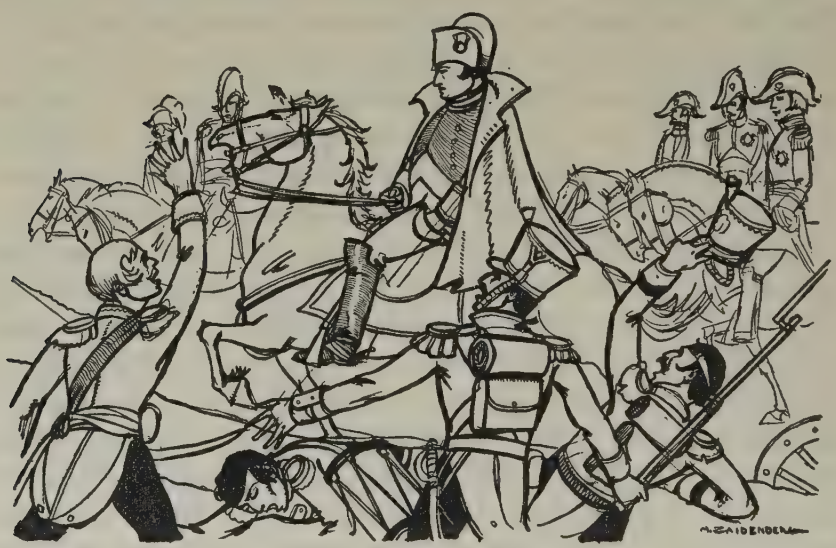
He was like the skilled chess player who takes delight in scheming out his moves in advance and in devising some new system of attack or defense, yet who glories equally in the actual contest and in unpremeditated and startling strokes. And the exaltation of superintending the combat, the egotistic joy of being leader in a game that affected whole peoples and continents, was no doubt among the factors that impelled him toward the battlefield and that gave him the enthusiasm necessary for success.

In his actual methods of fighting, Napoleon was in the legitimate line of descent from Frederick the Great and from the French Revolution. His movements resembled those of Frederick in the swift initiative he usually displayed, in his readiness to take the offensive with furious and decisive blows, and in the concentration of his forces upon the enemy's weak point; while he did much to stimulate that dash and vigor which had come to French troops as the heritage of the Revolution, he was given to advancing rapidly and with energy, and he disdained the stereotyped rules of his predecessors in favor of his own brilliant promptings. To cut off an enemy's line of communications was often with him, as with other generals, a more important achievement than to win a battle; while to triumph by means of a feint or deceptive movement was quite as commendable as to succeed in direct battle. Napoleon, indeed, was much given to ruses; and a typical instance of his strategy, which was repeated in principle on numerous occasions, was that which occurred during the Italian campaign, when he collected a large number of boats as though to cross the Po at Valenza and made a warlike demonstration with one of his divisions, so diverting the enemy's attention while the rest of the army pressed on to Piacenza, fifty miles away, and crossed without obstruction.

In the following words, which one will find in his *Notes sur l'Art de Guerre*, Napoleon has summarized his own rules of combat along with those of other great captains: "The principles of Cæsar were the same as those of Alexander and of Hannibal; to keep his forces united, not to be vulnerable at any point, to move

with rapidity upon important positions, and to take advantage of moral methods, by the reputation of his arms, by the fear which he inspired, and also by political means to keep his allies faithful."

It will be observed that these principles do not lose sight of the psychological factor in warfare. And a study of Napoleon's



NAPOLEON ON THE BATTLEFIELD

career will show that the psychological was always of quite as much importance in his view as the physical. He himself has included among his dicta on the art of war the revealing statement, "In war all is mental; and the mind and opinion make up more than the half of the actual"; and the necessity of concealing blunt concrete facts by a mantle of caressing illusion is indicated by his declaration that, "Men must be led by an iron hand in a velvet glove." Assuredly, his own hand was of iron, but undeniably he knew how to clothe it in a velvet disguise!—and if any one fact be apparent about his ascendancy over men, it is that he understood when to let the bristling metal appear, and when to conceal it beneath the sumptuous cloth; when to smite with rough-shod

and unrestrained power, and when to seduce with a gauze of appearances and to create enticing misconceptions.

Let us consider a few of the wiles he employed to bend the will of his subordinates to his purposes. Did he not show an understanding of the failings of human nature, when, at the age of twenty-four, he stimulated the volunteers at Toulon with a large sign that read: *This is the battery of the men without fear*? And was he not exercising a knowledge of psychology when, in his first proclamation to the army of Italy, he reminded the men that they were without pay, without clothes, and without glory, but that all three were to be found in the land into which he was to lead them? Again, did he not make obedient servants of his troops—and particularly of the members of the Old Guard—by occasionally talking with them in person, and inquiring as to the length of their service, the number of their wounds, or the nature of their exploits? And was he not likely to win the affection of his men when, after a battle, he would solemnly explore the field, stooping over the prone and silent forms and feeling their pulses to discover a trace of life? Obviously, such actions would seem to confirm his statement that he felt toward his soldiers as a father toward his sons (a father with a fair-sized family!)—and the men would listen all the more eagerly and believe all the more unquestioningly when next their commander spoke.

As an example of the sort of verbiage Napoleon employed to influence the minds of his troops, let us glance at the following, an excerpt from a bulletin written just after the fall of Mack in 1805:

"Soldiers! I had prepared you for a great battle; but, thanks to the bad maneuvers of the enemy, I have reached equal results without taking any risk; and,—unprecedented event in the history of nations,—this result has been gained at an expense of less than fifteen hundred men out of action.

"Soldiers! this success is due to your unlimited confidence in your Emperor, to your patience in supporting all kinds of fatigue and privations, to your splendid valour.

"But we cannot rest yet. You are impatient for a second campaign.

"The Russian army, drawn by the gold of England from the furthest limits of the earth, must suffer the same fate.

"In this contest the honor of the French infantry is more especially at stake; for the second time the question must be decided, as already once before in Switzerland and in Holland, whether the French infantry is the first or the second in Europe.

"Among them are no generals for whom I have any glory to win. My whole anxiety shall be to obtain the victory with the least effusion of blood possible: my soldiers are my children."

Such phraseology may possibly be regarded as leaning slightly toward the bombastic, but it is by its effect that it must be judged, and the effect was precisely that which Napoleon desired.

The bulletins and stimulating speeches were supplemented by other methods equally efficacious. "Orders of the day, words of praise, a more affectionate manner or a smile—one of those charming smiles which won the hearts of generals as much as those of simple grenadiers—were still other means adopted by Napoleon to give his army a final increase of energy, incentive and dash. These were distributed in carefully measured doses by a master in the art of leading men at the very right moment and in the manner best suited to the occasion." [1]

Less casual, and certainly not less important, were the decorations and awards that Napoleon distributed after the manner of most of the world's successful commanders. Often, when passing before an army corps in review, he would ask the officers to point out the most meritorious men, and would grant the prizes and promotions in person, thereby vastly increasing their value in the eyes of the recipients. But, whether or not the gifts came from the commander personally, they were an unfailing method of improving the army's "morale." In 1799, for example, a system was instituted whereby the brave were rewarded with guns, axes and bugles bearing their names and the names of the actions in which

[1] Colonel Vachée, *Napoleon at Work*

they had distinguished themselves; while, for extraordinary services, swords of honor were granted to officers or soldiers. And lest the bare honor prove insufficient, these swords (whose number was limited to two hundred for the entire army) were accompanied by a high pecuniary gift.

Yet the tangible rewards were less potent than the intangible; and one of the most effective agencies of Napoleon's success was the Legion of Honor, whose appeal was to the desire for applause and for personal distinction. Its nature may best be explained by the statement that, in Napoleon's mind, it "was a moral institution which added strength and activity to that spring of honor which so powerfully moves the French nation . . . It was the creation of a new money of a very different value from that which came from the public treasury, a money the value of which was unchangeable, and the source of which could not be exhausted since it was founded in French honor." [1]

In answer to the contention that the crosses and ribbons awarded by the Legion of Honor were mere baubles unworthy of a republic, Napoleon once exclaimed, "I defy you to show me an ancient or modern republic in which there were no distinctions. You call these baubles, well, it is with baubles men are led." [2]

The man who could make such a statement was manifestly not the man to believe that the all-sufficient reason for fighting was the so-called pugnacious instinct. He realized that all manner of psychological spurs and incentives had to be applied—and the explanation of his influence over his army is that he applied such spurs and incentives understandingly.

To his officers, as to his men, Napoleon was liberal with his rewards. To some he would make rich donations in money; to others he would give splendid hotels and estates; to still others he would grant the sovereignty of whole principalities; while he distributed titles to most of his marshals and kingships to his

[1] Report of Counsellor of State, Roederer.

[2] Delaitre, *La Legion d'Honneur*.

brothers, and bound some of his supporters to him by marrying them to great heiresses selected at his own discretion.

So much for the velvet glove. Upon occasion, he could also display the iron hand—and it is known that the occasion did frequently appear. Thus, immediately after his promotion to the leadership of the Army of Italy, his former associates noted a distinct change in his demeanor; he had become reserved and formal even to those with whom he had been intimate, and his desire to impose a barrier was apparent—it would not do for the Commander-in-Chief to be treated as a mere man among men. And, by imposing a feeling of distance and awe in his presence, he served the purposes of Authority. But he did not confine himself to silent and passive means; a more vigorous method was that which he employed at the beginning of the Egyptian expedition, when there was much grumbling in the higher ranks of the army. Inviting the malcontents to dinner, the commander addressed them in unequivocal terms: "I know that several generals are dissatisfied and preach revolt. Let them take care. The distance from a general or a drummer-boy to me is the same under certain circumstances, and if one of these circumstances presents itself I shall shoot one like the other."

Equally decisive were the rebukes that he sometimes administered to his officers for infringement of the rules. Colonel Vachée relates, for example, the following anecdote: "One morning Gouvion Saint-Cyr, on his return from Naples, where he had been replaced in his command, attended the levee at the Tuileries. 'You have doubtless received the permission of the Minister of War? asked Napoleon. 'No, sire,' replied Saint-Cyr. 'But there was nothing for me to do at Naples.' 'If, within two hours,' said the Emperor, 'you are not on the road back to Naples, you will be shot before noon on the plain of Grenelle.' "

It is highly probable that Saint-Cyr was on the road back to Naples in less than two hours.

Such were the methods that Napoleon employed to secure his ascendancy over the minds of his men. And there is no doubt that

that ascendancy, at least until the loss of the *Grande Armée* in 1812, was as great as any general has ever achieved. But despite the successes of Napoleon, and despite all the glamour that invested him, it must not be thought that all men flocked willingly to his colors, or that it was of their own accord that the majority went forth to the field of glory and of death. Conscription, relentless conscription, was the order of the day; the soldiers whose blood Napoleon spilled like water had in large part come to the army by force; and it was the reluctant recruit from farmland and village and town that furnished the Emperor with the human material to squander in his vain assault upon the Russian waste or in his last desperate stand at Waterloo.

Yet the institution of compulsory service was not of his own devising. It was one of the fruits of the French Revolution; it had been first tested in 1793, when Dubois-Crancé had recruited 164,000 men; it had operated on a gigantic scale in 1794, when other hundreds of thousands had been conscripted; and in 1798 it had grown thoroughly methodical, and all unmarried citizens between twenty and twenty-five years of age had been declared subject to service. Hence, when Napoleon became First Consul, he could lean upon a system that made it possible for him to procure soldiers in numbers practically unlimited.

With the support of that system, he accomplished that which has since been accomplished with still greater efficiency by others; the discipline of the army passed like a great steam roller over the disgruntled recruits; it crushed out their protests and complaints, smoothed out their individualities till they were no longer apparent, and stamped their minds and desires into the pattern of the multitude. Some objection, indeed, was made; in later days, when he was exterminating the youth of France in the interest of his inordinate ambition, there was a vast amount of objection, and many were the wiles which men devised to escape the inexorable service, and many the self-mutilations to which they resorted. Yet, in general, conscription served its purpose; the recruits were gathered by the swarm, and shaped into a soldierly

mould, though the very numbers in which they unwillingly entered the service proved that it was cowardice and not courage that led them to fight, and that only the fear of some penalty more imminent than cannon balls enabled the army to maintain its ranks.

It must be remembered, none the less, that the conscription in

SELF-MUTILATION OF CONSCRIPT

Napoleon's time was not in all respects so severe as that of later days; the discipline of the French troops was not so stringent, nor was the passion for uniformity so apparent. Yet the system that had been planted was to take firm root and dominate the history of the next hundred years; it was to mark the day of armies that were not only national but that were composed of the entire citizenry; hence it was to till the ground for the extension of militarism and for warfare on a scale beside which even the campaigns of Napoleon would dwindle to insignificance.

But although conscription was initiated by the Revolution and perpetuated by the Napoleonic régime, the French people were not militaristically inclined at the time of the Consulship. The

mere fact that conscription was necessary in order to secure recruits proves that warlike tendencies were not general—for if men desired to fight, what need for compulsion? It is a little ironic, when one recalls the circumstances of Napoleon's accession to power, to remember that he was chosen on a pacific platform; that the proclamation announcing him as First Consul was also a proclamation declaring for a policy of peace. There is no doubt that the French people in 1799 desired peace; and if they thought that a specialist in warfare was the man most likely to give it to them, at least they were no more illogical than other peoples have been in assuming that the best way to end fighting is to fight.

But we must not forget that the battles which Napoleon had waged up to 1799 gave no indication of the gigantic conflicts that were to come. The engine of war which he had employed so effectively in Italy contained only thirty-seven thousand men, while in Egypt he had had only about thirty thousand; and observers might have been pardoned for not foreseeing those engagements in which the dead alone would outnumber Napoleon's former armies. The transition, besides, was not to come in a day, and in the interval Napoleon was to play shrewdly upon those most pliable of all sentiments, the sentiments of national glory and honor; and, even while he was hatching prodigious schemes for the conquest of England and for American imperialism, he was to lull the people with the comfortable belief that the wars they waged were for the national defense.

Ignorance—a deliberately fostered ignorance—was another factor in Napoleon's military progress; the people seldom if ever realized the true state of affairs in the campaigns. The Emperor was an adept at propaganda, and would systematically and wilfully falsify in his reports from the front, not only interpreting all doubtful points in his own favor, but so exaggerating the enemy's losses and minimizing his own as to convert defeat into victory and to make a small success seem a magnificent triumph.

And if such strategy did not suffice to seduce the people, there

was the palpable fact that the greater burden of the wars was borne not by France but by neighboring states. Not only were most of Napoleon's battles fought on the territory of Italy, Spain, Austria, Russia or Germany, but it was his custom to provide his troops with board and lodgings at the expense of his enemies or allies. Thus, while France was escaping unscathed, Germany in the years from 1806 to 1813 was oppressed almost to the point of revolt by having to quarter Napoleon's troops.

Looking back with the long perspective of a century or over, we are apt to regard the Napoleonic wars as affairs of glamour and glory. Yet one may question whether they do not represent horror on the vastest scale the world had yet witnessed. Certainly, if one would look for a parallel from the point of view of the magnitude of the suffering they entailed, one would have to turn to events such as the Roman destruction of Carthage or Jerusalem, or the Mongol assault upon Herat or Kiev. Even the minor campaigns—those in which Napoleon himself did not participate, and which represented but some secondary phase of his policy—were frequently undertaken at an incalculable cost in tears and misery. Consider, for example, the attempt which Massena made in 1810 to drive Wellington out of Portugal. In this unavailing campaign, but a single battle was fought, in which the French lost less than five thousand men; yet of the sixty-three thousand which set forth from France, only forty thousand were ever to see their native soil again. And the reason was a winter of starvation and brutality. Between the invaders and the peasantry there was continual conflict; the French, in their search for food, were guilty of frequent cruelty in their treatment of the natives; they would stalk them to their homes at night, and offer them the choice of being shot or robbed; they would torture them to make them confess the location of hidden stores of corn; they would hang them in halters until they were half dead, and on occasion would carry out their threats of murder. And the Portuguese retaliated in kind; they killed all the Frenchmen they could seize, they took particular delight in torturing them

and slaying them by inches—and thus they aroused in the foe a resentment equal to their own, with the result that both sides grew more ruthless in their raids and committed their atrocities in ever blinder anger and ferocity.

Yet the disaster of the Portuguese expedition, terrible and costly though it was, was really of comparative unimportance. Vastly more significant, from the point of view of Napoleon and of the world, was a later expedition that resulted in an incomparably greater catastrophe. By this I refer, of course, to the Russian campaign of 1812, the greatest invasion yet undertaken by any modern commander, and possibly at that time the greatest of all the invasions of history. It was Russia, far more than Waterloo, that signed the seal of Napoleon's downfall; Waterloo was but the logical aftermath, and the Russian sleet and frost was the foe that crushed the hopes of the brilliant conqueror of nations.

In view of the fact that Napoleon well knew of the calamity which had befallen Charles XII and had even expressed his contempt by calling Charles a "madman," it is a little curious that he should have been lured by the mirage of Russian domination to undertake the advance to Moscow. Yet he not only assailed the great Moscovite empire, but assailed it with an army of unprecedented size. The number of men engaged in the campaign has been variously estimated as from four hundred thousand to seven hundred thousand; but, even allowing for inaccuracies, the detailed figures tabulated by Edwin Foord would seem to indicate that the participants on the French side reached the grand total of 674,000! [1] Of course, not all these men marched into Russia at the same time; many thousands must be deducted from the figures to allow for reinforcements, for absentees that rejoined the colors, and for reserve brigades; but, even so, it is certain that the original army of invasion numbered far into the hundreds of thousands.

Although Napoleon had declared that he would never under-

[1] Edwin Foord, *Napoleon's Russian Campaign of 1812*.

take the invasion of Russia, his actions indicate that he had had the project in mind for years. "Whatever diplomacy might do," states Edwin Foord, "neither Napoleon nor Alexander had any belief in the permanence of the truce which had been called in 1807. Soon after his second marriage Napoleon had observed to Metternich that war with Russia was in the nature of things. The retention of strong garrisons in the Prussian fortresses on the Oder, the steady increase in the forces of the Grand Duchy of Warsaw, and the continued occupation of Danzig, almost on the Russian frontier, were measures that could hardly be regarded as directed otherwise than against Russia. Moreover, besides the troops of Napoleon's German vassals, an army of 100,000 Frenchmen occupied Germany. It is absurd to suggest, in the face of all this, that war was forced upon Napoleon by Russia—except, of course, in so far as independent action of any kind always challenged his hostility." [1]

It will be needless to describe the actual advance upon Moscow; the disasters in the rain and cold; the abandonment of villages by the terrified peasantry, and their burning of the houses and crops; the dismantling of splendid châteaux, and the looting of the countryside; the battles with the defenders and the carnage that ensued. The climax did not arrive until Napoleon's stay at Moscow; it was during his residence there, and during his inglorious withdrawal, that the crucial events occurred, and that one of the greatest commanders of all time paved the way for one of the greatest catastrophes of history.

The terror of the burning of Moscow, and the tragedy and anguish of the retreat, have been vividly portrayed by an eyewitness, Eugene Lebaume. And since his story presents a more graphic as well as a more detailed account than any one could hope to render at the distance of a hundred years, I shall take the liberty of quoting from it at some length.

In the following lines, Lebaume offers a picture of the state of the inhabitants upon the arrival of the French: "A large part

[1] Edwin Foord, *Napoleon's Russian Campaign of 1812.*

of the population of Moscow, terror-stricken by our arrival, had remained concealed in the recesses of their habitations, from which they were now driven by the flames. They crept out pale and trembling, not daring even to utter a muttered curse on the authors of their misery, to such an extent had they been struck dumb by terror. From their hiding-places they carried with them their most valuable effects, but those among them who were most susceptible to natural affection only thought of saving their families; on one hand could be seen a son supporting his infirm father; on another women who wept bitterly over the infants whom they carried in their arms; and who were followed by others a little older hurrying on for fear of being left behind, and calling in piteous tones to their mothers. The old men, more crushed by the weight of misfortune than by years, could seldom follow their families, and many lay down to die before their ruined homes. The streets and public buildings, and especially the churches, were filled with these unfortunates, who, lying amidst the remnants of their household goods, gave themselves up to hopeless despair." [1]

Meantime, while fire consumed the splendid domes and palaces of the city, free license was granted to the troops to pillage. "Soldiers, *vivandiers,* convicts, prostitutes thronged the streets, entered the deserted palaces, and dragged out everything that excited their cupidity. Some covered themselves with cloth of gold or rich silks; others threw over their shoulders priceless furs; many decked themselves with women's and children's pelisses, and even the escaped convicts hid their rags under court clothes! The remainder, rushing in a mob to the cellars, forced the doors, and, after getting drunk on the most costly wines, staggered off with their immense booty." [2]

The confusion now was so frightful that it "led to a destruction almost as disastrous as the fire itself." All the houses were ransacked; the churches were entered, and the very corpses disturbed; the velvet vestments of the tombs were torn to shreds,

[1] Eugene Lebaume, *The Crime of 1812 and Its Retribution.*
[2] *Ibid.*

and to an insensate cupidity was added that raging lust which has been the universal accompaniment of warfare throughout the ages. And meanwhile the flames, no more maddened than the human occupants of the town, advanced and advanced with devouring frenzy, till Napoleon himself, driven from the Kremlin, sought refuge with his suite at the Château of Peterskoë. "On seeing him pass," comments Lebaume, "I could not behold without a shudder the leader of this barbarous expedition, who, to avoid the public indignation, sought out the darkest streets by which to make his escape. But it was all in vain; the flames seemed to pursue him, and as I saw their lurid glow light up his pallid face, I thought of the torches of the Eumenides pursuing criminals consigned to the Furies." [1]

Gruesome as had been the scenes of the day, those of the night were to be more bloodcurdling still. "The violence of the flames increased," Lebaume continues; "they now extended from north to south, and, fanned by the wind, seemed to reach to heaven. We could see the burning fuses that the malefactors were throwing from the summits of the towers; they left trails of fire, and from a distance resembled falling stars. The terror that froze every heart was intensified by the ghastly shrieks of the victims of murder, or the cries for mercy of women struggling desperately with their ravishers, whose rage was only inflamed by resistance. To these frightful sounds was added the agonised howling of innumerable dogs, chained . . . to the doors of the palaces, and unable to escape from the flames by which they were encompassed." [2]

Had it not been for the sacrifice of the Russians in setting fire to their city, Napoleon would presumably have been able to quarter his troops there for the winter, and so might have escaped the agonies of the return. Even so, however, he might in large part have averted the subsequent disaster had he displayed his usual decisiveness; for once in his career, this master of rapid move-

[1] Eugene Lebaume, *The Crime of 1812 and Its Retribution.*
[2] *Ibid.*

ments did not seem to understand the advantages of time, but for three weeks lingered needlessly in Moscow; and, for once, this adept at strategy was confronted with a superior strategist: the weather, by remaining unseasonably balmy, lulled him into a false sense of security and lent some color of reason to his fatal delay.

When on October 18th the retreat began, a foe more deadly than the Russian army lay in wait on the silent steppes. And how ill prepared was the great general to meet that foe!—not only was his army vast and cumbrous, with its hundreds of guns, its interminable baggage trains, and its scores of thousands of hungry horses, but it was hampered by the addition of a vast number of non-combatants, including virtually the entire French colony at Moscow as well as countless Russian women. It is certain that not even the foresight of Napoleon was sufficient to envisage the difficulties ahead; for, had he entered with open eyes upon the course he took, he would have deserved the appellation he disdainfully applied to Charles XII.

The danger was vastly magnified by the fact that the maneuvers of the Russians forced Napoleon to return along his own devastated line of march. Literally, he reaped the harvest he had sown, for that ruin which he had directly caused or indirectly stimulated was to be a prime factor in his own overthrow. There were few provisions to be garnered from the towns he passed; indeed, in most places there were no towns at all, but mere heaps of ruins standing in the midst of burnt fields; and there was little solace for the army in the sight of the ash-littered thoroughfares cluttered with the remains of burnt and mangled human bodies. Even when the foraging parties entered districts that were still undestroyed, they usually met but small success, for the Cossacks beset them at every vantage point, cutting off the stragglers, intercepting convoys, and preventing access to the villages. But the invading army, when it could not gain supplies, at least gained the doubtful satisfaction of burning or demolishing every edifice that still remained standing; and the soldiers of Napo-

leon's suite, developing a mania for the work of havoc, burnt even the places where their fellows were to stop, and caused great hardship to the rear guard by depriving them of all shelter against the chilly nights.

On the 30th of October, near the battlefield of Borodino, the army observed one of those scenes in which the glory of war attains ultimate expression. "My horror was at its height," writes Lebaume, "when I reached the battlefield and found the remains of the twenty thousand men who had been slaughtered, still lying in heaps, the frost having preserved them from entire dissolution. The plain was covered with them; on all sides nothing was to be seen but carcasses of horses and human bodies, half interred. There were also to be seen uniforms stained with blood, bones gnawed by famished dogs and birds of prey; here a litter of broken weapons—drums, helmets and cuirasses; there the broken staffs of regimental colors, the symbols with which they were covered, revealing how much the Russian eagle had suffered on that bloody day." [1]

As the weary soldiers trudged by this ghastly scene, it might have served as a warning of their own impending doom. From day to day the difficulties of the march increased; the weather, at first mild except at night, suddenly took a frosty turn, and in the midst of a driving snow and wind, the men plodded feebly onward across the endless miles. Some, staggering amid a chilly mist, could no longer distinguish the road from the ditches that lined it, but fell to an icy grave; while the rest, "making frantic efforts to hasten forward, could hardly drag themselves along; badly shod, insufficiently clothed, without food or drink, groaning with pain and shivering with cold, they showed absolute indifference to those who fell exhausted and expired around them, and who, stretched out along the roads, were only to be distinguished by the heaps of snow which covered their corpses." [2]

Such events may not seem to confirm the view that war evokes

[1] Eugene Lebaume, *The Crime of 1812 and Its Retribution.*
[2] *Ibid.*

the noblest qualities of man. Nor is such a view supported by a later passage, wherein Lebaume records the army's reaction to further misfortunes, and tells how horses by the thousands perished of starvation, how abandoned ammunition and baggage wagons lined the roads, how the guns were sunk in ruts and the defiles were choked with weapons and munitions of war, how soldiers were frozen to death in the very act of lighting the fires designed to succor them, and how the corpses became so numerous that they would have blocked the roads had they not enabled the survivors to cross the ditches and ruts.

"Such horrors, far from arousing our emotions," confesses Lebaume, "only hardened our hearts. Our cruelty no longer being able to vent itself upon the enemy, we directed it against each other. The closest friendships were broken; whoever showed the least sign of illness, if he were not lucky enough to be well mounted and to have about him faithful servants, was absolutely certain never to see his native country more. The greater number much preferred to save the loot of Moscow than their own comrades. On all hands were heard the groans of the dying and the dreadful lamentations of those who were being left behind; but every ear was deaf to their cries, and if any one approached those who were on the point of death it was only for the sake of plunder, or to discover if they still possessed a morsel of food." [1]

Apparently, in this case the souls of the men had not been refined in that "crucible of suffering" whereof preachers speak!

But they had not yet reached the lowest pitch of degradation. Observe to what state they were reduced a little later in the march: "Men could be seen fighting each other for a morsel of bread; if, perishing with cold, a shivering wretch approached one of these fires the soldiers to whom it belonged inhumanely drove him away; and if another, dying of thirst, implored a drop of water from some one carrying a pailful, the refusal was accompanied by a torrent of oaths. It was the commonest thing to hear educated men who had hitherto been bosom friends quarreling

[1] Eugene Lebaume, *The Crime of 1812 and Its Retribution.*

over a wisp of straw or a piece of horse-flesh which they were cutting up. This campaign . . . entirely changed our natural characters, breeding in us vices to which previously we had been utter strangers. Even those who had formerly been honest, compassionate and generous, became selfish, avaricious; bloodsuckers and depraved."[1]

It would be impossible to recount all the misfortunes which these wretched men endured. The army advanced in a demoralized, straggling band; some, with shoes worn through and uniforms tattered, sought protection from the cold in the capes they tore from corpses; some perished in the flames that consumed the houses wherein they had sought refuge; some were shot by their comrades to save them from a still more lugubrious fate; some were drowned in swimming the icy rivers; some were attacked and slain by the harrying parties of Cossacks; some supported the spark of life feverishly on fragments of the flesh of starved horses.

But the supreme tragedy was that which occurred when the survivors arrived at the ice-filled Berezina. Here, beset on the one hand by the guns of the enemy and blocked on the other by the impassable torrent, thousands of the stragglers were left stranded by the burning of the bridges, and women and children perished by the horde along with the disabled fragments of the army. "Perhaps no event in history," said Edwin Foord, "has ever so completely united in itself every element of misery."[2] It would be no less futile than it would be ghastly to dwell upon the scene just before the bridges were burnt, when the outlets were blocked by heaps of wrecked wagons and of dead and dying men, a "living mass of human beings and animals, heaving sluggishly with convulsive movements to escape"[3]—a blood-stained mass through which the engineers made a cutting as though it had been but an embankment of earth. Yet scarcely less grue-

[1] Eugene Lebaume, *The Crime of 1812 and Its Retribution.*
[2] Edwin Foord, *Napoleon's Russian Campaign of 1812.*
[3] *Ibid.*

some were the events that followed, when the bridges had been fired, and when, "Many of the unhappy wretches . . . strove to dash through the flames, others endeavored to cross on the thin ice between the bridges, many threw themselves into the icy stream to wade or swim."

Tragic though this was, the destruction while the bridges still remained intact had been equally terrible. "At the sight of the enemy, those who had not yet passed . . . rushed toward the bridge. The artillery, the baggage train, the cavalry, the infantry —each struggled to get over first. The stronger threw into the water the weaker who impeded their progress, and trampled over the bodies of the sick and wounded. Several hundred men were mangled out of recognition under the wheels of the guns; others, hoping to find safety by swimming, were frozen to death in the river, or perished by trying to cross on pieces of floating ice, which sank from under them. Thousands and thousands, having lost all hope, threw themselves pellmell into the Berezina, where almost all perished miserably." [1]

But why proceed with the dreary recital? Is it surprising if, considering the assaults of sleet and snow and hunger and the barriers of freezing rivers, but a small part of Napoleon's army ever saw France again? Is it surprising if a few thousand ragged refugees were all that survived of the magnificent hundreds of thousands that had marched upon Moscow? The losses in Napoleon's ranks alone are estimated at 550,000—enough to populate a city such as Baltimore or San Francisco!—and to these must be added the untold tens of thousands of camp followers and non-combatants of Napoleon's host, in addition to the hundred and fifty thousand Russian soldiers that were lost, and the incalculable numbers of slain Russian civilians. And all this the cost of the dream of conquest in the mind of a single man! One can half imagine what distressing visions must have filled the head of the Emperor as he rode across that wintry waste where

[1] Eugene Lebaume, *The Crime of 1812 and Its Retribution.*

his army had gone to return no more; one can surmise that, as he watched the lean, long-haired forms of the wolfhounds that hovered about the heels of his retreating troops, and as he surveyed the swarms of ravens that wheeled above in their screeching black clouds, he may have read the omens of a doom which neither the might of unrivaled armies nor the strength of an indomitable will could avert.

CHAPTER XXI

BLOOD AND IRON

TREMENDOUS as was the influence of the French Revolution and of Napoleon upon the civil institutions and the warfare of the late eighteenth and early nineteenth centuries, their power over succeeding generations was to be more transforming still. They had released forces greater than any man could estimate and more enduring than any man could conceive; their effects were to echo and tremble throughout the years and to shape the careers of distant governments and lands; they were to breed a new spirit that was to be peculiarly productive of warfare, and were to be in the background of conflicts destined to overshadow those of Napoleon himself.

It was of course primarily upon the European continent that the revolutionary and Napoleonic wars left their imprint; yet the flame they had ignited did not confine itself to Europe, and even in America it was to burn fitfully but brightly. The history of America, indeed, bears the ineradicable impress that Napoleon has left upon it; the expansion of the United States would have been impossible,—at least without a great waste of blood,—had not Napoleon's European conflicts encouraged him to sell Jefferson the Louisiana Territory; while the War of 1812 was caused in large part by Napoleon's feud with England, by his attempt to blockade English ports, and by the restrictive measures proclaimed by both France and Great Britain against neutral shipping. But, at the same time that he provoked this contest, Napoleon indirectly aided America, since England required most of her troops for possible use against the French Emperor; and

thus the United States, entering the war with an army of only 6700 men, an army poorly officered and badly equipped, was able to keep at bay one of the most powerful military and naval powers of the world.

But the story of the War of 1812 does not end with the signing of the Treaty of Peace. Like most armed contests, it had an important sequel; it was largely instrumental in developing in the United States a consciousness of nationality; it encouraged the growth of the American army and navy, and so pointed toward the day when we would engage in conflicts compared with which the War of 1812 would seem a mere backyard skirmish.

Our next national contest—the contest which we waged a third of a century later with Mexico—was likewise an indirect fruit of Napoleonism. In part it was due to the new national feeling engendered by the War of 1812, and to our military development consequent upon that struggle; in part it arose from that policy of expansion attendant upon the Louisiana Purchase, and to the fact that the Purchase gave us territory adjacent to Mexico, or, rather, to Texas; while, in its more immediate causes, it sprang from the annexation of Texas and from the attempt of the United States to adjudicate Mexican boundary disputes. Historians differ widely as to the justification for the war; some, such as Muzzey, have held our declaration of hostilities to be legitimate; [1] while others, such as Woodrow Wilson, have believed it to be a "war of ruthless aggrandizement." [2] The facts, at any rate, are that Texas claimed the right to all territory so far as the Rio Grande, while Mexico—whose position has since been recognized as probably correct—sought to limit Texan rights to the Nueces. And when the troops of Zachary Taylor, acting upon the orders of President Polk, entered the disputed ground, the Mexicans were not unnaturally incensed; and after Taylor had ignored their order to withdraw, General Ampudia was taking a logical if an unwise step in crossing the river with

[1] D. S. Muzzey, *American History.*

[2] Woodrow Wilson, *Division and Reunion.*

his forces and ambushing and killing a party of sixteen Americans. The spark that would ignite the conflagration had now been applied!—President Polk in an address before Congress, played upon the inflammatory emotions of the nation by declaring that Americans were "called upon by every consideration of duty and patriotism to vindicate with decision the honor, the rights, and the interests of our country." And forthwith war was declared; and the dispute over a narrow strip of land in Texas ended in the acquisition of the domain now covered by four or five states.

Our next great national war—and the deadliest by far of any ever waged on our territory—cannot be traced, like the Mexican conflict, to the seeds planted by Napoleon. Long before the birth of the French Emperor, the African slave traders were paving the way for the American Civil War; and the greed of gain that left skull-littered trails amid the jungle was the force that deluged the American nation in blood. A vast amount has been written about the Civil War, about the slave-compromises that preceded it, and the animosity that infuriated both sides before the descent into the maelstrom; about the part played by the statesmanship of Lincoln, and by the generalship of Sheridan, Lee and Grant; about the ruin that laid its searing hand across the southern states, and the long period of reconstruction necessary to repair the damage. All this is known to every school-child, and it is no part of my purpose to dwell upon it; but, by way of casual suggestion, I cannot forbear from remarking that, had the reason of man exercised any power at all by comparison with his passions, we should never have settled a question of property rights at the cost of nation-wide suffering and destruction, of seven hundred thousand lives snuffed out, and of incalculable hordes of the crippled, the wounded, and the diseased.

Not all the American wars of the nineteenth century were waged by the United States, or by the United States against her neighbors. Equally significant in many respects were the struggles in Latin America. And here once more we may observe the influence of the French Revolution: that spirit of revolt which had

kindled the European continent, and that sense of nationality which was to become increasingly conspicuous, had spread to the western shores of the Atlantic and supplied the fuel for many a conflagration. "From France, as emissaries of the ideal," declares one writer, "came the doctrines of the Revolution. In the Enclycopedia we find the intellectual origin of the South American upheavals. The patricians in the archaic colonial cities smiled upon Voltaire; they adopted the essential ideals of Rousseau, the social contract, the sovereignty of the people, and the optimism which conceded supreme rights to the human spirit untainted by culture." [1] The success of the North American colonies in their struggle for independence was another factor that influenced the South Americans; while the general causes are to be found in the revolt against economic inequality and political despotism, against the denial of governmental rights to the common man, against taxation that oppressed, and slavery that crushed, and a moral domination that amounted to the negation of the individual.

We shall not attempt to follow the fighting careers of all the South American liberators; of Jose de San Martin, who in 1816 proclaimed the freedom of the provinces del Rio de la Plata (later to become the Argentine Republic); or of Bernardo O'Higgins, with whose aid San Martin routed the Chileans and secured the independence of Peru; or even of the greatest of them all, Simon Bolivar, statesman and general, who released five states from the rule of Spain, and who has been declared to have had a genius "as rich and as various as that of Napoleon." [2] Limitations of space forbid any detailed examination of the exploits of these men; of how, regarded as mere traitors subject to execution, they defied the power of the mother country and rallied the people to their cause; of how they persisted in the face of all hardships and impediments, though at one time nature seemed to take sides against them by shattering Bolivar's

[1] F. Garcia Calderon, *Latin America.*

[2] *Ibid.*

barracks with an earthquake and destroying many of his men; of how the desperate Spaniards were moved to free the slaves and arm them against the rebels; of how both factions in Bolivar's revolt became infuriated to the point of massacre, and prisoners were slaughtered by both parties alike.

Sooner than linger over such harrowing features of the wars of independence, let me quote a passage which indicates the genuine spirit of daring which sometimes actuated the fighters. On one occasion, arriving at the River Apure with his troops, Bolivar found himself blocked by the presence of some Spanish gunboats; whereupon one of his generals, Paez by name, volunteered to capture the vessels. And this he did by means of a cavalry attack! According to the testimony of an eye-witness, he brought up his guard of honor, consisting of three hundred lancers; and, leading them to the bank, he addressed them thus, " 'We must have these *flecheres* or die. Let those follow . . . who please.' " At the same time, he spurred his horse, "pushed into the river and swam toward the flotilla. The guard followed him with their lances in hand, now encouraging their horses to bear up against the current by swimming by their sides and patting their necks, and then shouting to scare away the alligators, of which there were hundreds in the river, until they reached the boats, when, mounting their horses, they sprang from their backs on board them, headed by their leader, and, to the astonishment of those who beheld them from the shore, captured every one of them. To English officers it may appear inconceivable that a body of cavalry, with no other arms than their lances, and no other mode of conveyance across a rapid river than their horses, should attack and take a fleet of gunboats amidst shoals of alligators; but, strange as it may seem, it was actually accomplished, and there are many officers now in England who can testify to the truth of it." [1]

Mexico, like South America, had felt the tremendous stirrings

[1] W. H. Keobel, *South America.*

of a national movement. Not only was the revolutionary period contemporaneous with that in Venezuela, Peru and the Argentine, but the causes of the revolt, the action of the rebellious forces, and the results of the struggle were in most respects similar. In 1810, under the parish priest Hidalgo and the cavalry captain Allende, the first revolution flamed forth; and a force composed largely of Indians captured the stronghold of Guanajato and threatened the central authority itself; then, in 1811, they met defeat at Calderon and their leaders were executed. But the revolt continued under another priest, Morellos, whose troops overran most of the country, and who went so far as to assemble a congress and draw up a constitution. In 1815, however, he too was captured and went the way of his predecessors; and his death was followed by a series of revolutions and counter-revolutions which continued almost without cease until Diaz began his dictatorship in 1884.

Despite the confusion which hangs like a cloud above these conflicts, they are not without especial significance: they represent on the one hand the rivalry between the privileged and the unprivileged classes, and, on the other hand, the contest between despotism as sponsored by the army and the church, and republicanism as sponsored by the people. But the issue was not always sharply drawn; sometimes the conflicts were stimulated by obviously artificial means, and certain of the generals, like the mercenaries of old times, would not scruple to fight first on one side and then on the other; while the common man, once drawn into the army, was encouraged to remain a soldier by the poverty-stricken conditions of the civilian life to which he would have to return. The concentration of wealth in the hands of the few was another reason for the frequent rebellions; for a revolutionary chief as a rule had little difficulty in obtaining money; and, having money, he did not have far to look for followers.

While the national consciousness of the peoples of America was being aroused and the guns were flaming in many a revolt, Europe as well was witnessing a rising tide of nationalism. In every

country where this tide appeared, it was accompanied by a wave of bloodshed and violence—the precursors of those vastly greater waves of bloodshed and violence that were to mark the following century; and in at least two cases it resulted in the unification of a multitude of small states into one great nation. The first of these cases was that of Italy. And here we may observe the harvest not only of the seeds planted indirectly by the French Revolution, but of those deliberately sowed by Napoleon. "Italy was the only country," says Bolton King, "where Napoleon intentionally encouraged the spirit of nationality . . . In more senses than one Napoleon was the founder of modern Italy." [1] Out of the ten states of the peninsula he had made but three; and though the system he had established crumbled rapidly following his downfall, still his work could not be wholly undone, but something of the spirit he had instilled remained and proved powerful even after the passage of generations. Shortly after Napoleon's abdication, a secret society known as the *Carboneria*, composed largely of soldiers who had served under the Emperor, was to espouse the cause of Italian independence; and members of this organization were to be prominent in various revolutionary movements that agitated Central Italy, Sicily and Piedmont in the decade beginning with 1820. In 1832 a new revolutionary movement was to spring into life under the influence of Mazzini and the "Young Italy" society which he established; and this society, which induced minor insurrections that only resulted in great repression, may be seen in the background of the revolutions of 1848 and the wars of independence that followed.

The actual spark that preceded the explosion had been slight enough. As a mild means of protest, a means of causing financial difficulties to their rulers, the citizens of Milan had agreed to refrain from smoking: whereupon the police, using this as an excuse for repressive measures, precipitated a disturbance that cost

[1] Bolton King, *A History of Italian Unity*.

fifty-seven lives. At Padua, at Pavia, and at Venice, the blood of the liberals likewise flowed freely; while a few days later a revolution flared forth in Sicily, and the Bourbon troops were driven from Palermo. A second insurrection ensued at Venice, and released the city from Austrian rule; and, simultaneously twenty thousand of the citizens of Milan revolted, barricaded themselves on the streets, waged desperate warfare with a trained army of thirteen thousand men, and, battling for four days, drove them into retreat. Seven hundred and fifty Milanese casualties, as against one thousand for the Austrians, were among the penalties of this revolution; but Milan had freed herself from the oppressors. The other Italian cities followed her example, and in swift succession the Austrians were expelled from city after city, until only a few towns of importance remained in their possession.

The scattered insurrections now gave place to organized warfare: the issue was no longer Venice versus Austria or Milan versus Austria but Italy versus Austria. The Piedmontese army of 45,000, supported by Mantuans, Tuscans, Neapolitans and others, was led by Charles Albert against the Austrians, and achieved a series of surprising victories—victories perhaps due as much to their enthusiasm as to their military qualities, for they ended by violating most of the principles of warfare. "Forced to give battle among the Austrian strongholds, and urged on by the impatience of factions," says one writer, "the army did not know how to gain time by digging a defensive system of entrenchments, or how to prevent the arrival of enemy reinforcements by boldly taking advantage of its first successes; thus its best energies were wasted in sudden attacks or in exasperating idleness." [1]

Here is how another writer describes the volunteers: "They were a strangely mixed collection of every age and rank and province; young men of education and sometimes of high birth,

[1] Arrigo Solmi, *The Making of Modern Italy.*

students and artisans, veterans who had fought at the Borodino or at Waterloo, middle-aged gold-spectacled professors, peasants, Austrian deserters, smugglers, the flower and the dregs of society; some moved by patriotism, some by love of excitement and action, a few by hope of plunder and license. They were brave, though liable to panics, the best with plenty of dash; on the whole a rough, impatient crew, who would swim a river under the enemy's guns to pick wild flowers for their captain, but would as readily mutiny, if crossed." [1]

It was not to be expected that such an army would win a war. Despite its brilliant beginnings, it swiftly lost the advantages of its victories; and Charles Albert, deserted by his allies, was driven back upon Milan, and the city was yielded once more to the Austrians.

The prospects now looked black indeed for the proponents of Italian unity; and yet not all had been lost. Though new wars were to be declared, and though the blood of many thousands was to be the price, the time was but twelve or thirteen years away when the statesmanship of Cavour and the generalship of Garibaldi should lead to the proclamation of the Kingdom of Italy, and make Rome—for the first time in fourteen centuries —the capital of a united Italy. But few observers, amid the enthusiasm of 1861, could have foreseen the course of coming events; few could have surmised that, after half a century, the unity of the country would facilitate its participation in a war of unprecedented scope, and would make possible the rule of a dictator whose every act would violate the democratic principles of the liberators.

While the revolutionary agitation of 1848 was convulsing Italy, neighboring countries were being shaken by similar storms. Prussia was in the throes of a democratic disturbance of brief duration and effect; Hungary was troubled with civil war, and engaged Austria in strife as disastrous as it was unavailing; while

[1] Bolton King, *A History of Italian Unity*.

in France a popular uprising resulted in the abdication of King Louis Philippe and the establishment of the second republic. This brief-lived government is significant less for its own sake than because it made possible the election of Louis Napoleon as president, and so paved the way for the *coup d'État* of three years later and the establishment of the empire of Napoleon III. It is curious, in this respect, how the long arm of the first Napoleon reached from beyond the grave to control the destinies of France and of Europe; how, by seducing the minds of succeeding generations with the undying glamour he cast, the great conqueror continued to shed his baleful influence over the continent he had trampled upon during his lifetime. "The personality of Napoleon I," declares E. Lipson, "had dominated the imagination of Frenchmen . . . it continued to dominate their imagination after his death, and it enabled his nephew—with no advantages to recommend him to the nation beyond the possession of a great name—to exploit this accident of birth to the full." [1] And the reason for this easy success of the nephew was that the virtues of the uncle had been magnified and his vices overlooked in the hero-worshipping fancy of the public. "The Napoleonic legend . . . gave a new reading to the history of Napoleon. Even while he yet lived, it enabled him to pose as the apostle of Liberal opinions, the heir of the Revolution, who symbolized in his person the ideas of 1789. It exhibited him in the light of a savior of society, who had conceived for Europe the vision of a Golden Age ripe with the promise of liberty and peace, a vision darkened all too soon by an intractable fate which postponed the accomplishment of his designs and launched him upon a sea of blood." [2]

To those who observed the first official deeds of Napoleon III, it should have been abundantly apparent that he was not to be a savior of society, and that he was not to inaugurate a Golden Age. His position was peculiar and paradoxical: "His inmost desire was peace, in order to reconcile Europe to his pretensions,

[1] E. Lipson, *Europe in the Nineteenth Century.*
[2] *Ibid.*

and to realize his vast projects of a social Utopia; but to establish his dynasty he had also to satisfy the passionate longing of the French people for glory, and the pursuit of glory meant war." [1] And the particular method he took of winning glory was to support some vague claim of the Catholic party in France to the Holy Places in Jerusalem, a claim contested by the Greek church of Russia and leading eventually to the Crimean War, although "the merits of the dispute were never properly understood" [2]—or possibly because the merits of the dispute were never properly understood. In this contest, the religious aspect of which mattered little if at all to the Emperor, more than half a million lives were lost. Yet, as Lipson tells us, "It is now generally recognized by historians that the questions at issue could have been settled without resorting to war; and the results of the conflict afforded no adequate compensation for the blood and treasure expended upon it. . . . War shattered the peace of Europe after it had been maintained for forty years; it ushered in a succession of wars which have transformed the world into an armed camp, and made destruction the goal of human effort and the summit of national ambition. . . . The career of Napoleon I had shown that the passion for glory begets in a nation an inordinate craving which is only quenched by defeat and suffering; the career of his nephew, in his turn engulfed in a flood of boundless ambitions, was to demonstrate the same lesson." [3]

But while for victorious France the results of the Crimean War represented an almost unmitigated loss, for defeated Russia there was a certain gain, if only in the recognition that it brought of the corruption and unsoundness of the imperial military administration. In the following passage, for example, one will find some indication not only of the realization that came to the Russian people, but of the conditions prevailing in the Czar's armies at the time of the conflict: "In spite of the efforts

[1] E. Lipson, *Europe in the Nineteenth Century.*
[2] *Ibid.*
[3] *Ibid.*

of the Government to suppress all unpleasant intelligence, it soon became known that the military organization was little, if at all, better than the civil administration—that the individual bravery of soldiers and officers was neutralized by the incapacity of the generals, the venality of the officials, and the shameless peculation of the commissariat department. The Emperor, it was said, had drilled out of the officers all energy, individuality and moral force . . . 'Another year of war,' writes an eye-witness in 1855, 'and the whole of Southern Russia will be ruined.' . . . Military regiments were everywhere raised throughout the country, and many proprietors spent large sums in equipping volunteer corps; but very soon this enthusiasm cooled when it was found that the patriotic efforts enriched the jobbers without inflicting any serious injury on the enemy. Under the sting of the great national humiliation, the upper classes awoke from their optimistic resignation. They had borne patiently the oppression of a semi-military administration, and for this! The system of Nicholas had been put to a crucial test, and found wanting. The policy that had sacrificed all to increase the military power of the Empire was seen to be a fatal error, and the worthlessness of the drill-sergeant régime was proved by bitter experience. Those administrative fetters which had for more than a quarter of a century cramped every spontaneous effort had failed to fulfill even the narrow purpose for which they had been forged." [1]

Turning from Russia and France to Germany, we will once more be able to trace the influence of Napoleonism. For Napoleon, although at one time he might have crushed Prussia like an egg-shell between his fingers, unconsciously inspired that movement which was to make Prussia strong. In political spheres no less than religious, it is often true that persecution will encourage devotion to a creed; and just as a wave of religious intolerance may drive a man to support a faith that had been his

[1] Wallace, *Russia.*

in name only, so military oppression will sometimes supply nourishment to a national cult that might otherwise have languished. And thus it was in Prussia. Under the brutal stimulus of the French domination, the suffering Germans were literally driven into patriotism; their resentment at their injuries found expression in an intense flame of national ardor, while their hatred of their masters gave that ardor a vivid military hue. "The Prussian nation had endured too much under the pitiless hand of the conqueror of Jena," says Dr. Julius von Pflugk-Harttung. . . . "The people were resolved to win back their highest possessions, their rights as men and citizens, by desperate combat, if there was no other way. The enthusiasm for freedom and fatherland swept through the country like a pent-up mountain torrent. All classes, all ages, flew to arms; mere lads and gray-haired patriarchs, even young girls, entered the ranks. Those who could not offer their own lives on the altar of their country gave what they had. In a few weeks the country, impoverished as it was, contributed in free gifts the value of half a million of thalers, and thus lightened—one may even say made possible—the heavy task of the Government." [1]

But how, precisely, did Prussia accomplish the work of drilling and preparing an adequate army? Napoleon, an anti-militarist so far as Prussia was concerned, had forced the country into an agreement limiting the army to 43,000 men, with no increase for ten years—yet five years later, in 1813, an army of 80,000 took the field at a moment's notice against Napoleon. Obviously, Prussia had violated her agreement—for could one expect a prisoner to honor a pledge not to discard his chains? And, during the period of Napoleon's domination, troops were being recruited and trained according to a system portentous for the future. In Gerhard Johann Scharnhorst, a man of long military experience, Prussia found the equal of Dubois-Crancé, the founder of French conscription; Scharnhorst pleaded for a standing army of 65,000 men, reinforced by a national militia; he proposed the idea of a

[1] Julius von Pflugk-Harttung, in *Cambridge Modern History*.

reserve of citizens who had been subjected to a short period of training; and by putting this idea secretly into effect, he made it possible to supply the troops which proved so important a factor in the overthrow of Napoleon. Yet thereby he established a precedent more dangerous than he or any of his contemporaries were likely to realize; the plan which he invoked, together with that devised in France during the Revolution and perpetuated by Napoleon, was to constitute the backbone of the system of universal service prominent throughout Europe during the following century; and thus militarism was to be enthroned on a scale unknown even to the militaristic nations of the past, and citizen armies of a size unimagined before were to shake the earth with their devastating tread.

But although the stage had been set for the enactment of a tragic drama, it was to be many years before the prologue was over and the performance began in deadly earnest. The next important development was the act of Wilhelm I in increasing the term of compulsory service from two to three years; yet, despite this autocratic gesture, there was still a strong liberal undercurrent of thought, as is demonstrated by the reform movements of the time; and the intense militarism of later days might yet have been averted had it not been for the activities of three men—Bismarck, Moltke and Roon.

First of all, let us consider Moltke and Roon—and, in particular, Moltke, probably the only great army leader who never personally led an army. It was he who brought military system and organization to a degree of efficiency never known before; it was he who first fully appreciated the advantages of science in warfare, and especially the advantages of a scientific study of geography; it was he who increased the mechanization of armies beyond anything previously devised, and who outranked all preceding tacticians in the skill with which he brought the factory method of production to the field of battle. His principles have been well described by Poultney Bigelow: "He had the contempt of a scientifically trained man for theatrical effects and soldier

heroes. To him war was a business matter in which the winner is he who eliminates the most chances. He entered the war against France as an engineer would undertake a monster bridge or tower. He had on his chessboard an army, each unit of which was drilled mathematically to the same standard as every other one. He wanted no 'crack' regiments and above all, he wanted no 'Charge of the Light Brigade.' He secured just what he wanted and what neither Napoleon nor Cæsar could have secured in their day—an army in which every man could march at a standard rate, carry a standard pack, and drop into the firing line with a standard amount of ammunition and muscular power. Moltke first applied to war what our great captains of industry have found to be a prime condition of success in manufacture—he worked for a standard—a good average standard." [1]

What sort of standard he secured is further indicated by Bigelow when he declares of the Prussian soldiers, "They were drilled to fight and they were drilled so long and so brutally that fighting any enemy seemed preferable to the daily petty miseries incident to the home barracks. Thus a race of inoffensive, thrifty, and possibly molluscous habits, becomes in a short period an organized terror and the main support of a mad autocracy." [2]

It will certainly not be contended that Moltke relied upon a fighting instinct to win him his battles. Indeed, a fighting instinct might have interfered with his plans, by encouraging unwanted outbursts of individuality; hence it may be said that what he depended upon was the absence of the fighting instinct, a docility that made his troops pliable as putty. And, paradoxically, he achieved his victories not because his men were warriors by nature but because they were peaceably disposed, and so did not mutiny nor revolt under restraint, but allowed themselves to be led as unresistingly as a child is led by the parental hand.

The military system established by Moltke and his associate Roon was the system that enabled Bismarck to perform his diplo-

[1] Poultney Bigelow, *Prussianism and Pacificism.*
[2] *Ibid.*

matic feats and to effect the unification of Germany. And in Bismarck one may observe the very soul of Prussian militarism. It was not in pursuance of the will of the people that he adopted his warlike policy—or is it that a people normally has a will at all?—it was in direct violation of the wishes of the Prussian Parliament, and in the face of their refusal to vote the military budget he asked. Collecting the taxes by force, he strengthened the army as he and his nominal master, the king, saw fit—why question what the people desired? And, after the army had become sufficiently strong, he moved the first pawn in the game by declaring war upon Denmark—by declaring war upon inoffensive Denmark, overrunning the southern half of the country, and annexing the rich provinces of Schleswig-Holstein. In this conflict, which historians generally acknowledge to have been without justification other than the age-old justification of might, Austria served as the ally of Prussia—only to learn how she had been made the dupe of the diplomacy of Bismarck. It was but two years later when she too felt the teeth of Prussia; she and her allies, ranged against the army of Wilhelm, succumbed in quick order at the battle of Sadowa; and Prussia proved conclusively her supremacy among the German states. Yet, at the same time, Bismarck demonstrated the wisdom of gentleness; he withdrew his claws, granted surprisingly lenient terms to the vanquished, and so won their confidence if not their gratitude and prepared them for the contemplated unification.

In arranging the conditions of peace, Bismarck proved that a policy of "blood and iron" could be tempered by a policy of padded fists and soothing syrup. Like Napoleon, he could upon occasion disguise his iron hand with a velvet glove. Yet the disguise was never long-lived; the bristling edge of the metal was certain soon to appear again, and his reputation as the "Iron Chancellor" was always vindicated. The next occasion for the display of his prowess occurred during the Franco-Prussian War —a conflict for which he was probably not altogether to blame, although it is certain that he did his best to precipitate it.

Opinions of historians differ as to the reasons for this struggle; but there is no question that a direct cause was Bismarck's deliberate alteration of the Ems telegram and the resulting false complexion he gave to international affairs. Let us consider first of all the view of a nineteenth century French politician, Emile Ollivier: "It was that powerful genius, who, not choosing to abandon to time the glory of achieving slowly the work of Unity, whose hour of triumph was inevitable, determined to hasten the evolution, to force upon the present what the future would have accomplished freely, and to retain for himself alone the glory which his successors would otherwise have shared. With him out of the way, war between France and Germany would have ceased to be predestined." [1]

An English writer more fully expresses the reasons that actuated the Prussian Chancellor: "Bismarck . . . fully aware of the detestation of the Southern German kingdoms—i. e., Saxony, Bavaria, etc.—for his kingdom of military despotism, saw that the only way to dupe these and finally annex them to Prussia was by finding some bone of contention between them in France, and then, by finally taking their part, force them out of gratitude to render up their liberty to the Prussian king. The Emperor Napoleon's negotiation with regard to the fortress of Luxemburg was conceived as affording an opportunity for this, and Bismarck, by altering the real significance of these negotiations, by omissions of the actual text, published the doctored documents and set every ruler of Southern Germany in a frenzy of fear for his liberty. The Prussian sword was then drawn in their professed defense, and on the conclusion of hostilities Prussia found herself at the head of a powerful German Empire." [2]

But another writer, taking a somewhat broader point of view, observes the causes of the Franco-Prussian war less in the designs of Bismarck than in the inflamed psychology of both France and Prussia: "The Franco-Prussian war . . . was not caused by

[1] Emile Ollivier, *The Franco-Prussian War and Its Hidden Causes.*

[2] Ronald Acott Hall, *Frederick the Great and his Seven Years' War.*

Bismarck's alteration of the Ems telegram, but by the pent-up and century-old hatred existing between France and Germany, by the passionate desire of the German states to form a united Empire, and by the determination of Napoleon the Third to prevent such a union . . . The deep-seated Franco-German differences had produced a state of tension and bitterness between the two nations which made war inevitable, and the blustering, blundering, and interfering policy of Napoleon the Third had intensified and accelerated matters and brought them to a crisis. The Ems telegram was merely the last straw." [1]

Yet though it were indeed the fury of an ancient antagonism rather than the machinations of Bismarck that precipitated the conflict, he was to conclude peace in a manner that would deepen the animosity of the defeated foe at the same time as it would strengthen the national feeling of the victorious German states. And therein one may detect the fatal fallacy of the policy of "blood and iron." Wise, wise, extraordinarily wise was Bismarck with reference to Germany and the moment; but he was strangely lacking in vision with regard to the rest of Europe and the future. He understood the psychology of the German peoples well enough to play upon their chauvinism and their emotions of collective egotism and glory; but he did not comprehend the psychology of his antagonists sufficiently to reckon with the years to come. Hence it was that, in wresting Alsace-Lorraine from France and exacting an unprecedented indemnity, Bismarck was making one of the most tragic blunders in history. So far as immediate results and his own country were concerned, he was successful beyond all praise; so far as ultimate consequences and the world are considered, he was one of the colossal failures of all time. Keen statesman and clever diplomat though he was, he apparently was unable to see to the end of the road he traveled; he did not observe that what he took for a straight line was but the arc of a circle, a vicious circle that could be followed only to destruction; he did not pause to reflect that the game he

[1] J. Ellis Barker, *The Foundations of Germany*.

played need not always be played by one alone, that his diplomatic weapons might some day be appropriated by the foe, and that the enemy might employ against him the very tactics he so efficiently employed against them.

Even if the military policy of Germany and of the world in the years following Bismarck's downfall were not precisely the policy of Bismarck, in essence much that was Bismarck remained; the grim brutality of his method survived, its naked brutality sheathed by no shrewd calculation of consequences. Bismarck manipulated his weapons, and manipulated them skillfully, and retired when the contest was half done, thinking the victory securely his; but others that succeeded him and profited from his teaching reaped disaster from mistakes he had overlooked. On the one hand, the too liberal acceptance of Bismarck's "blood and iron" doctrines was to encourage his successors to a policy that would open the avenues of revenge to the country which Bismarck had so mercilessly humiliated; on the other hand, he impregnated the defeated nation with a hatred surpassing even that of the past, a hatred which was to grow silently in the dark and to develop a ruinous crop. And the result was to be havoc not only to the European continent in general, but in particular to that country which Bismarck had striven to unify. Not alone was the example he had provided destined to fortify militarism throughout Europe, not alone was the rancor he had aroused destined to make future conflicts probable if not unavoidable, but the remorselessness of his exactions from prostrate France was to encourage France in her turn to be remorseless in drawing up a treaty of peace nearly half a century later, and so was to stimulate further strife by planting further animosity in the minds of a defeated people.

. . . . . .

From the close of the Franco-Prussian War to the opening of the World War, there were few conflicts of outstanding importance. We may note, in passing, however, the Spanish-American

War, which marks the dawn of the imperialism of the United States; the Boer War of South Africa, a clear result of European imperialism; and the Russo-Japanese War, in which Japan demonstrated how thoroughly she had shaken off her old medieval régime and how capable she was of meeting and defeating a European nation by the methods of European civilization.

But while there were few great struggles, the late nineteenth and early twentieth centuries witnessed the growth of an ominous warlike atmosphere, and in particular the development of arms and armaments and of trained fighters to an extent that could not but be portentous. The international situation at the close of he nineteenth century was well summarized by the Russian Czar in convening a Peace Conference at the Hague in 1898: "The preservation of peace has been put forward as the object of international policy. In its name the great States have concluded between themselves powerful alliances; the better to guarantee peace, they have developed their military forces in proportions hitherto unprecedented, and still continue to increase them without shrinking from any sacrifice. All these efforts, nevertheless, have not yet been able to bring about the beneficent results of the desired pacification. . . . In proportion as the armaments of each Power increase, do they less and less fulfill the objects which the Governments have set before themselves. Economic crises, due in great part to the system of armaments *à outrance* and the continual danger which lies in the accumulation of war material, are transforming the armed peace of our days into a crushing burden which the peoples have more and more difficulty in bearing. It appears evident, then, that if this state of things continues, it will inevitably lead to the very cataclysm which it is desired to avert, and the horrors of which make every thinking being shudder in anticipation." [1]

[1] Holls, *The Peace Conference at the Hague.*

Words strangely prophetic! Yet the writer could hardly have shuddered in anticipation of horrors such as actually lay in store. The conflicts of the nineteenth century, destructive as they were, gave him no criterion by which to judge; he could not have been expected to foresee the part that science would play in adding to the efficiency of slaughter. Warfare as he knew it was not essentially different from warfare in the days of Napoleon; except for some improvements in the range and power of weapons, land combat had scarcely altered in nature; the war-god, less progressive than the gods of peace, had worn a mantle of conservatism, though all the while he was quietly preparing to utilize the advances in chemistry and mechanics.

Yet the warfare of the mid-nineteenth century had been such as to justify to the full the words of the Czar. Though not sanguinary by twentieth century standards, it was upon the whole the most sanguinary that the world had yet known. Let us, in order to visualize it as best we may, place ourselves upon any typical battlefield of the century. It does not matter who the contestants are, so long as they be Occidentals; it does not matter exactly what year or decade witnesses the contest, or what the numbers of the combatants or the motives that lead them to fight. In essence there is much that is similar upon all battlefields, since in general the weapons are the same and gunpowder enacts the rôle of High Chief Executioner; we may therefore place ourselves upon the arena at the height of the struggle, and try to observe a few details of the fray.

We will not find our task an easy one. Even though we go clothed in a magic immunity from bullets and shattering shells and are free from the torments of terror, it will be difficult for us to keep our wits and to watch dispassionately amid the din and confusion of the conflict. To begin with, the uproar is maddening; the air is filled with the hissing and sizzling of invisible missiles, with the thunder and rumbling of a distant cannonade, with the sharp furious reverberations of shells exploding to one's right,

to one's left, before one and behind one. Amid this tumult, one hears the groan of a dying man only as one hears bad voices in a dream; the shriek of one suddenly smitten is lost amid the still shriller shriek of a passing projectile; some unseen man moans with a low deep moan that seems to hold all the woe of the universe, but the mournful sound is drowned out by the snapping of rifles.

Now for the first time, losing one's bewilderment and forgetting the appalling racket, one takes clear account of the scene before one: one sees the long rows of gunners, drawn up behind their earthworks, firing volley after puffing volley; one watches the great cannon fuming and flaming, and the tattered flags waving in the smoky breeze; one views the cavalry as their heavy masses plunge and charge, as horsemen drop from the saddle and horses fall in a red blur to earth, as the stamping heels pound down the crimson prostrate forms of dismounted riders, and as riderless steeds, mad with terror, go galloping with streaming manes across the broken earth.

Nearer at hand, where the splintered boughs of trees are all that is left of a cannonaded wood, one sees a multitude of gray forms crouching in the mud behind a rudely made embankment, while here and there are sprawled other gray forms with motionless limbs. And the ranks of the motionless constantly increase; here one is transfixed to behold a headless shape falling to earth with a spouting jet of blood; there one sees a waving arm torn away, while the armless one staggers and pitches to earth. Again, a man clutches at his eyes and stumbles about blindly with blackened face; another, writhing on the ground like a beetle that has been trodden upon, calls and calls for water with feeble lips, though there is no one to hear. And a legless comrade, with bleeding side exposed and cheeks across which the final pallor gathers, phrases faint words that may be words of prayer; still another, with head a gory mass, mutters and mutters in delirium with foaming lips, and repeats over and over again what seems to be a woman's name; while yet another, whose

shattered uniform reveals a protruding thigh-bone, can only peer skyward with glazed, agonized eyes that speak a mute appeal and then are closed.

But still the cannon boom and roar and the bullets whirr past; and ever there are fresh recruits to the ranks of the groaning and the silent. Minutes go by, the hours go by, and the tireless guns still sound. Then at length, when a scorching sun has circled far to the west, scores of cannon seem suddenly to be thundering at a single spot. The soldiers at one end of the field break in panicky flight, dashing helter-skelter like maddened creatures; and, responsive to this signal, a long line of uniformed men from the opposite entrenchment spring forth with gleaming bayonets unsheathed. As though goaded by some demonic impulse, they go streaking across the shell-riven field; some halt in mid-flight, throw stricken arms above them, and fall; but most go racing straight to the stronghold of the foe. Many of the enemy throw down their arms and flee, but many remain; soon there is only a vague screaming mass of embattled men. Bayonets are sunken into the cheeks and throats of the defenders, and they fall with dismal cries; bayonets are plunged through the abdomens of the defenders, and, with a skillful twist, they are disembowelled; bayonets are driven into the hearts of the defenders, and they sink with moans as of butchered cattle. Everywhere blood flows and spouts till the ground becomes wet; everywhere torn fragments of the skin and hair of men, broken teeth and red patches of flesh cover the earth; but still the conflict rages, still the sharp blades lunge and slash, and reinforcements hurried up to the assaulted position share the fate of their comrades.

When at length the crimson sun goes down beyond the powder-blackened fields, the earth is half hidden by lifeless forms, headless or limbless or torn almost in two; and, from amid the multitude of the fallen, an occasional maimed and gasping figure is being borne off to recuperate or die amid the hordes of his kind. But far away, in a city that many thousands have left to

see no more, there arise a chant of victory and a paeon of thanksgiving; and a wily old diplomat, rubbing his hands in self-congratulation, expresses silent gratitude to the god of Blood and Iron.

TYPICAL BATTLE SCENE DURING THE 19TH CENTURY

CHAPTER XXII

NAVAL WARFARE IN MODERN TIMES

Before we turn to consider that tremendous upheaval which thus far marks the supreme attainment of the war-god, let us go back for a while and trace the development of naval conflict.

The last European sea-battles we discussed were those of the ancients—and those of medieval times need not occupy us long. During the Middle Ages, although piracy was a flourishing profession, there was little naval warfare; the standard of fighting was that of the land, and even when a clash did occur upon the waters, it usually had most of the qualities of an encounter upon the shore, since the object of the combatants was to board the enemy vessel and grapple in a hand-to-hand contest. Except for the Mediterranean fleets, no continental nation in the Middle Ages possessed a navy; and, except for the Battle of Sluys, in which Edward III routed the French and won a passage across the channel, there were few sea engagements of importance. It is true, of course, that the Viking raiders, darting down from their northern strongholds in their combination rowing and sailing boats, were the terror of the seas during the Dark Ages; but most of their battles, as we have seen, were waged upon the land, and they are to be characterized as mere marauders who found the ocean a convenient avenue of transportation.

Something like real naval warfare did occur, however, when King Alfred laid the foundations of England's sea power by building vessels to contend with the Norsemen. In the year 876 he had collected a few ships, with which he put a small raiding party to flight; and by 885 he had ships by the dozen, although

not yet enough to face the main Viking force. By degrees he came to construct vessels of considerable size, some with sixty oars and more; and the work that he began was furthered by his son, so that already England showed signs of being a naval power. By the year 911, Edward had a hundred ships with which to guard the coast of Kent; and twenty years later, under Alfred's grandson Aethelstan, the fleet was so large that its defensive purposes gave place to offensive, and it was able to cruise unimpeded along the entire eastern coast of Britain and to invade the realms of Constantine, King of the Scots.

Leaving out of account the channel warfare between the English and the French, almost the next important naval development of which we hear was that which occurred in 1453 during the siege of Constantinople, when the Turks, by transporting a fleet overland, facilitated the capture of the city. This event, which is interesting not only for its own sake but as an indication of the comparatively low evolution of fighting craft at the close of the Middle Ages, has been described in detail by Gibbon: "The reduction of the city appeared to be hopeless, unless a double attack could be made from the harbor as well as from the land; but the harbor was inaccessible . . . In this perplexity, the general of Mahomet conceived and executed a plan of a bold and marvellous cast, of transporting by land his lighter vessels and military stores from the Bosphorus into the higher part of the harbor. The distance is about ten miles; the ground is uneven, and was overspread with thickets; and as the road must be opened behind the suburb of Galata, their free passage or total destruction must depend upon the option of the Genoese. But these selfish merchants were ambitious of the favor of being the last devoured, and the deficiency of art was supplied by the strength of obedient myriads. A level way was covered with a broad platform of strong and solid planks; and to render them more slippery and smooth, they were annointed with the fat of sheep and oxen. Fourscore light galleys and brigantines of fifty and thirty oars were disembarked on the Bosphorus shore, ar-

ranged successively on rollers, and drawn forward by the power of men and pulleys. Two guides or pilots were stationed at the helm and the prow of each vessel: the sails were unfurled to the winds, and the labor was cheered by song and acclamation. In the course of a single night the Turkish fleet painfully climbed the hill, steered over the plain, and was launched from the declivity into the shallow waters of the harbor, far above the molestation of the deeper vessels of the Greeks." [1]

Naval warfare, like most other human inventions, underwent a transformation at the time of the Renaissance; the power of the wind began to replace the power of human muscles, and sails showed a general although by no means a steady tendency to supplant oars. It is significant that, while sails were used in 1571 at the Battle of Lepanto, rowers were employed to an even greater extent, and the Turks were overcome by the ancient method of hand-to-hand fighting. But it is likewise notable that, at the same time as the heavy galley propelled by oars was temporarily gaining ground, there was a drift in favor of the galleon, which was designed for long voyages and which relied altogether upon sails. The discovery of new and far-off lands could not but have its effect upon the character of sea combats; it not only gave to mariners a greater daring but made them necessarily reliant upon the propulsion of nature rather than of their own arms; and since nature has more endurance than the sinews of man, it became possible for sea fights to be more prolonged and accordingly more decisive than of old; it became possible for them to assume a new scope and a new deadliness, and the increased control which man had gained over the billows not only added to the relative importance of navies but opened up vast new domains for the rattling of the lance and the pounding of the cannon ball.

One of the results of the new régime was that the sixteenth century became the heyday of pirates. Or, rather, one should say

[1] Gibbon, Vol. VI.

that it became the heyday of pirates and privateers—for there was a distinction which was of importance to the assailants if not to their victims, and while a pirate was an unlicensed brigand who was subject to be hung whenever or wherever caught, a privateer was a respectable gentleman who had a commission from some king or queen, and who was privileged to make war as he pleased and to gather loot as he could from the persons or ships of the foe. Of course, he was not always capable of hair-splitting distinctions, and sometimes, for lack of proper enemies to punish, he would plunder whomever else chanced across his path; but such slight deviations from duty were perhaps excusable on the ground of the exigencies of warfare, which, as every one knows, will make heroic feats out of actions that might otherwise be mistaken for crimes.

Among all the corsairs that flourished during the sixteenth century, the English by universal acclaim enjoyed a position at the top. Commissioned or uncommissioned, smiled upon by their sovereign or hunted down like wolves, they scoured the seas with a vengeance—and many were the treasure ships that they seized and the towns that they terrorized, and many the corpses that strewed the waters in testimony to the thoroughness of their work. Sometimes they worked with a diabolical frenzy, as when Cobham chased down a Spanish vessel, killed a number of the men, and sewed up the survivors in their own sails and cast them overboard; sometimes, less vindictively inclined, they were content to take what they could and to be sparing of blood; but no matter whether they were of the milder or of the ferocious type, they were contemned by foreigners as mere pillagers and despoilers and were frowned upon even by the more scrupulous of their own countrymen.

The causes for the vigorous outburst of freebooting are plausibly presented by Froude: "In the dissolution of the ancient order of Europe, and the spiritual anarchy which had reduced religion to a quarrel of opinions, the primitive tendencies of human nature for a time asserted themselves, and the English gentlemen

of the sixteenth century passed into a condition which, with many differences, yet had many analogies with that of Greek chiefs. With the restlessness of new thoughts, new hopes and prospects, with a constitutional enjoyment of enterprise and adventure, with a legitimate hatred of oppression, and a determination to avenge their countrymen who from day to day were tortured and murdered by the Inquisition, most of all perhaps, with the sense that it was the mission of a Protestant Englishman to spoil the Amelekites, in other words the gold ships from Panama, or the richly-laden Flemish traders, the merchants at the seaports, the gentlemen whose estates touched upon the creeks and rivers, and to whom the sea from childhood had been a natural home, fitted out their vessels under the name of traders, and sent them forth armed to the teeth with vague commissions, to take their chance of what the gods might send." [1]

It was under the cloak of such commissions that many of the British explorers set forth; and their voyages, half of discovery and half of warfare, do not differ greatly in spirit from those expeditions whereby the Vikings had terrorized all Europe half a dozen centuries before. Thus, when we find Sir Francis Drake firing upon a Spanish ship and capturing a treasure acknowledged to include twenty tons of silver bullion, thirteen chests of silver coins and a hundredweight of gold in addition to vast quantities of gold nuggets and gems, we cannot but conclude that privateering must have offered temptations to the greedy, and that it represented but a modern form of the ancient raid for booty. Again, we cannot observe much difference in mood between the sixteenth century voyagers and the Vandals when we hear Thomas Cavendish boasting: "I navigated along the coast of Chili, Peru and Nueva Espanna, where I made great spoiles; I burnt and sunk 19 saile of ships, small and great. All the villages and townes that ever I landed at, I burnt and spoiled." [2]

Among the most interesting of sixteenth century buccaneers

[1] Froude, *History of England*, Vol. VIII.
[2] W. S. Barclay, *The Land of Magellan.*

was Sir John Hawkins, the slave-trader. He is particularly interesting owing to the fact that negro slavery was in theory, as Froude points out, "an invention of philanthropy." Let no one mock at this theory with impious laughter!—it was no doubt accepted with that ready belief with which profitable suppositions are usually greeted!—and this although, as Froude further declares, "The European voyagers when they first visited the coasts of western Africa found there for the most part a quiet, contented and peaceable people basking in the sunshine in harmless idleness, unprovoked to make war upon one another because they had nothing to desire, and receiving strangers with that unsuspecting trustfulness which is observed in the birds and animals of new countries when for the first time they come in contact with man." [1]

It happened, however, that this idyllic state of affairs was broken in some sections by the practice of human sacrifice; and the European traders, revolted at so abhorrent a spectacle, charitably offered to save the poor victims by taking them away as slaves. This offer they duly fulfilled, having left suitable presents behind; and, with equal humanity, they rescued many condemned criminals. The unfortunate fact was that the supply of sacrificial victims and of criminals soon ran out, so that a new supply had to be discovered—hence, in order to find cargos for their slave vessels, the philanthropists had to encourage kidnapping and warfare among the natives. But in all this they were actuated by pious motives, much as when they robbed vessels on the sea and in the harbors, or when they plundered towns, cut throats, or fired broadsides at foreign ships. "It would be to misread history and to forget the change of times," says Froude, "to see in Hawkins and his successors mere commonplace buccaneers; to themselves they appeared as the elect to whom God had given the heathen for an inheritance; they were men of stern intellect and fanatical faith, who, believing themselves the favorites of

[1] Froude, *History of England*, Vol. VIII.

Providence, imitated the example and assumed the privileges of the chosen people; and for their wildest and worst acts they could claim the sanction of religious conviction. In seizing negroes or in pillaging galleons they were but entering into possession of the heritage of the saints." [1]

Among the events that gave opportunities to the privateers was the naval war waged between England and Spain in the years from 1589 to 1596—a war that was never officially declared, although it was vigorously if unofficially fought. The object of the English in this conflict was the injury of Spanish commerce; and, in order to strike effectively at Spain, England incidentally had to strike at neutral nations as well. But, impeded by no such minor obstacles, she declared the doctrine of contraband, a doctrine designed to regulate the trade of non-combatants—and, consequently, she aroused unbounded animosity in the minds of those whose ships were seized because of a quarrel in which they had no share, and whose commerce was ruined for reasons that concerned them not in the least. During the latter part of the reign of Elizabeth, states Edward P. Cheyney, "it was this policy of seizure of contraband which embroiled her, more than any other one cause, with the northern countries of Europe." [2] Not only France and the Netherlands, but Denmark, Sweden and Poland and the Italian cities and principalities were brought into conflict with England by the unpopular principle of contraband; but the principle was to remain, and was to be the root of much warfare and of many crimes against neutrals during the centuries to come.

Meanwhile privateering continued to be a profitable business, both for the seizure of proscribed goods from neutrals and for the capture of treasure from the foe. We are told that it was even profitable for some who participated in it only from the safe distance of the shore; it was customary for financiers to in-

[1] Froude, *History of England*, Vol. VIII.
[2] Edward P. Cheyney, *A History of England*, Vol. I.

vest in privateers, much as they might invest to-day in speculative building or mining enterprises. Certainly, it is unlikely that there was any pacifist spirit among these moneyed men, who risked their gold but had the chance of splendid remuneration—it was those who went forth upon the ships that had the most to pay if the least to gain. For them not all was easy sailing and handsome returns; we hear of voyages in which the men endured unspeakable torments—not only of battles wherein they were injured or killed, but of long cruises in which they ran short of provisions and drink, cruises in which they consumed their last drop of brackish water, found fugitive relief from the spray-filled salty rains, and then sank to the deck with parching throats, to perish slowly of thirst.

But if some that sailed gaily forth found only suffering and death, and if some that remained at home reaped fortunes, the war can hardly be said to have justified itself from the military point of view. The naval struggle, as Cheyney points out, was "far more destructive to Spain than either glorious or profitable to England." [1] And the reasons are to be found in the statement that, "Naval policy was still in its infancy. The English fleets were operating at a greater distance from their home ports than had ever been done before. Nor must the conditions of climate and food be disregarded . . . Commanders and crews who left home full of enthusiasm and determination may readily have become quite a different cruising and fighting material, uncertain and mutinous, after having been subjected for weeks and months to torrid heat, bad water, insufficient and repulsive food, surrounded by diseased and dying men and living in the squalor of overcrowded ships. Disgust, disappointment and homesickness were doubtless as serious factors in the failure of many distant expeditions as the uncertain plans of the queen or the occasionally ill-judged actions of the commanders. Many failures were due also simply to bad weather and bad fortune." [2]

[1] Edward P. Cheyney, *A History of England*, Vol. I.
[2] *Ibid.*

The greatest naval undertaking of the period—and one of the greatest of modern times—was of course the expedition of the Spanish Armada. Both in its size, its purpose, and its ultimate fate, this armada brings reminders of the fleets which Kublai Khan had launched several centuries before against the Japanese: in both cases a great power designed the conquest of a lesser, and in both cases an imposing scheme was frustrated partly by

THE SPANISH ARMADA SETS FORTH

the valor of the defenders but largely through the intervention of the elements. An essential difference, however, is to be noted between Kublai and Philip, for while both were despots, and fighting despots (or, at least, fighters by proxy), the Oriental monarch clothed himself in the arrogance of one who aims frankly at conquest, whereas his western cousin was clad in the holy gowns of religion. His cause, as Froude suggests, was a crusading cause, and his purpose was "to demand that the Catholic religion should be restored to its complete and exclusive superiority." [1]

[1] Froude, *English Seamen in the Sixteenth Century.*

In accordance with this aim, the expedition was fortified with a religious equipment that was complete, even though there were certain gaps in the more mundane realm of physical safeguards and provisions. One hundred and eighty priests had been provided for the fleet—which will perhaps explain why there was room for only eighty-five surgeons and surgeons' assistants. "Infinite pains," we are told, "had been taken with the spiritual state of every one on board. The carelessness or roguery of contractors and purveyors had not been thought of. The water had been taken in three months before. It was found foul and stinking. The salt beef, the salt pork and fish were putrid, the bread full of maggots and cockroaches. Cask was opened after cask. It was the same story everywhere. They had all to be thrown overboard. In the whole fleet there was not a sound morsel of food but biscuit and dried fruit." [1]

But no doubt the Spaniards did not believe it necessary to attend to such material affairs as meat and water; they, no less than the English, firmly believed that God was on their side; and possibly they expected that manna would fall from heaven to relieve their unmerited sufferings. But no manna appeared, and they had to put in to port for fresh food and drink—following which the Almighty began to favor them once more, for the sick recovered, and the great fleet, with its hundred and thirty galleons and its thirty thousand fighting men, was ready to force the true faith upon the refractory English.

From the point of view of naval evolution, the battles that ensued are significant in that they represented the first European conflicts in which sailing-ships were almost the exclusive participants. Gone were the days of the oar-driven warship of Athens, of Carthage and of Rome; the wind-borne galleons were for the first time to demonstrate their prowess as the exclusive agencies of naval combat. The only oared ships that had any part in the fighting were the four galleasses, in which the oars were merely

[1] Froude, *English Seamen in the Sixteenth Century*.

supplementary to the sails, and which, like the sail-equipped steamships of a later day, represented a hybrid form that was soon to pass.

To meet the tremendous expedition of the Spaniards, the English had a Royal Navy of only about twenty-five vessels—a Royal Navy fortunately assisted by an indefinite number of privateers. They were impeded, however, by a scarcity of provisions, for the queen would order but scanty supplies; while her niggardliness in providing gunpowder threatened to deliver the country over to the invader, and at one time actually went so far as to prevent the defenders from making the best of their victory and annihilating a disabled foe. Reliance in the Almighty was possibly also strong in British hearts, although one wonders whether an adequate supply of powder would not have served them more effectively; but, at all events, it is certain that what saved them was their superior qualities as seamen and the superior range of their guns, coupled with the fact that the enemy had a leader whose chief merit, aside from his recognition of his own incompetence, lay in his possession of the title of Duke.

It was the aim of the Spaniards to grapple with the English vessels, to board them, and to overcome the occupants by the sheer might of numbers; it was the aim of the British to avoid all direct contact with the foe, and the greater speed and pliability of their vessels enabled them to accomplish this end and to deal telling blows at a distance. In the first engagement, the English shells pierced the huge lumbering sides of the Spanish ships; the Spanish shells flew high above the low English hulls, or else failed to reach them at all; the timbers of the Spanish ships were ripped and gashed, one vessel fell into Drake's hands and another was blown asunder by a torch hurled into the powder-magazine; and the battle, though not decisive, gave a definite advantage to the defenders.

A much clearer advantage was that which the English gained a short while later without so much as firing a shot. They desired to drive the Spaniards from their secure anchorage to an

unprotected position—how were they to accomplish this end? They could not have known of the stratagem which the Japanese had employed hundreds of years before against the Mongols; but similar circumstances breed similar expedients, and the device they tried was akin to that which the defenders of Nippon had utilized with signal success. Fire, the most terrorizing of all the forces of nature, was the ally they summoned forth; light, useless vessels, coated with pitch, were driven toward the Spaniards in the night, and put to the torch—and the Spaniards, when they saw the flaming apparitions bearing down upon them, acted with the fury of panic-stricken wild creatures. Instead of sending forth launches to grapple with the blazing hulks, they unloosened their moorings and fled from before the fiery foe; and out across the lurid shining seas, like beings pursued by infernal torches, they raced until the conflagrations glared and faded out far to their rear.

By this clever maneuver, the English had gained little so far as direct losses to the enemy were concerned; but they had gained enormously in position. And, without waste of time, they followed up the Spanish retreat with a decisive battle. Or, rather, one might call the ensuing engagement a massacre; the Spaniards, helpless before the superior range of the English guns, saw their vessels pierced time and again without being able to strike back, saw their men by the score reeling and falling on the smoke-clouded decks, saw the very scupper-holes streaming with blood, saw dismasted galleons with men that crawled like worms across the decks, and other galleons that went down with all hands into the sanguine deep. Priests with crucifixes paced back and forth amid the slaughter, holding the symbols of salvation before the eyes of the dying; the soldiers on sinking ships, offered the chance to surrender, only cursed and fired upon their would-be rescuers before a final broadside silenced their oaths; all fought with dogged determination, and the carnage might have continued till nightfall had not the exhaustion of the powder-supply compelled both sides to desist.

The victory had been altogether with the English. Thousands of Spaniards had been slain—just how many thousands cannot be known; and though more than half the fleet still remained untouched and more than half the men survived, the spirit of the invaders had been broken and their confidence in their own predestined success was gone. And that which had been begun by the English guns was completed by the winds and waves. The story of the end of the great Armada has been told times without number: how the ships sailed to the north, some with water-casks emptied by the shots of battle, and all without adequate provisions or warm clothes for the men; how the mules and horses had to be flung overboard, so that it was said that the drifting carcasses coated the sea for miles; how the vessels parted in a fog, and many went down upon the reefs of the Western Isles or among the Irish shoals; how thousands of survivors that struggled ashore were beaten on the head by the wild natives, or stripped and left to perish of exposure; how an English officer counted as many as eleven hundred corpses in one place, while he was told that there were as many more a few miles off; how those that were spared by the Irish were hunted down by the English, and were slain as though they had been vicious serpents or mad dogs; and how, even of the handful that did succeed in returning alive to Spain, all but a few hundred were in so weak and emaciated a condition that they left the ships only to find their graves.

The expedition being over, the Spanish would not accept the view that it was Heaven that had spoken, but took the position that they had been defeated by the superior seamanship and gunpower of the English. The victors, however, disdained any such commonplace explanation, but held that Providence had plainly declared its partizanship in the cause of England and of the Reformed faith.

The century following the defeat of the Armada witnessed a rapid development in the size of ships and in the consequent scope of naval conflict. The fleets that contended in Cromwell's Dutch

war were vastly superior in power and equipment to those of the time of Elizabeth; sometimes as many as a hundred ships participated on each side, and the end of the century saw the appearance of vessels with five score cannon each. During the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, naval battles were ordinarily gun duels fought at a distance; the members of the opposing fleets would pass one another on parallel courses, firing as they went; but there was a tendency for each ship to engage a single antagonist, and "a battle was always likely to develop into an irregular mêlée, in which the boldest exchanged broadsides and the shirkers hung back." [1] But late in the eighteenth century more energetic tactics were developed, and the fleets began to execute the maneuver of "breaking the line"—which meant that the vessels would strive to strike through the line of the opposing squadron, and then attack and destroy one part by means of a concentrated force. It was this maneuver which, by way of a startling innovation, Rodney employed with boldness and success at the Battle of the Saints in 1782,—an engagement which, in spite of its disarming name, cost the lives of a thousand Englishmen and three thousand Frenchmen, and left the decks of many ships "veritable shambles with dead and bleeding, limbless trunks." [2] The same device was later utilized with brilliant effect by Nelson; and, operating in connection with the deadly earnestness and the daring of the man, it was instrumental in winning for England some of the greatest of all her naval triumphs.

But while the late eighteenth century witnessed some important developments in naval tactics and strategy, it was distinguished by no corresponding improvement in humanity. As always in the history of warfare, there was no gain to the victims of conflict in those new devices and maneuvers which brought increase of glory to the victors. And the greatest sufferers, as

[1] John Richard Hale, *Famous Sea Fights.*

[2] E. Keble Chatterton, *Battles by Sea.*

often before and since, were not those slain outright by the cannon balls or even those mutilated and left to die in slow misery; the greatest sufferers on most occasions were the prisoners. As typical of the entire period, one may consider the lot of the captives taken by the British during the Revolutionary War. One reads tales of the most harrowing ill-treatment; of men starved and crowded together in fetid, airless holds that bring reminders of the Black Hole of Calcutta; of men whose only food was the bread filled with living vermin and worms; of men driven to eating grass, to making a broth of snails, to picking up and sucking old bones; of men famished to the point of hunting rats and dogs, men compelled to quench their thirst from clammy, evil-smelling water; of men reduced to the state of living skeletons, and perishing like flies in the course of short voyages.

Here, for example, is the comparatively mild account that Gardner W. Allen gives of one of the prison-ships: "In the fall of 1780, Captain Silas Talbot was confined on the Jersey. There were then about eleven hundred prisoners on board, with no berths to lie in nor benches to sit on; many were almost without clothes. Dysentery and fever prevailed. The scantiness and bad qualities of the provisions, the brutality of the guards, and the sick pining for comforts they could not obtain, altogether furnished one of the greatest scenes of human distress ever beheld. The weather was cool and dry, with frosty nights, so that the number of deaths was reduced to an average of ten a day, which was small compared with the mortality for three months before. The human bones and skulls still bleaching on the shore of Long Island as late as 1803, and daily exposed by the falling of the high bank on which the prisoners were buried, was a shocking sight." [1]

More detailed and more vivid is the story of one Robert Sheffield, a prisoner who escaped from one of the ships after a confinement of six days. The heat was so intense, says this

[1] Gardner W. Allen, *A Naval History of the American Revolution*, Vol. II.

writer, that the men "were all naked . . . Their sickly countenances and ghastly looks were truly horrible, some swearing and blaspheming, some crying, praying and wringing their hands and stalking about like ghosts, others delirious, raving and storming; some groaning and dying, all panting for breath; some dead and corrupting, air so foul at times that a lamp could not be kept burning, by reason of which the boys were not missed till they had been dead ten days." [1]

IN A PRISON SHIP

To similar effect is the testimony of the poet, Philip Freneau. It is thus that he describes life on the hospital-ship Hunter: "The Hunter had been very newly put to the use of a hospital-ship. She was miserably dirty and cluttered. Her decks leaked to such a degree that the sick were deluged with every shower of rain. Between decks they lay along, struggling in the agonies of death, dying with putrid and bilious fevers, lamenting their

[1] Gardner W. Allen, *A Naval History of the American Revolution*, Vol. II.

hard fate to die at such a fatal distance from their friends; others totally insensible and yielding their last breath in all the horrors of light-headed frenzy." [1]

While the captives were thus suffering unspeakable torments and dying by slow degrees, the minds of men were busy with new devices that were to add new terrors to warfare. It is from the time of the American Revolution that one may date several important experiments in naval combat. In 1775 was first tested a contrivance which, while of no importance for the moment, augured a great deal for the future. When the American inventor, David Bushnell, devised his one-man submarine boat, he could hardly have foreseen the submersible commerce-destroyers that were to scour the seas and wreck great passenger liners a hundred and forty years later; yet he did design his ship definitely for warlike purposes; and though it was a crude wooden affair operated entirely by manual labor, he believed it capable of discharging a magazine of powder against the hull of a hostile vessel. During the American Revolution, an attempt was actually made to sink a British man-of-war according to Bushnell's method; and the experiment was successful except for one important particular—the powder exploded at the wrong spot.

But the idea, although dropped for the moment, was taken up a quarter of a century later by Robert Fulton, who constructed two submarine vessels in France and one in America. During one of his experiments, Fulton descended to a depth of twenty-five feet and remained under water for four hours; and that he too conceived of the submarine in terms of warfare will be apparent from the fact that he placed a torpedo beneath a useless vessel and shattered it to fragments. But he met a barrier in the conservatism of the investigating committee, which reported unfavorably; and he was so discouraged that the results of his work were practically lost.

The next attempt at submarine operation occurred at the time

[1] Philip Freneau, *Capture of the Aurora.*

of the American Civil War. In 1863 Charles Brun in France designed the mechanically driven "Plongeur"; while the Confederates made an innovation in sea-fighting by employing little cigar-shaped iron submersible vessels armed with torpedoes. One of these—a hand-manned vessel fifty feet long and containing a crew of nine men—actually succeeded in sinking the Federal ship "Housatonic"; but again the results of the experiment were not all that might have been desired, for the submarine sank along with the vessel it assailed. And once again undersea warfare had to be discarded as impracticable. But fresh possibilities appeared following the invention of submersible vessels by J. P. Holland in 1875 and by Nordenfeldt in 1883; and, with the appearance of these men, the days of premature experiment were over, and the sea was thrown open to a new variety of raider that was one of the heralds of the new era of scientific warfare.

Another weapon of naval combat that made its appearance at the time of the American War of Independence was the submarine mine. Mines were employed by the Americans as early as 1777, and in 1780 the resourceful Robert Fulton devised a marine explosive which he termed a "torpedo"—but which seems to have been tested for some years without any great success. It was not until the mines came to be discharged by electricity that they were of much practical utility; and here again we find that the American Civil War was of importance, for during that conflict several vessels were sunk or injured by electrical mines. From that time forth, experiments with mines were frequent and their use became increasingly common; and the power of the new scientific device was fully demonstrated during the defense of Port Arthur at the opening of the twentieth century, when both the Russians and the Japanese relied exclusively upon mines, with the result that both suffered severe casualties.

But the really transforming innovation, from the point of view of naval warfare, was the introduction of steam navigation. It is true that when the steamship was first employed, men had no prevision of the mechanically operated navies of the future;

even the great Napoleon thought the steamship but "a scientific toy"; while old admirals, seeing Fulton's coughing, sooty invention go churning up the Seine, "declared that a gunboat with a few long sweeps of oars would be a handier fighting-ship in a calm, and if there were any wind a spread of sail was better than all the American's tea-kettle devices." [1] But in spite of the scepticism of experts, and in spite of the computations of a scientist who demonstrated mathematically that no ship would ever cross the Atlantic on steam-power alone, the steamship gradually asserted its superiority not only in the field of commerce but in the domain of battle. By the time of the beginning of the Crimean War in 1854, steam warships were in use both by the British and the French navies; but sailing vessels were also employed in considerable numbers, and even the steam men-of-war relied in large part upon the driving-power of the wind. The sailing-vessel, none the less, had all but outlived its military usefulness; and henceforth ships of greater speed, larger size and wider cruising range were to add to the deadliness of warfare upon the deep.

Simultaneous with the coming of the steamboat was the introduction of armor plating. The invention of explosive shells had put the old wooden navies at a fatal disadvantage, for the bursting of bombs on the crowded gun-decks caused frightful casualties, and the one apparent defense was a shell-proof metallic wall. Iron armor, to be sure, was not altogether a new naval device, since it had been tried by the Koreans several centuries before in their warfare with the Japanese; while the Dutch had employed it without success in 1585, when an iron-coated vessel had run aground while attacking the Spanish and had been captured by the foe. But it required the conjunction of metal and steam to produce the vessel of the new type, since a sailing frigate impeded by armor was certain to be painfully slow of movement.

The first contest between ironclads was the famous battle of

[1] John Richard Hale, *Famous Sea Fights.*

the "Monitor" and the "Merrimac" during the Civil War. The superiority of the armored vessel was revealed by the "Merrimac" on her first day's fighting, when, though she was a clumsy, unmanageable craft that drew twenty-two feet of water, she sank the federal ship "Cumberland," set fire to the "Congress," and drove the "Minnesota" aground, killing two hundred of the enemy while losing only twenty-one of her own crew. Had she not found her equal in the smaller and lighter "Monitor," she might have worked incalculable injury to Federal shipping, for nothing but a ship of iron seemed capable of withstanding her.

Yet it was not without difficulty that the "Monitor" checked her Confederate rival; and the vessels, clashing amid the dense black smoke of their furnaces and of the exploded powder, must have seemed almost like two unshapely monsters competing amid the shades of a Stygian night. How vast the change in naval warfare since the days when trireme or penteconter had grappled and opposing swordsmen had met in hand-to-hand encounter!—the power of the machine had replaced the power of the human arm, and the struggle had become impersonal and mechanical. Yet at the same time how much more terrifying was the combat!—against the swinging lance of a foeman there was at least a protection, but what defense against the incalculable blows of a cannon shell? what defense against the knowledge that, at any second, one might be blown to tatters? The conflict of the "Monitor" and the "Merrimac" was not a sanguinary one, as naval battles go; but we hear of incidents dismally indicative of the ordeals that modern sea warriors endure; we learn of a man stunned by the blow of a cannon ball that hit the outside of a turret when he was standing against the inside; we read of the captain of the "Monitor," who, blinded by the explosion of a shell, "was a ghastly sight, with his eyes closed and the blood apparently rushing from every pore in the upper part of his face." [1] And we cannot but wonder which was the least to be envied—the modern sea-fighter, stricken sightless and lingering

[1] Dana Greene, *Battles and Leaders of the Civil War.*

in slow agony, or the ancient marine slain outright by the stroke of a sword.

If, on the mechanical side, the invention of steam transportation and of armor plate vastly increased the possibilities of naval combat, on the political side the passion for imperialism and the competition in armaments gave an enormous impetus to sea warfare toward the close of the nineteenth century. Imperialism and naval competition, inevitably, went hand in hand, for, in order to maintain and protect a colonial empire, a nation must have a fleet—and not an ordinary fleet, but one that could command the sea in defiance of any rival. Hence we have an impossible situation; for while, obviously, only one power or group of powers could be preëminent upon the sea, several powers or groups had aspirations at preëminence: which is as if four or five persons were to try to crowd themselves into a space that could hold only one. In such circumstances, conflict is not unnatural; and, if conflict was the result, it should occasion no tremendous surprise.

Although one would be blinding one's self to the facts were one to lay the entire blame at the doors of any one nation, there can be no question that the difficulty was occasioned in part by the aspirations of Germany. And here we may observe one of the numerous ironies which have attended that country's career in the last half century. Human psychology being as it is, it was to be expected that Bismarck's principles of armed force and of a united empire should play so strongly upon chauvinistic feeling as to bring the demand for a powerful navy and colonial policy; yet the man of "blood and iron" was not prepared to face the logical results of his own activities. While to the last he declared for a powerful army, he looked not without misgiving upon the expansion of his country across the seas. "I have never been in favor of a colonial policy of conquest similar to that pursued by France," he is quoted as saying.[1] And elsewhere he remarked, "In order to acquire prestige, France has gone to Algiers, Tunis,

[1] Bismarck, quoted by J. Ellis Barker, *The Foundations of Germany*.

Mexico, and Madagascar. If Germany should ever follow a similar policy, she would not promote any German interests, but would endanger the welfare of the Empire and its position in Europe." [1]

But apparently not all Bismarck's countrymen shared his views; some deliberately encouraged naval competition. Listen, for example, to the manner in which Admiral von der Goltz stimulated a competitive psychology: "Let us consider the case of a war with England. In spite of what many people think there is nothing improbable in it owing to the animosity which exists in our country toward England and to the sentiments of the British nation. . . . The opinion is generally held in this country that any resistance against England at sea would be impossible and that all our naval preparations are but wasted efforts. It is time that this childish fear which would put a stop to all our progress should be pulled up by its roots and destroyed. . . . With the increases about to be made it [the German fleet] will be in a position to measure its strength with the ordinary British naval forces in home waters." [2]

This speech is no more than typical of the pleas by which militarists in all countries have fostered a warlike state of mind and a competition in armaments. "We are not afraid!—let us only show them!"—such is the "chip-on-the-shoulder" attitude; and this example will serve as well as any other to indicate the efforts of the professional naval classes to precipitate conflict.

In the case of Germany, there can be little doubt that the "Weltpolitik" or world-expansion policy was at the roots of the increased naval armaments. And there will be few to dispute the view that, "There seemed good ground for apprehending that the real motive which prompted the rapid growth of a war-fleet was the desire to challenge Great Britain's supremacy of the seas. It was scarcely possible to entertain any other view after the open avowal in 1900 that 'Germany must have a battle-fleet so strong

[1] Bismarck, quoted by J. Ellis Barker, *The Foundations of Germany.*
[2] Herbert Asquith, *The Genesis of the War.*

that, even for the adversary possessing the greatest sea-power, a war against it would involve such dangers as to imperil its position in the world.' The result was to inaugurate an era of acute naval rivalry between Germany and Great Britain, which poisoned the relations of the two countries and helped to provoke the collision." [1]

A further competition in armaments was provoked in 1905 by the battle of Tsushima, wherein the Japanese fleet totally routed the Russians and established the predominance of the Mikado in the western waters of the Pacific. Aside from marking the rise of Japan as a great naval power, this engagement stimulated an increase in naval preparedness in America and throughout the world generally. And it stimulated preparedness of the sort that is particularly burdensome to the back of the taxpayer; for the size and consequently the expense of ships and armaments had been constantly on the increase, and a new era was inaugurated in 1906 by the launching of the British "Dreadnought," a vessel distinguished not only by its superior cruising and maneuvering ability but by the devastating power of its gun turrets. The fallacy involved in the construction of the "Dreadnought," as in all new offensive implements, was that every prospective enemy was speedily to copy the design; and so, while the relative strength of all remained approximately the same, the weight beneath which all were tottering became enormously increased. And in the end the strain was so great that the only apparent relief was by battle; and thus it happened that, whereas preparedness had been expected to provide the remedy for war, war actually became the remedy for preparedness.

[1] E. Lipson, *Europe in the Nineteenth Century.*

PART VI

THE GRAND FINALE

CHAPTER XXIII

THE WORLD WAR: THE KINDLING OF THE FLAMES

Beside the world-wide conflagration ignited by the murder of an Austrian archduke in the summer of 1914, all previous wars seem petty and amateurish affairs. The march of the hordes of Xerxes against the cities of Greece was but the campaign of a slow-moving, ineffective rabble; the advance of Alexander to Persia and India was the assault of a handful of men gifted with a brilliant leader and a new trick of combat; the onslaughts of the Roman legionaries upon the Mediterranean lands were in large part but primitive raiding expeditions made systematic; even the conflicts of Napoleon, gigantic as they were by comparison with earlier struggles, seem small in range and slight in effect when viewed in the perspective of the World War. Neither in the number of nations or individuals affected, in the concentration of destructive energy and the continuous fighting involved, nor in the range of the battlefields and the extent of the bloodshed, the devastation and the suffering, had our planet ever before witnessed the equal of the war of 1914–1918.

It is not too much to state that our planet had never even dreamt of the equal of that great war. Individual prophets there had been, it is true, who had warned that we were heading straight for the whirlpool; but, like most of the spokesmen of a pessimistic creed, they had been disregarded by those who found their theories uncomfortable; and the world as a whole, in the complacent hope that we had become too civilized to do as men have done ever since civilization began, continued to build its

warships and to train its armies and to assure itself that there could be no more war.

Hence the outbreak of hostilities had the effect of an awakening from an agreeable dream. Men rubbed their eyes, and looked dazed; they could not believe in the reality of the catastrophe that had befallen them. Indeed, they could not believe that an event so exciting as war could be a catastrophe; the world had merely entered upon another of those virile episodes which occasionally break the monotony of peace. And far-sighted, strangely far-sighted, was he who could foretell the full consequences, who could foresee the years of desolation, the blasted farm-lands and hills, the splintered forests and shell-battered towns; wonderfully far-sighted was he who could picture in anticipation the splendid towers and art-works that would furnish but targets for the shells, the long, long lines of weeping women and famished babes, or the unending multitudes of men who would troop forth in gleaming battalions to perish in agony amid the vermin and the mud.

Concerning the causes of the World War it would be futile to discourse at length: we are still so near to the event that the fog of national bias and animosity obscures our vision, and we are still prone to observe the reason in the activities of a single nation or of the heads of a single nation rather than in the operation of universal forces of which the individual is merely the instrument. But we do wrong to imagine that the World War, while unique in many respects, is so utterly unique that it cannot be traced to the same source as previous contests. We have seen how, ever since the first crude beginning of civilization, the twin forces of Ownership and Authority have been fruitful of conflict; how the bare fact of Possession has provoked jealousy, suspicion and greed, while the docility of the average man has rendered him pliable in the hands of Leadership; how the psychology of the masses has been played upon shrewdly so as to produce a warlike emotion, and to distinguish Carnage by the name of Glory; how politics and religion and personal ambition and avarice and the

lust of renown have all been among the factors making for strife, while the slightest of all deterrents has been the lack of any rational grounds for dissension and the improbability of any gain sufficient to compensate for the losses. And in inquiring as to the origin of the World War, we would expect to observe the foundations in these forces or in others akin to them; we would expect to find the conflict but the logical fruit of a system—or, rather, of a disorganization—which has been in effect for untold generations. Fundamentally, it was made possible by the training of thousands of years, which had shaped the minds of men to tolerate warfare, to applaud it, even to regard it as inevitable; more specifically, it was precipitated by a European military organization which extended not only to battleships and machine guns but to the bodies and the souls of the populace; again, it was encouraged by the modern system of property, which made the manufacturers of steel and powder certain of dividends from the spilt blood of their fellows, and which flaunted the hope of profit before innumerable eyes; while that form of duplicity misnamed diplomacy, that beguilement of the masses which monarchs and administrators practiced under the cloak of patriotism, and that breeding of a national spirit whose obverse was an international hatred, were all among the fibres that went to make up that intricate skein over which civilization was to stumble. Some of the strands composing the mesh were of ancient weaving, and had helped to provoke the wars of Ashur-bani-apal and of Cæsar; some were of modern contrivance, and were no older than the French Revolution; and not the least prominent were those concerned with the nationalistic spirit aroused by the great French upheaval and by Napoleon, and with the artificially cultivated antagonisms and the international prejudices and passions that had already borne more than a single crop of blood.

The war-god is a skillful deity, and had done his work with calculation and cleverness. He had sowed the soil more carefully than any one could have imagined; and he had devised weapons more devastating than any one could have conceived. And, due

to a combination of circumstances that no man had planned or desired and that must therefore be accredited to the astuteness of the god, the opening of the twentieth century found the world in a state propitious for warfare of unprecedented sweep and deadliness. The various causes of the conflict, as to be seen in militarism, in national aspirations and in greed, and in the inflamed psychology of the European peoples, would have been adequate to instigate a struggle involving many lands and enduring for many years; but they would not have been adequate to produce a clash of the power and destructiveness of the World War—had it not been for the assistance rendered by modern science and industry. A century and a half before, when the Industrial Revolution had been inaugurated, men did not foresee that the increased efficiency of production would enable civilians to be made ready for the field of battle in proportions previously unimaginable; nor did they recognize that the growth of population would provide an abundance of targets for cannon balls; and, as the inventors perfected each new device for the saving of time and labor, there was little understanding of how the war-god was to appropriate the new methods. Yet the results of their efforts were nowhere more transforming than in military spheres; and it is thanks to them that the World War, for the first time in history, saw fighting converted into a scientific industry.

The warfare of the distinctively militaristic states of the past —of Assyria, for example, and of Sparta—had been made possible by the fact that, while the freeborn citizens were marching forth with sword and spear, a vast proportion of the population had remained behind as slaves to perform the essential tasks of production. The warfare of the twentieth century, on the other hand, has been made possible by the fact that the percentage of necessary workers has been vastly reduced by the addition of machines; accordingly, in spite of the system of universal service, the proportion of combatants in past empires was far less than in recent times, while the actual numbers were incomparably smaller. Hence we may observe the anomaly that, while men

have been warlike ever since they have been civilized, it remained for the twentieth century to make warriors out of the rank and file of whole great populations.

A first result of this situation is that, while the rules of modern warfare exempt the defectives and the mental cripples from the perils of service, the men of brilliant talent have been hurled along with the most commonplace against the barbed wire entanglements and the bursting shrapnel of "No Man's Land," so that those persons who form the chief support of civilization have been swept away by that very tempest which makes their services most necessary. "Never, at any period," says Romain Rolland, "have we seen humanity throwing into the bloody arena all its intellectual and moral reserves, its priests, its thinkers, its scholars, its artists, the whole future of the spirit—wasting its geniuses as food for cannon." [1] If one were to observe upon the battlefield a Lincoln mangled by the explosion of a hand grenade, a Dickens left to die in slow gasping agony from poison gas, and a Beethoven blown into unrecognizable fragments, one might have reason to lament the loss to civilization; yet such events were of not infrequent occurrence during the four years of the World War: in no previous conflict were the known losses of distinguished men nearly so great, and in no previous conflict has there been such an unremitting and exhaustive sacrifice of youthful promise.

Even aside from the domain of the bayonet and of bursting shrapnel, every nation during the World War was virtually an armed camp—and here we may observe another vital departure from the wars of previous times. Under the stress of conflict, which demanded victory as the supreme goal, the various countries showed an increasing tendency to undergo a military organization; even the civilians began to feel the arm of military coercion; those that could not fight were given to understand that they might at least work, and women by the millions were virtually enlisted in the armies and made to do the labor of the absent

[1] Romain Rolland, *Above the Battle.*

men. And so, in lands previously dominated by conservative economic principles, a form of socialism began to be adopted—a militant socialism, and one whose sole object was the defeat of the enemy. It is true that the system was never carried to its logical extremes, that the mobilization of wealth did not follow the mobilization of men; but the governments, by proclaiming their right to the services of all the citizens and by enlisting civilians for *military* purposes, established temporarily a régime featured by that despotic rule and that suppression of individuality which are among the worst dangers of a socialistic order.

A machine organization, in fact, dominated all the countries; a machine organization ruled not only the recruiting offices but the manufacturing plants and the food supplies; a machine organization took charge of the fountains of public information, took charge of the moulding of mass psychology, and saw that the people were permitted to read only such facts and such opinions as would inflame their minds with warlike frenzy and kindle a hatred of the foe. Censorship, the dragon of a myriad eyes, set himself up as sentinel over all the avenues of public thought; every view that was expressed, every bit of knowledge that was circulated, had to be submitted to his searching gaze; and the question that he would ask was not, "Is it truth?" but, "Is it propaganda?" If it were propaganda, he would mark it "Approved!", regardless of its veracity; if it were truth, he would as often as not stamp it "Forbidden!"—indeed, he would more often than not stamp it "Forbidden!", for truth is a dangerous thing, particularly if it be voiced by one who desires the fighting to end, or if it appear in the letter of him who has gone forth to the firing-line amid the blaring of bugles and the approval of the old men, and who has the poor taste to write back home the story of what he has seen. Even the acknowledged intellectual leaders—they who guided the country's thought before the outbreak of hostilities—are halted by the dragon Censorship and are made to speak by rote the words he puts into their mouths; and if they are so senseless as to refuse, they may regret their indis-

cretion behind the bars or to the tune of the executioner's bullet. The cases of Liebknecht in Germany, of Bertrand Russell in England, and of Debs in America may be cited as a few out of innumerable examples; while the experience of Romain Rolland, a man whom Frenchmen may be proud to recall long after most of the battle leaders have been forgotten, will illustrate how Censorship has silenced the tongues of those whose opinions it could not control. "For several months," declares Rolland, in the preface to *Above the Battle*, "no one in France could know my writings except through scraps of phrases arbitrarily extracted and mutilated by my enemies. It is a shameful record. For nearly a year this has gone on. Certain socialist or syndicalist papers may have succeeded here and there in getting some fragments through, but it was only in the month of June 1915 that for the first time my chief article, the one which was the object of the most violent criticism, 'Above the Battle,' dating from September 1914, could be published in full (almost in full), thanks to the malevolent zeal of a maladroit pamphleteer, to whom I am indebted for bringing my words before the French public for the first time."

And if such was the fate of Rolland—Rolland, author of the masterly and internationally esteemed "Jean Christophe"—what could an obscure but equally sincere writer have expected? What could Rolland himself have anticipated had he not had the advantage of years and a reputation? Had he been young and had he dared to lift his voice in defiance of the government policy, would not Censorship at once have flung open the prison doors? Possibly, in venturing to lift his unavailing protest, he would have been courageous, wonderfully courageous; possibly he would have been far braver than the man who, quenching his scruples in a craven silence, allows himself to be led forth to the field of slaughter, and is decorated for gallantry; yet his treatment would not have been that of a hero, and his unhonored bones might have shared a common soil with the dust of felons and cutthroats. True, it might have been hard for the authorities to know if his protests were honest; true, he might have been herded in com-

pany with those whose objections were but the cloak of their fears; but there would have been little effort to determine the intensity of his convictions, little recognition of what stanchness of heart it requires to defy the system of a government and the emotions of a people. He would have committed the supreme crime—the crime of opposing standardization of opinion; and for that offense, according to those selfsame standardized views he deplored, he would have deserved humiliation, torture, and even death.

It was characteristic of the methods of the World War—as, to some extent, it has been characteristic of the methods of all wars—that the creators of mass opinion have not been content merely with negative procedure as represented by censorship and the suppression of the conscientious; they have also followed a positive course in shaping warlike thought and arousing hostile sentiments. The general plan has been to sweep away that veneer of reason which distinguishes man in a peaceful state, and to create a tumult among those emotions that constitute the deeper and dominating portion of the human personality. And, for this purpose, propaganda in its various forms has been invaluable. Preachers have fulminated from their pulpits, and "four-minute" speakers delivered their lightning denunciations; political orators have harangued, newspapers have launched inflammatory editorials, and cartoonists drawn their provoking pictures; pedagogues have pleaded for the defense of "home and country," trained writers have painted the foreign wolf in the act of devouring the domestic lamb, army leaders have iterated and reiterated the duty of enlisting and the shame of shirking; posters prominently displayed have represented the joy and the glory of combat, have indicated the delight and the exhilaration of going "over the top," have portrayed the soldier as a knight rescuing imperiled innocence from a vulture or a gorilla; reports of enemy atrocities have been carefully circulated, accounts of native atrocities have been discreetly suppressed, a reason-drowning frenzy of resentment has been aroused; while public opinion has been kindled to

such heat that he who did not endorse the war both by word and by action was scowled upon, was virtually ostracized, while he who would win favor and applause had no course but to howl with the multitude.

Hence we may observe this peculiar feature of the World War: that populations of scores of millions, most of whom originally did not desire to fight and felt no hatred of the enemy, have been trained almost at a moment's notice not only to tolerate the conflict but to participate actively and even vehemently. It is perhaps true that similar developments have been witnessed in previous times, for the wiles of leaders have always been able to incite warlike emotions, and reason has invariably been powerless to resist; but never has the phenomenon been observed on the same scale as during the World War. And never has mankind received such a thoroughgoing lesson in the malleability of the masses: it has been demonstrated as never before how the actions of men in a state of artificially fanned excitement violate not only the restraints of reason and the demands of normal self-interest and desire but the very dictates of elemental humanity. That the German scholars should have taken up arms against the scholars of France is recognized as a crime which no amount of nationalistic propaganda will ever expiate; that the native of Tokio should have exchanged shots with the native of Berlin, or the citizen of Vancouver with the citizen of Constantinople, or the denizen of the Indian jungle with the resident of Vienna, is a fact which no natural antagonism of interest or contact can explain. One can only conclude, therefore, that had the psychological training been reversed, each of the warriors would have fought with equal zest on the opposite side; the same forces would have been in operation, but their aim would have been altered. For the modern soldier is either the tool of a great mechanism he cannot resist, or the slave of a patriotic ardor that blinds and seduces him; hence he is inferior to the medieval mercenary, since he has not the mercenary's freedom of choice; while the moral forces that motivate him are no more than equal to those

of the mercenary, since they lead him to espouse a cause no matter what its intrinsic merits.

The attitude of the typical civilian at the time of the outbreak of the war—the attitude before hatred had drugged the heart and prejudice and passion had disabled the reason—is indicated by Philip Gibbs in a revealing passage: "War with Germany? A war in which half the nations of Europe would be flung against each other in a deadly struggle—millions against millions of men belonging to the peoples of the highest civilization? No, it was inconceivable and impossible. Why should England make war upon Germany or Germany upon England? We were alike in blood and character, bound to each other by a thousand ties of tradition and knowledge and trade and friendship. All the best intellect of Germany was friendly to us. . . .

"In Hamburg years ago I had listened to speeches about all that, obviously sincere, emotional in their protestations of racial comradeship. That young poet who had become my friend . . . was he a liar when he spoke fine and stirring words about the German admiration for English literature and life, and when . . . he passed his arm through mine and said, 'If ever there were to be a war between our two countries I and all my friends in Hamburg would weep at the crime and the tragedy.'?" [1]

Perhaps the young poet and his friends did weep at the crime and the tragedy; but perhaps, mad with excitement, they applauded; or perhaps they merely sighed and acquiesced. At all events, it is fairly certain that they one and all marched with the armies of invasion. And it is fairly certain that most of their kind in other lands likewise took up arms. And the reason is that their individualities had been suppressed by systematic drilling of mind and body; that they existed not as personal entities but as units in a military mass. "They know," remarks Gibbs, in reference to the conscripted manhood of continental lands, "that they have been born of women for one primary object—to fight when the time comes in defense of the Fatherland, to make one more hu-

[1] Philip Gibbs, *The Soul of the War.*

man brick in the great wall of blood and spirit dividing their country and race from some other country and race. And that is the lesson taught them from the first to last in the schools and in the national assemblies, and there are only a few minds which are able to see another way of life when the walls of division may be removed and when the fear of a next-door neighbor may be replaced by friendship and common interests." [1]

It is not too much to assert that, had there been many minds which had been able "to see another way of life," the World War would have been impossible. Millions of men were led forth to slaughter and be slain because of the machinations of their rulers and in pursuance of ends that meant little or nothing to them; yet the machinations of the rulers could have accomplished nothing without the submissiveness of the subjects, and submissiveness had been assured by teachings that moulded the mind, and by discipline that broke the spirit.

If a being of perfect vision and unbiassed intellect had looked down upon the combatants plodding through the smoke and blood of the World War, it might have struck him as a little ironic and more than a little pathetic to observe the sincerity of the men as they blew one another to bits. They had left their peaceful villages, their comfortable towns, their farms and their shops, their mills and their gardens, the arms of their wives and the companionship of their children—and for what? It was an ideal that led them!—in almost every land it was an ideal that bade them dig bayonets into the bodies of their fellows or asphyxiate them with lung-devouring fumes! Here was the great sorrow of the war, the great tragedy, the supreme outrage!—that the best in human nature had been tricked into the service of the worst!—that the angel in man should have lent willing assistance to the fiends of Hell! Yet was not the German sincere when he slew the Frenchman in the name of his Kultur? Was not the Frenchman sincere when he slew the German in the "war to end war"? Was not the American sincere when he fought to "make the world safe

[1] Philip Gibbs, *The Soul of the War.*

for democracy"? Of the earnestness, of the absolute conviction with which the soldiers entered the trenches, there can be little doubt; the paradox, the lamentable absurdity of it all is that this earnestness, this conviction was not confined to either side: the Prussian killing a Parisian was fully persuaded that he committed the deed in defense of his homeland, just as the Parisian in his turn was persuaded of the necessity for the Prussian's death; both alike were battling for some intangible and immaterial cause, which—had they only known it—was the same in both cases although viewed through different glasses.

This tendency to idealize the reasons for the conflict appears all the more remarkable when one considers the specific features of the war—though possibly, in view of those specific features, it was only the idealization that made the struggle possible. Certainly, men in such numbers had never before submitted to trials so great—and the need for some sustaining moral force was consequently stronger than in any previous contest.

Let us consider briefly a few of the aspects of the war—a few of those characteristics which particularly demanded the justification of some external standard or ideal. In the first place, the men were not called upon, as in previous campaigns, to enter merely into an occasional engagement, with long intervals of comparative repose between; they were summoned to participate in battles that lasted for days and weeks and months without cease, battles that endured from noon to midnight and from midnight to noon, and then again from noon to midnight, without ever an interruption in the rumbling thunder of the cannon and the bursting of deadly shells. Again, there was no such thing as a battlefield, in the old and acknowledged sense; there were merely opposing lines of trenches that extended for hundreds of miles across field and hill and wood, apparently endless as the Great Wall of China; and in these trenches men led an existence that was largely subterranean, an existence that made them akin to the gopher and the earthworm. All this would have been hard enough to endure, particularly since the soldiers had to wallow

day after day in fetid water and mud, lashed by the sleet and snow of winter, scorched by the suns of summer, companioned by rats and mice and preyed upon by vermin; and, merely in view of the length of the action and the misery of the mire and filth, the men would have required some spur to uphold their spirits and to make their sufferings seem worth while.

But such a necessity was doubly acute in view of the deadly instruments of destruction which had been devised. It is needless to speak in detail of the new weapons, which made it almost certainly fatal for any man to lift his head above the trenches, and which brought death near to all at all hours of the day and night; it will suffice to remind the reader of a few of the more prominent: the machine-gun, known before the World War, but never before employed to scatter bullets in such a mechanical, indiscriminate stream; the tank, an armored giant which, like some ancient dinosaur resurrected, would go lumbering grotesquely across the roadless land, scattering death as it went; liquid fire, akin to the "Greek fire" of medieval times, in that it could be hurled at an antagonist and would literally burn him alive; the shrapnel shell, which would explode in air and cast murderous bullets or scraps of metal in all directions; "TNT" and other super-explosives, powerful enough to splinter a fortress at a single discharge or to reduce a regiment of men to a bloody pulp; the improved guns with their sliding carriages, which fitted them to be reloaded with unprecedented rapidity; the great howitzers, which cast shells high into air and so enabled them to reach any trench or fortification however hidden by barriers of earth; the barrage fire, which either was concentrated with irresistible destructiveness upon a particular spot or else formed a flaming curtain deadly to all living things; and finally—and perhaps most important of all—poison gas, which aimed not to blast the body of the foe, but to burn his skin or inflame and rot away his lungs.

To certain of these weapons and their effects I shall return a little later; but for the present it will be sufficient to remark that the warrior of the World War, beset constantly by death in hid-

eous new forms, had need of a far greater courage and sustaining force than the fighter of even a generation before.

But it was not only the warrior that required courage. The civilian likewise had need of large reserves of endurance; the civilian likewise was imperiled by the new inventions. For the World War witnessed the crumbling of the barriers of centuries, the sweeping away of the inhibitions and the growth of ages; it saw a return to the system of Assyria and of Rome, since its battles were waged not only against armed men but against unarmed women and children. We have seen how, in ancient times, the civilian had no rights, and how all the inhabitants of a captured city were customarily slain or enslaved; we have likewise noted how the same practice was sometimes observed by medieval warriors, and was not unknown even at the dawn of the modern era; yet in general, despite much looting and violence and barbarities perpetrated against women, recent times have brought an amelioration in the lot of the non-combatant, and a tendency to exclude him from the list of casualties. The World War, however, has changed all this; once again it is not only hostile armies that have been assailed, but entire hostile populations. And in this there is perhaps a certain remorseless logic, since in a sense the war has been waged not only by armies but by the civilians that provide foodstuffs and munitions; the new international military system, which mobilizes all available citizens for warlike purposes, quite rationally implies that the citizens must be subjected to warlike perils,—for when have military exigencies known any law? and when, in the history of white warfare, has a desperate belligerent ever paused at any measure designed to cripple the foe?

True, the results may have been regrettable; the Londoners may have had cause for grief when women shoppers and children at school were blown to cinders by bombs from the air; the Parisians may have foamed in not unnatural fury when shells from the "Big Berthas," hurtling across a gulf of seventy miles, demolished buildings and slaughtered the defenseless; while the

Americans may have had the deepest excuse of all for resentment when they—still a neutral people—saw the waters of the Atlantic closing above hundreds of their citizens following the torpedoing of the "Lusitania." But did any of the victimized nations, outraged as they were, reject the new methods? Or did they tacitly recognize their justification?—their justification according to the standards common in all warfare? The words of the victims, colored as they are by national animosity, are naturally of no account whatever; their actions are all that matter—and precisely what were their actions? From the beginning of the war, the British had declared a blockade against German ports, a blockade that obeyed recognized principles, but that none the less was calculated to snatch the bread from the hands of German mothers and the milk from the mouths of German babes. And later, in retaliation for the German air raids but for reasons that had as much to do with military advantage as with revenge, the Allied aviators began to bombard the German cities —cities filled with young girls and helpless old women, with prattling infants and playful small boys and crippled war veterans; while, had the conflict lasted for another six months, swarms of aviators would perhaps have swept over Berlin, and asphyxiated men, women and children alike with that deadly American invention known as Lewisite gas.

The conclusion is all too apparent: a new form of warfare is being developed; women and children are coming to be acknowledged as of military value; therefore a belligerent, in striking at the enemy's strength, must blast women and children out of existence along with munitions of war and armed men.

CHAPTER XXIV

THE WORLD WAR: THE STORM AND THE AFTERMATH

If the belligerents in the World War occasionally sought some advantage by inflicting suffering or death upon non-combatants, more often than not the misfortunes of civilians were merely incidental and did not flow directly from the mandates of the great god Military Necessity. It would be pointless to dwell upon the mental torments endured by innocent spectators, the agonies of heart and soul that made the torrents of tears equal to the torrents of blood; there would be little gain in painting pictures of wives and husbands suddenly sundered, of lovers whose embrace was halted by the touch of Death, of mothers waiting in rose-wreathed cottages for sons whose brains lay spattered amid the Flanders mud, of families separated by the brutal thrust of invasion, so that men would wander around for months searching for wives and children irretrievably lost, and women would hunt futilely for vanished daughters, and homeless boys and girls for the parents they would see no more. Human wretchedness and sorrow—that incommunicable sorrow which preys and preys upon one's being like a consuming disease—is so abundant and so cheap a thing!—it has been bred so plentifully by every war that was ever waged!—what then does it matter if in the World War its victims were more numerous than ever before? Their woes smoulder and die within their own breasts; there is no witness of their anguish, and more often than not their tongues are mute—let them then be forgotten!—let them perish, devoured by a grief too great to bear, or else gibber away their lives in a

madhouse, or linger on like haunted beings in a half-life of bitterness and accursed memories.

Yet, among the unrecorded millions that did not fight and none the less bore their cross, there is one class whose sufferings were so extreme, so violent and so unexpected that one cannot forbear to take particular note of them. Why the Germans at times behaved with unleashed passions toward the inhabitants of invaded Belgium and France is a question that every historian of the war will ask; yet the answer is not far to seek; the records of past conflicts will show us that every barbarity they committed has been matched by the barbarities of former times. Men in that state of unnatural excitement produced by warfare are not to be judged by the standards of humanity; rather, they are to be held to be mere bundles of elemental passion, without that restraint which governs the tiger or the wolf, without sympathies to control them, or rational faculties to repress; it is insanity that puts words of violence on their tongues, and the madness of mob hysteria that swings their destructive hands.

Let us consider just what happened in Belgium and Northern France. And first of all, lest I paint the picture in blacker colors than need be, let me remind the reader that certain of the so-called German atrocities have been demonstrated to be mere fictions. For example, the story that the Prussians cut off the hands of small children—a story current during the war—has been denied on good authority; it sprang from the same prejudicial source as the German tale that the Allies were given to slicing off the breasts of women. However, while the invaders have been found not guilty of the crime of amputating hands, the offenses of which they stand convicted form a record sufficiently lugubrious.

In the beginning—as is usual in the case of the infamies of warfare—they gave their deeds something of the excuse and color of expediency. Having reached the city of Louvain, for example, they resorted to the obsolete and antiquated practice of taking hostages; then they posted a proclamation with the char-

acteristically military warning that, "in case a single arm be found, no matter in what house, or any act of hostility be committed against our troops, our transports, our telegraph lines, our railways, or if any one harbors *francs-tireurs*, the culpable and the hostages who are arrested in each village will be shot without pity. Besides, all the inhabitants of the villages in question will be driven out; the villages, and even cities will be demolished and burned. If this happens on the route of communication between two villages the same methods will be applied to the inhabitants of both."

A little severe, to be sure—but no doubt the framer of the order felt that he was only doing his duty at the altar of Military Necessity.

Now let us observe what followed. An army that could draw up mandates so stern—and that could impose a discipline equally stern upon its own members—was an army to be dreaded when that discipline relaxed and the heavy repression gave place to utter freedom. And this is precisely what happened in Louvain; the discipline was abruptly thrust aside; license was granted where previously there had been only restraint; and the soldiers, like savage dogs whose chains had been snapped, went mad with the fury of their reaction. All at once it was as if the portals of the twentieth century had been thrust aside; it was as if a horde of ravaging Assyrians, of bloodthirsty Mongols or unchecked Roman legionaries had come back to earth; there was another of those orgies of plundering, of destruction, of slaughter which history records with such melancholy frequency. "All over the city," declares Brand Whitlock, "the soldiers began firing wildly at the façades of the closed houses. The people ran to their cellars in terror; the soldiers beat in the doors, turned the people into the street, shot them down, set fire to the houses. There were riderless horses galloping about. A mad, blind, demoniac rage seemed to have laid hold of the Germans, and they went through the streets, killing, slaying, burning, looting, torturing and massacring, and for three terrible days the awful tragedy was

enacted, with such scenes as would appal the imagination." [1]

Not content with their work of robbery and murder, the invaders next resorted to arson. "On the order of their chiefs the Germans set fire to the houses, spraying *salons* with inflammable liquid . . . breaking in windows with the butts of their rifles, that a draught might be provided for the flames. The inmates of the houses thus doomed ran out only to be shot at their own door, or took refuge in their cellars, to be burned to death and buried beneath the ruins of their homes. Men trying to escape over the roofs were fired at by the soldiers in the streets; women, their babies in their arms, hugging the walls, tried to reach some place of safety." [2]

But the fury of the soldiers did not confine itself to the population and to their homes and personal wealth. In Louvain there was a library that was one of the treasures of civilization: two hundred and thirty thousand volumes were contained there, in addition to seven hundred and fifty irreplaceable medieval manuscripts. But this also had to be sacrificed!—this also had to be condemned to the flames!—and after the fires had done their indiscriminate, devouring work, the bare and blackened walls of the old seat of learning bore testimony to a deed that would have damaged the repute even of the Vandals.

However—let us again lay the blame to military necessity, though just how the Germany army could have benefited from the burning of antique manuscripts is more than the unimaginative commentator can surmise.

Nor can one understand just what military advantage there was in the further scenes that Mr. Whitlock describes: "Nearly three hundred persons were gathered in the Place de la Station; 'most were weeping.' In the midst of this inferno, amid the roar and glare of flames, with the crackling of rifle-shots, the steady cluck-cluck-cluck of machine-guns, making a noise like a riveter, and

[1] Brand Whitlock, *Belgium*, Vol. I.
[2] *Ibid.*

that most hideous of all sounds, the ululations of a mob, dominating all the rest, the massacre and the incendiarism went on." [1]

Those that were not already gathered in some central group were now being driven like cattle. "The people were thus assembled in tragic groups between the tottering walls of burning houses; marched through choking, suffiocating streets that were strewn with the dead bodies of men and horses—the women and children weeping, screaming, imploring, and the soldiers compelling them to walk with their hands up, or making them kneel or run, or kicking them or striking them with their fists or with the butts of their guns, herding them through the streets, in the midst of the smoking ruins; while other soldiers, with wine-bottles under their arms, went reeling past crying at the captives: *'Hund! Schwein! Schweinhund!'* " [2]

Later, after being prodded about the town, a group of a thousand inhabitants "were bound hand and foot, then tied up in a great human packet by a long rope, so that they could not move"; and there for hours they waited in the drizzling rain, without food or drink, some of them struck by the passing soldiers, some led forth to be shot or even hung.

But still more tragic was the ensuing exodus from the city. The Germans announced an impending bombardment—a bombardment that continued to impend, since it never actually took place —and out along all the roads from Louvain passed the surviving population, old men that could barely totter, and tattered children dragging at the heels of pallid mothers; sick persons with death printed on their haggard features, women with babes in arm, young girls victimized by the maddened soldiery, priests and nuns, and young mothers newly arisen from the child-bed. The fate of all those unfortunates will never be known; some reached the neighboring cities, but some were seen no more; some threw themselves into the rivers, and some had become mere raving maniacs; some were sent to prison camps in Germany,

[1] Brand Whitlock, *Belgium*, Vol. I.
[2] *Ibid.*

some dropped exhausted by the roadside, while all who could still endure the struggle trudged along listlessly, with bleak, pathetic looks.

But the fate of Louvain, unhappy though it was, was less miserable than that of certain other invaded towns. In Dinant, for example, the Germans left not two stones standing; an earth-

THE EXODUS FROM LOUVAIN

quake could not have wrought damage so complete, nor the plunderers of ancient times been more thorough in their destruction; the town was simply annihilated, the very trees were burnt along with the houses and churches, and all that remained was a mass of ruined brick and chaotic stone and fire-marked timbers staring out of a blackened waste. Four thousand persons had once made their home there; babies had laughed, and children played, and youths danced and sung, and lovers dreamt their happy dreams—but how many could have foreseen the day when the

very site would be fit for no human habitation? How many could have anticipated than an invading army would enter with incendiary bombs and machine-guns, would burn the houses and drive the people into the streets, would segregate the men and from time to time lead some out to be shot? And how many, even in their wildest nightmares, could have previsioned the culminating outrage, when men and women to the number of nearly ninety—men and women and even children and babes in arm —were massed together in a terrified group and made the targets of the shots of the firing squad? Persons of both sexes and all ages, unoffending and defenseless, had perished before in warfare, had perished in half-forgotten struggles long ago; but their very names had been obliterated, and we had thought of them almost as creatures of legend, who could find no duplicates in this cultured age of ours—how disillusioning, then, to read of the death of Maurice Bétemps, aged eleven months, or of Gilda Genen, aged eighteen months, or of Clara Struvay, aged two years, victims of an international order for which certainly they were not to blame!

But let us not prolong the pathetic tale, which might be protracted, with interminable repetitions, to the length of volumes. Let us only remember that such deeds are not to be expected of Germans only; that the warriors of any country, transformed by the passions of conflict and subject to a discipline that would make their own lives the forfeit of disobedience, might duplicate at any time the infamies of the invasion of Belgium. Such, one is sorry to report, is the lesson of the history of all warfare.

But if the mere civilian suffered so heavily during the World War, what of those whose professed business was to fight and whose duty was avowedly to bear the brunt of the conflict? What was their lot as they stood at the firing-line, the living instruments of the duel of nations, the targets of a blind, impersonal wrath they could neither placate nor control? Volumes by the score, by the hundred, by the thousand, have been written upon this vital theme, some of them inconsequential, some labor-

ing under the handicap of censorship, a few vividly illuminating; but there are certain fundamental facts that are agreed upon by all, or virtually all; and, out of the vast mass of material, one may be able to sift some details of general and basic significance.

Concerning the main features of trench warfare—the dominant form of warfare in the years from 1914 to 1918—there can be little question. Huddled in earthen dugouts, menaced by mines from beneath, by shrapnel shells and airplane bombs from above and by poison gas in the very air they breathed, the soldiers lived upon the whole in surprisingly unexciting misery and boredom. Though there was indeed the danger of being asphyxiated or blown to bits at any instant, and though the sight of death was so common as to stir no thrill, not the least of their foes were the mud wherein they wallowed up to the knees or even to the waist, and the rats and the vermin that shared their quarters undeterred by the perils of war. Alan Seeger but expresses a common point of view when he writes, "It is a miserable life to be condemned to, shivering in these wretched holes, in the cold and the dirt and the semidarkness. It is impossible to cross the open spaces in daylight, so that we can only get food by going down to the kitchens before dawn and after sundown. The increasing cold will make this kind of existence almost insupportable, with its accompaniments of vermin and dysentery. Could we only attack or be attacked! The real danger of the soldier is not in facing the balls, but the fatigue and discomfort and misery." [1]

To the same effect are the further sentiments confided by Seegar to his diary: "This style of warfare is extremely modern and for the artillerymen is doubtless very interesting, but for the poor common soldier it is anything but romantic. His rôle is simply to dig himself a hole in the ground and to keep hidden in it as tightly as possible. Continually under the fire of the opposing batteries, he is yet never allowed to get a glimpse of the enemy. Exposed to all the dangers of war, but with none of its

[1] Alan Seeger, *Letters and Diary*.

enthusiasm or splendid *élan*, he is condemned to sit like an animal in its burrow and hear the shells whistle over his head and take their little daily toll from his comrades." [1]

After observing that "the soldier's life comes to mean to him simply the test of the most misery that the human organism can support," Seeger proceeds to a description of the typical trench dugout. "A long gallery is cut in the ground with pick and shovel. Its dimensions are about those of the cages which Louis XI devised for those of his prisoners whom he wished especially to torture, that is, the height is not great enough to permit a man to stand up and the breadth does not allow him to stretch out. Down the length of one curving wall the soldiers sit huddled, pressed close, elbow to elbow. They are smoking, eating morsels of dry bread or staring blankly at the wall in front of them. Their legs are wrapped in blankets, their heads in mufflers." [2]

One wonders just how much vent such an existence allows for a display of the so-called combative instinct.

The facts of trench warfare prove, indeed, that the supposed instinct was suppressed with surprising frequency. Sometimes it failed to manifest itself at all when, according to all the rules, it should have blazed forth with particular vehemence; and, despite all the incentives of training and discipline, of propaganda, of patriotic emotion, and of actual competition in death-dealing, the soldiers now and then displayed the feelings natural in friendly and unarmed humanity. Discarding for a while their robes as warriors to assume those of mere human beings, they would actually meet the men of the other side in amicable intercourse; Frenchman and Englishman alike would exchange jovial words with the German, and the German with Frenchman and Englishman—regardless of the fact that, on the morrow, each would be trying to kill the other! It is reported that once, when the earthworks collapsed beneath the excessive rains and frost

[1] Alan Seeger, *Letters and Diary*.
[2] *Ibid.*

and each side was exposed to the gaze of the other, both factions alike went about their work as though unaware of the enemy's existence; while at other times, with a tolerance that was not merely negative, parties of men actually went over to the opposing trenches; and, in place of bullets and bombs, they exchanged the civilities of the handshake. The first Christmas—with a spirit of "good will on earth" that later Christmases did not duplicate—was a virtual holiday: protected by an unofficial truce, the Germans bore over to the Allied lines the corpses of the fallen, and, while detachments of Germans and British stood by, prayers for the departed were read in two languages.

The authorities, however, scowled upon all such activities. Fraternisation was not warfare!—it did not conform to the rules of orthodox death-dealing!—it violated the principles of hatred, and established a precedent that might lead to the end of the war itself! How could a soldier fight his best unless be loathed his adversary? and how loathe him properly if he understood him? how bring himself to thrust a bayonet between the ribs of the man he had clasped in kindly greeting? One must admit that, in all this, the authorities were quite logical if quite merciless; warfare certainly is not friendship, and where the one begins the other ends: therefore they were justified, according to all the laws of the battlefield, in ordering that human relationships between the two armies cease. Yet it is noteworthy that, despite all official mandates, the following Christmas saw a revival of the normal tendency of man to greet man rather than to stab him. Undeterred by the presence of staff officers whose purpose it was to prevent fraternisation, the soldiers again asserted their pacific inclinations; and at ten o'clock, as one writer tells us, "the men in all the trenches both English and German were talking without restraint, and the dark muddy lines of Laventie had a voice as of some great club at night when all the members are discussing at once. Germans were shouting invitations across, British were shouting invitations; and promises were made for next day. At dawn therefore parties went over, and whole battalions

might have followed them had not the artillery at once set up a barrage. It was found also that sentries on both sides had been ordered to fire. Some obeyed, some did not. One Guards sentry was proud of having fired fifteen rounds. But he did not hit anyone. Meanwhile the troops around Neuve Chapelle and Aubers got across in large bodies. Even on the Guards' front men risked their lives to shake hands. Did not one thus lose his life that morning!" [1]

In the face of such courage for the sake of a mere civilized courtesy, it is easy to see that no natural pugnacity had bidden the men to fight.

But how does it happen that soldiers so eager for kindly association with the foe would on occasion blow them to bits with hand grenades or dash forward with unbared sabres ravenous for blood? First of all, it must be remembered that most of the fraternisation occurred during the early stages of the war, before the tides of hatred had gathered to their highest and animosity had completely overwhelmed the hearts and souls of men; and next, and more important, one must take note of the various devices employed to instill a psychology of rancor and venom. It is known, for example, that one of the objects of the great attention paid to bayonet practice was to develop an antagonism where no natural antagonism was. Observe, in this connection, the comments of Will Irwin: "Uninstructed civilians, visiting the American, French and British training camps, wondered at the time given to bayonet practice. They knew that the bayonet was rarely used in action. Why so much stress upon it? Any sergeant could explain that. It was a means of cultivating hate, of making your soldier a bit of a brute. That dummy at which you were thrusting—the instructor encouraged you to imagine him a German, to curse him, to work up a savage delight in mutilating him. It was a part of the higher psychology of modern war." [2]

But if a long and intensive training did not suffice to instill

[1] Stephen Graham, *The Challenge of the Dead.*

[2] Will Irwin, *The Next War.*

a love of murdering—if bayonet practice and propaganda and tales of atrocities and the frenzy of the actual combat did not quench the natural friendliness of man for man—there were other methods whose efficacy could be guaranteed. And, among those methods, not the least important was that involving the use of a certain well-known stimulant—a stimulant regarded by the

BAYONET PRACTICE

American law as too dangerous even for civilians. "Some commanders," Stephen Graham reports . . . "thought double rum-rations put the necessary devil into men to carry them through the ordeal of a fray, and it is common talk in the Army that some of the units that went into the storming of the Hohenzollern redoubt knew very little of what they were doing." [1]

The last words will apply even to many that had not partaken of alcohol. In the actual fury of a bayonet rush, when men go dashing with bristling points toward other men that await them with bristling points and bombs, the normal human emotions are in abeyance; the mind of each man becomes a ravening thing

[1] Stephen Graham, *The Challenge of the Dead.*

mad with the impetuosity and terror of the onslaught and the agony of the clash; hatred and fear and the frenzy of self-preservation mingle in a fierce confusion; and while the eyes bring flashes of glinting steel and spurting blood and the ears are assailed with the sound of shrieking and moaning and a rending of bones, the crazed warrior may commit deeds that will come back to haunt him in nightmares and hellish visions. For he has been drugged, drugged with an excitement that blinds and overwhelms; his senses have been blurred and distorted, and the world for him has suddenly become chaos; and amid that chaos, borne on the tides of primitive impulse with no shred of will or reason left, he has become like a wild beast beset with fire or a delirious person wandering down aisles of horror in a dream.

Even though compelled to participate in no bayonet dash, the reaction of the soldier to the routine of trench life was largely that of an automaton. "When troops are forced to sit in a trench under the most terrific shell-fire, the nerve-racking noise, the sight of their comrades and their defenses being blown to atoms, and the constant fear that they themselves will be the next to go, all deprive the ordinary mind of vital initiative. Having lost the active mental powers that a human being possesses, they are reduced to the level of machines." [1]

Yet occasionally one of those machines, inspired with a flash of human self-assertiveness, would react violently if unavailingly against the chains that controlled it. We read of men blowing off their own toes and fingers in order to be discharged from the army as "wounded"; we read of others who deliberately flung themselves into the enemy's hands, preferring the lot of prisoners to that of fighters; we are told of still others that merely cursed and impotently cursed, murmuring bitter things against their higher commanders and against the fate that had doomed them to be the sport of machine-guns and of high-power explosives.

Sometimes, however, they were less the sport of enemy marks-

[1] Richard Haigh, *Life in a Tank.*

men than of their own leaders—or, rather, of the strategy of their leaders. During a barrage fire, for example, many a man would be blown to fragments by the artillery of his own side. And such losses were regarded as necessary—even as paying investments. "Infantry soldiers follow the barrage closely," declares one officer, "even if a few men are hit by the shells . . . If an enemy machine-gunner or bomber can reach his post six or eight seconds before the first line of storming troops arrive, he almost invariably inflicts scores of casualties on the British infantry, in comparison with which a ten per cent. loss from their own barrage is of minor importance." [1]

No doubt, from the point of view of the unfortunate ten per cent, the loss is of more than minor importance.

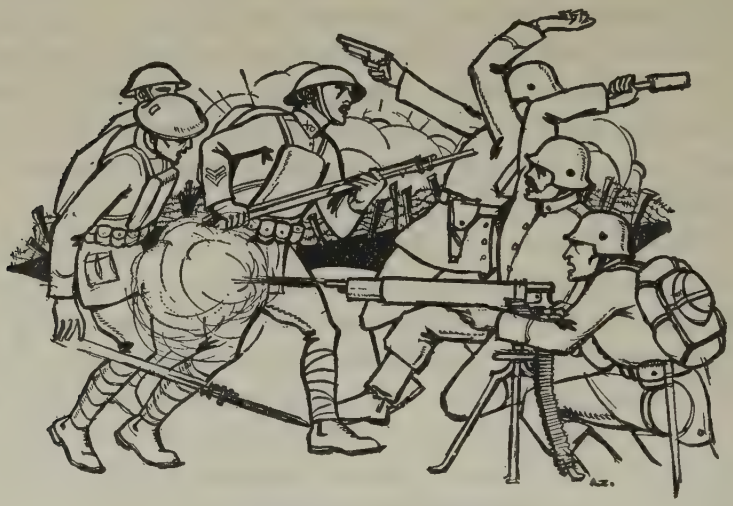
Much more difficult to understand, even from the vantage point of strategy, are certain other methods by which the commanders would occasionally spend the lives of their men. Philip Gibbs, in his volume *Now It Can Be Told*, lists several examples of slaughter that, to the uninitiated, would seem merely wanton. He mentions divisions that "set out to attack terrible lines without sufficient artillery support, and without reserves behind them, and without any chance of holding the ground they might capture. They were the pawns of 'strategy,' serving a high purpose in a way that seemed to them without reason. Not for them the glory of a victorious assault. Their job was to 'demonstrate' by exposing their bodies to devouring fire, and by attacking earthworks which they were not expected to hold."

In another place, Gibbs speaks of a time "when from Hooge to the Hohenzollern redoubt our men sat in wet trenches under ceaseless bombardment of heavy guns, and when any small attack they made by the orders of a High Command which believes in small attacks, without much plan or purpose, was only 'asking for trouble' from German counterattacks by mines, trench-mortars, bombing sorties, poison-gas, flame-throwers, and other forms of frightfulness which made a dirty mess of flesh and

[1] Eric Fisher Wood, *The Note-Book of an Intelligence Officer.*

blood, without definite result on either side beyond piling up the lists of death.

" 'It keeps up the fighting spirit of the men,' said the generals. 'We must maintain an aggressive policy.' " [1]



ON THE BATTLEFIELD

Partly because of such an aggressive policy, but largely because of the conditions inherent in modern battles, there was a prodigious accumulation of casualties not only from direct wounds but from indirect and psychic damage. In every previous war men had been mutilated physically; but never, so far as we know, had they been mentally mutilated as during the World War. It may be that past conflicts developed an occasional case of what we now know as "shell-shock," but the records are silent on the point; at all events, the nerves of men had never before been so shaken, nor their minds so driven to a doddering insanity; and the innumerable victims of cerebral disease testify that modern warfare is straining the human mechanism past the point of endurance. The unrelaxing vigil, the continuous fear and the in-

[1] Philip Gibbs, *Now It Can Be Told.*

cessant racket, the horrors that revolt and appal and the shock of bombs detonating, have been more than some minds have been able to withstand; and it is not the dull and the sodden and the insensitive that have been most affected, but precisely those whose organisms were most delicately attuned and consequently capable of the highest attainment. In numerous cases, where no emotional instability originally existed, it was acquired as the result of the long and racking ordeal of the trenches; post-mortem examinations have proved that the damage in some instances was not only psychic but physical, and that minute vessels had been ruptured and hemorrhages produced in the substance of the spinal column and the brain; while, among the manifestations of the disease, one might mention blindness, deafness, paralysis, amnesia, and hysteria in its various forms.

Such general listing of symptoms, however, will convey little idea of the actual nature of the malady; to realize its true character one must witness the actions of the sufferers themselves. A revealing glimpse is afforded, for example, in a few lines by James Norman Hall: "During the afternoon I heard for the first time the hysterical cry of a man whose nerve had given way. He picked up an arm and threw it far out in front of the trenches, shouting as he did so in a way that made one's blood run cold. Then he sat down and started crying and moaning. He was taken back to the rear, one of the saddest of casualties in a war of inconceivable horrors." [1]

Other and not less fearful forms of shell-shock are described by Philip Gibbs. He speaks of boys that "clawed their mouths ceaselessly," and of others that "sat in the field hospitals in a state of coma, dazed"; and in the following passage he pictures the case of a sergeant-major whom he observed: "He was convulsed with a dreadful rigor like a man in epilepsy, and clawed at his mouth moaning horribly, with livid terror in his eyes. He

[1] James Norman Hall, *Kitchener's Mob.*

had to be strapped to a stretcher before he could be carried away. He had been a tall and splendid man, this poor, terror-stricken lunatic." [1]

Equally hopeless was the case of a Wiltshire lad whom Gibbs beheld. He was "very young, with an apple-cheeked face and blue-gray eyes. He stood outside a dugout, shaking in every limb, in a palsied way. His steel hat was at the back of his head and his mouth slobbered, and two comrades could not hold him still." [2]

The victims of shell-shock were not the only men to suffer in ways unknown in previous wars. If their nerves and their brains were sacrifices offered up to the clamor and the fury of the battle-field, the lungs and the bodies of countless others were immolated upon the shrine of science—were immolated as the price of the union of the war-god with the modern goddess, Chemistry. Chemistry had of course already proved her value to the war-god by her production of explosives, liquid fire, and incendiary bombs; but the full extent of her submissiveness to Mars had not been demonstrated until the advent of poison gas—it was this invention that marked the true beginning of chemical warfare. Likewise, it marked the first deliberate destruction of men otherwise than by the visible maiming of their bodies; for the new weapon might work slyly and insidiously as some evil spirit, might leave no external sign of its lethal activities, and, when delivered in a certain form (the form known as phosgene), it might cause the sudden death, after many hours, of a man who did not even know he had been gassed! Generally speaking, however, the deadly fumes were not so merciful; the victims knew full well what had happened to them; and the agonies they endured, according to the testimony of innumerable witnesses, were probably greater than those experienced from any other form of slaughter. Chlorine—a greenish gas common in chemical laboratories—was the first poisonous vapor employed; and the effect of this violent

[1] Philip Gibbs, *Now It Can Be Told.*
[2] *Ibid.*

reagent upon the lungs of its victims was no less than excruciating; it would literally eat away the bronchial linings, it would leave the sufferers gasping and moaning, would leave them to be asphyxiated by slow degrees.

Chlorine had at least the advantage that it could be excluded by means of masks; moreover, when originally used, it was an unmanageable servant, for an unfavorable wind might blow it back upon its users, causing as much damage to them as to the enemy! But subsequently the use of bombs to carry the fumes from afar eliminated the danger to the aggressor; while the introduction of "mustard gas," which was first employed by the Germans in July, 1917, rendered masks totally inadequate as means of defense. For the new gas did not confine its attacks to the lungs; it would indiscriminately assail any part of the body, would seep through the clothing, and would cause hideous burns and irritation that might last as much as two months. And this was not the worst: it might affect the stomach, developing violent symptoms; or it might damage the heart, leading to death; or it might injure the bronchial tubes, producing bronchial pneumonia; or, again, if discharged in concentrated form, it might prove immediately fatal.

Toward the close of the war, the British produced gases still more terrible in their effects. Like shell-shock, they made raving lunatics of their victims; some of the poisoned soldiers were so tortured that they attempted to commit suicide; others, pursued by imaginary foes, sought to escape by digging burrows in the ground. Yet within forty-eight hours, it is said, most of the sufferers could be cured—a testimony not to the humanity of the weapon but to the imperfections in the chemistry that devised it.

The importance of poison gas in the World War must not be overestimated. Frightful as it was, its significance lies largely with the future; in the conflict that saw its birth, it represented but one new terror in what was already a category of terrors surpassing any nightmare. Even disregarding the ghastliness of the poison fumes; even disregarding the greater ghastliness of shell-

shock and insanity, the soldiers of the World War experienced horrors compared with which all the horrors of all the other wars of the past twenty centuries seem but minor things. No one will ever know, no one will ever be able to report, the full extent of the suffering—multiply the supreme agony of a soul by a million, by ten million, and one has a figure that is meaningless, and yet a figure that represents the only means given to man to depict the range of the catastrophe. Here one victim endured in secret that which no human being has power to portray, and perished with his memories; here a survivor, shutting out that which it sickens his very soul to recall, gives some vague hint of the ordeal, and is silent; here another, less sensitive than his fellows to the gruesome or the appalling, surveys the whole scene through a gathering veil of glamour. And yet, though much be fragmentary and though much be lost forever, the insufficient story of the conflict which one gathers from official records, photographs and the word-pictures of participants, is quite adequate to fill one with the sense of a calamity such as the world had never before witnessed or imagined.

Consider, first of all, one of the simplest and most commonplace incidents of the war—an artillery assault. The description provided in the following passage, vivid as it is, gives hint of more than the author or any man could relate: "The storm which burst on the 3rd Division . . . was like a tropical tornado which presses men flat to the ground and suffocates them with the mere force of the wind, which uproots forests and hurls them headlong, obliterates all ancient landmarks and the houses and shelters of men and beasts, and leaves behind nothing but a tangled desolation from which a few survivors creep out scarcely sane enough to realise the catastrophe or to attempt to repair the damage. But here the blinding crashes overhead were not those of thunder and lightning, but of high explosive. The fragments that drove through the air . . . were steel and iron fragments which pierced the flesh, as the shock of the explosion stopped the heart and threw cascades of earth over bodies in which life still beat

feebly or in which it was already extinct. The solid trenches melted away, and mounds and craters appeared where none existed before. A litter of broken wood, burst sandbags and human remains cumbered the earth . . . At the end . . . groups of survivors creep out, wild-eyed or stupefied, like men just risen from the tomb, to see the solid lines of the enemy advancing at a walk or a jog-trot. Every man acts according to his instinct. A few lie where they are and chance being taken prisoners. Some make a rush and crawl for the ruined communication trenches and face the barrage once more in the hope of rejoining their comrades. Another group resists desperately, grasping what rude and broken weapons remain to it, and dies in a hopeless struggle." [1]

Often the aftermath of such a battle was worse than the battle itself. For then the territory between the trenches would be a wilderness of battered earth and mangled and broken human bodies. Amid the thundering menace of the artillery and the snarling of machine-gun fire, it would be impossible to venture forth to that disputed land and gather up the prostrate and limbless forms, the debris of human arms and legs and heads and trunks that lay in red and unrecognizable heaps upon the torn-up sod. Worst of all, it would be impossible to rescue the wounded, or even to determine if there were any wounded, or how many wounded there were; and many a man, dying in slow misery of wounds that need not have been mortal, might have been rescued had the artillery granted his fellows the safety even of a momentary truce. The numbers that perished thus are beyond all reckoning; but the authenticated cases are sufficiently harrowing to indicate how needlessly cruel must have been the lot of many an "unknown soldier" over whom his countrymen were later to declaim with fulsome sentiment. To mention only one or two examples, we read of a man who, shot in the jaw, lay unattended, with eyes that had been swollen shut, "through at least five October days and nights," [2] to die of blood-poisoning that

[1] Lord Beaverbrook, *Canada in Flanders.*

[2] James Norman Hall, *Kitchener's Mob.*

might easily have been avoided; or we are told of another who, wounded in the foot, supported himself upon food taken from the dead while passing an entire week in crawling back, yard by yard, from enemy territory to his own trenches. But these are only the cases that chance to be known!—of the innumerable unknown we can only say that it is well that their stories perished with them.

Yet for those that returned uninjured to their own trenches, the sequel could have been not vastly more pleasant than for the wounded. Imagine living day after day and week after week within sight of corpses, irrecoverable corpses that lay festering by the hundreds in all their reeking corruption; imagine being confronted at all times by the presence and the odors of death, by the visible forms of men that lay hunched and sprawled and dismembered before one like mute reproaches or like silent forewarnings; imagine beholding the sepulchral and discolored faces of one's former comrades, with the green flies and the vermin settling upon their bloated features, and the shrill bullets whistling and the loud shells bursting and reverberating overhead. But no! it will be better not to imagine!—let us dismiss the gruesome, gory scene; the mind recoils and the reason is staggered! This is the reality, but let us forget the reality! let us take refuge rather in those luminous fictions with which men have been wont to beguile their reason! let us call back the glamour, call back the romance of war, though it exists only in the pages of the story-books or the minds of the senile and the adolescent, and has no relation to this thing of gushing blood and moaning agony and rotting flesh that was but the daily routine on the fields of France.

Yet there are other pictures that come back to haunt and oppress one—pictures that one cannot thrust from one if one will —pictures of living men more fearsome than the dead, men with their faces smashed into a crimson blur, men with no faces at all, men with jaws gone or noses blown away, men with closed eyes and limbs a bloody pulp, men buried alive beneath tons of

exploded earth and left to perish like beetles that have been trodden upon or to suffocate like ants overwhelmed by a sandstorm. For some of these the guns voice a furious requiem, for others there are blank years ahead; some assail one's ears with sobs and moans that are like an unconscious reproach to the universe, and some strike one with a silence more plaintive than sound. And as the unending streams of ambulances draw up, as the long rows of stretchers pass with their still and blanketed human freight, as the hospital doors swing open and one catches glimpses of bandaged forms on countless little cots, as surgeons apply the ether and the sharp steel cuts through yielding flesh and bone,—as one watches all this, and as the speechless or the moaning or the unconscious victims are led from ordeal to ordeal, one feels as if one were living not in the matter-of-fact world of the present, but in some remote and incredible universe where fiery monsters demand unlimited sacrifice of the blood and the limbs and the battered brains of youth.

Some, perhaps, will say that there was indeed a fiery monster —and that it goes by the name of Science. Yet Science—queer creature that few can understand, and none control!—was a dragon of a double face; with strange inconsistency, it set about to repair much of the damage it had caused; it set about to make new features, new limbs for many of those whom it had deprived of the limbs and the features with which they were born. And the results it achieved were extraordinary, for it is no mean feat to blow off a man's lips or cheeks and then reconstruct them, or to scorch and mar a person till he resembles an ogre out of some evil tale, and then to carve him back into the semblance of a human being. There was much, however, that science could not recreate: it could not restore reason to the insane; it could not give back sight to the blind; it could not manufacture new lungs for gas victims; it could not make walking sticks for those deprived of legs, nor supply fingers to men who no longer had any arms. And these were perhaps the most unfortunate of all the war's victims, these who were numbered by the scores of thou-

sands, these who were cooped in living graves secure from the gaze of the war-makers, these who were transferred by night from hospital to hospital lest perchance they be seen, and who dragged out their days in a long round of misery, useless to the world, useless to themselves, racked by the memories of a past that had been promising and by the thoughts of a future offering no hope. Nearly nine years have gone by since the last gun grew silent upon the long battlefront; but the living wrack of the tempest still remains, remains huddled from view and all but forgotten—for who, unless compelled by dire need, would make bitter the hours of peace by surveying these human wrecks? by noting these scarred and blinded myriads, the gibbering lunatics whose lives are a perpetual delirium, the limbless things that had been men and that now are mere sawn-off trunks without the power of walking, of handling things, or even of moving, of eating, or of performing the most elementary functions without assistance?

. . . . . .

We are now far enough from the World War to begin to judge the outcome with perspective; far enough from the actual fury of the battlefield to make some computation of the penalties and gains. And precisely what do we find? To begin with, take the human losses—take the actual cost in life. We cannot presume to reckon, of course, the multitudes of the diseased and the maimed, those blighted not only in body but in soul, those whose lives are little more than a form of animated death; let us take note only of those who actually fell upon the field of conflict. And these, as the Danish statisticians tell us, numbered in the neighborhood of nine million, nine hundred and eighty thousand! Nine million, nine hundred and eighty thousand men slain in battle!—how form any conception of the vastness of the sum? If all the human beings in New York City, in Chicago and in Boston were suddenly to be slaughtered, the death-toll would be no greater than that of the soldiers in the World War! And yet this total represents only a fraction of the loss of

life! One must consider also the decline in the birth-rate, and the millions of civilians killed by the weapons of war, by persecution, by starvation, by the deadly influenza epidemic. These give us (according to the same Danish statistics) the estimated cost of another thirty million lives! Forty million lives in all!—enough to populate a country such as pre-war France! Never before, during all the innumerable wars of history, had the war-god chosen his victims on a scale even comparable with this!

If need be, one might linger over the subject, and observe how, apart from the loss in men, the conflict has produced a degeneration in moral fibre and in the racial stock. But that has been abundantly dealt with elsewhere, and would be a little apart from our present purpose; let us return to the more demonstrable realm of statistics, and consider the cost in property. One hundred and eighty-six billion dollars is the approximate price of the holocaust—a figure that can convey no idea at all. Nor would it convey much idea to point out that this sum is sufficient to represent the labors of more than ten million men toiling unremittingly for a period of ten years. I may merely note that the cost of all wars in the hundred and seventeen years between 1793 and 1910 was twenty-three billion dollars—approximately one eighth of the cost of the World War. And this period included those unprecedented struggles, the Napoleonic Wars, as well as such gigantic conflicts as the Crimean War, the Franco-Prussian War, and the American Civil War! It is futile to speculate as to what humanity might have accomplished with the squandered wealth; how poverty might have been eliminated, how wastelands might have been reclaimed and deserts converted into gardens, how art might have been stimulated, and a beneficent science encouraged, and beauty spread to the corners of the earth. It is futile to speculate as to all this, as futile as to weep over the folly of a tornado; we must consider the facts not as they might have been but as they are. And the grim reality is that not only the present generation but generations to come will be paying the cost of the war; that the finances of Europe, disorganized by the

unexampled drain, have no chance of recovering fully for decades to come; that the burden of taxation upon the back of the common man will draw upon the luxuries and even the necessities of life and upon the simple joys of existence; that even in America, the least affected of all the great nations and the best able to pay, our children will have no choice but to contribute toward the expenses of a conflict in whose making they had no share.

In still another—and, in some ways, a more disastrous respect—the war has had its influence upon the wealth of nations. The cities that were battered to dust will for the most part be rebuilt, and in many places new fruit-trees will bloom where the old orchards were hacked down; but in some regions the very source of production has been attacked, and the very soil has been rendered unfit for cultivation. Here, for example, is the description that one observer gives us of the devastated areas: "We stood upon the edge of wide spaces, acres upon acres, which once had been smooth, healthy fields, where now not one blade of grass was to be seen. As pestilence can pit and discolor a human face, until it is rough with holes like a colander, so this land was pitted. The fertile surface wherein seeds and roots can flourish was gone, baked, charred, cooked to an ashen compound, into which the bombs by bursting had plowed up and kneaded the chalky undersoil. There it lay, like some mass of horrible contagion. Had you tried to cross it, every step you made would have been from edge to edge of the holes. They touched each other, broke into each other. Some were wide and deep, some looked as if one might jump across them. Into their slop and slime the rain poured steadily. . . . Where they were, life had been—pastures, groves, crops, cattle walking and grazing, the voices of grandchildren playing, the voices of grandmothers calling to them. I looked upon the ghost of a land. As it spread out under the dark sky I did not think that the storm made it worse. It did not seem as if summer or winter could make any difference to it. It looked as if the four seasons which we know would never pay their visits to it again, but that a changeless season of its own was always

here, beneath whose lightless day it would stretch in all the years to come." [1]

And so a new desert has been added to the waste-lands of the earth—a desert more melancholy than the Sahara, and more barren, and more difficult to traverse. And thus the war-god has recorded a new accomplishment. The effect of more than one previous conflict has been to leave fallow and untenanted lands where once cattle grazed and the plow was busy; but never before has the effect been to leave lands where not even a blade of grass could survive.

Even so lamentable a result, however—even the perpetual disfigurement of the face of nature—might find some justification did any permanent good seem likely to issue from the contest. But we know now that most of the combatants were lured to fight not by ideals that were to be attained but by mere phrases. To make the world safe for democracy!—we have learned that the world is no safer for democracy than it ever was—with the Soviet dictatorship in Russia, and the Fascist dictatorship in Italy, and with militarism raising a more threatening fist than ever in Europe, it is apparent that democracy is about as safe as a canary in a roomful of cats. And as for the war to end war—from the very beginning, that was like introducing famine to end starvation, or like starting a conflagration to extinguish a bonfire. There was, indeed, a certain possibility of ending war—but only with the exhaustion of the supply of potential victims; and the experience of the past decade, as well as the example of all history, should convince one that, as we have already noted, the effect of warfare is invariably to engender a state of mind favorable to further warfare; that hostility only produces further hostility, and that the inflamed passions and the animosities aroused by conflict rarely fail to sow the seeds of later conflict. The severe terms of peace imposed upon the defeated, the bristling attitude of the Allies and the French invasion of the Ruhr, the

[1] Owen Wister, *Neighbors Henceforth.*

development of strong armaments following the Armistice and the experimentation in chemical, bacterial and aërial methods of aggression, should serve to indicate that the war-god has not yet lapsed into impotent senility. Indeed, he has been vastly strengthened by the World War; he has been fortified with a multitude of deadly weapons unknown in the groping days of his youth; he has benefited from a whole new crop of resentments, prejudices, and antagonisms; he has succeeded in implanting even in peacefully inclined America the roots of a martial spirit; he has encouraged a Mussolini to become the Napoleon of Italy and to plead for an army of five millions; he has provided abundant new causes for conflict in the petty new states of Europe, and in the unappeased enmity between Revolutionary Russia and her capitalistic neighbors; he has brandished a sword that has already been dangerously near to striking, and that grows heavier each year as the nations that fought to end war continue to tax themselves to the breaking point for warlike preparations.

No!—one can hardly feel that the war-god is losing ground! —The one enemy he might have to fear, the growth of a pacific international psychology, is apparently more remote than ever. For the moment, the god is but slightly in evidence; but in his secret lair he is busy, planning, planning, planning, with the aid of the chemists, the diplomats, the professionals warriors, the makers of munitions; and when next he strides forth, though it be after the passage of years, it will be in the midst of such a tempest and surrounded by such fires that the exhibition he gave during the World War will seem mere child's play.

The probable nature of his next major appearance will form the subject of our concluding chapter.

CHAPTER XXV

WARS OF THE FUTURE

When one suggests the possibility of warfare in the future, there are some who shake their heads doubtfully, and reply, "There will be no warfare in the future. War is already so terrible that the opinion of mankind will prevent its renewal." The usual view, however, is a little less optimistic, and yet sufficiently sanguine: "The next war will be the last. It will be so terrible that mankind will outlaw further conflicts." And some, adopting this attitude with a hearty relish, go so far as to proclaim, "Let us only hope that the next war will be sufficiently dreadful! For then, surely, men will see that they must cease to fight!" Some noted names might be cited as sponsors of such beliefs; even so estimable a writer as H. G. Wells is among those holding that the frightfulness of war may sign its death-certificate; and therefore this assumption—utterly puerile, it seems to me, and based upon a correct reading neither of human nature nor of history—must be examined before we can consider the probable character of the armed clashes that are to come.

Were man a reasonable being, certainly the ghastliness of the battlefield would give pause to his destructive arm. Were he guided by the safe mechanics of logic, the sanity of analysis and thought, he would surely stand back appalled at sight of burnt countrysides and the blood-dripping sword; but it happens that he is ruled not by intellect but by imagination and emotion, by stabbing prejudices and hatreds, by scintillating fancies, by volcanic passions. And that is why he has never stared the reality of war in the face—and why, without deliberate effort on the part

of his teachers and leaders, he is never likely to stare the reality of war in the face. He hides the gruesome details of the strife beneath a romantic camouflage; its bloodshed and its tragedy are veiled behind the masquerade of glory. If the mere horrors of conflict were sufficient to enthrone the gods of peace, assuredly history has not been lacking in opportunity!—has war never been fearsome enough to revolt the rational and the humane? One would think that, if terror and dire brutality and suffering could have any effect, war would have ended in the days when the Assyrians impaled living victims, and clubbed some to death, and flayed others alive; one would think that war would have ended when the Romans massacred or enslaved entire civilian populations, when they put all hostile males to the sword or reserved them for the beasts of the arena; one would think, above all, that war would have ended when the despoiling Huns ravaged most of Europe; or when the murderous Mongols swarmed across Asia; or when the Crusaders perished like flies on their way to the Holy Land; or when the Spanish *conquistadores* drenched the New World in blood; or when the Armada was dashed to ruin upon the Irish reefs; or when Napoleon drained a whole continent of its young manhood—or at any one of a thousand times during the course of five thousand years. History proves all too conclusively—proves beyond the shadow of a question—that horror alone is not enough to restrain men from war-making; horror is easily overlooked, and soon forgotten; and we are safe in saying that the unparalleled miseries of the last war will have little or no effect in averting the next; while the still greater miseries of the next will be unavailing to prevent the war beyond the next—provided that there survive enough human beings to wage the contest.

Yet that the coming war will be more hideous than its predecessors, more costly in blood in proportion to the number of the combatants and more productive of agony, is a fact implicit in the history of all wars. For what do we learn from the survey of previous conflicts? Is it not true that the intricacy, the range and

the deadliness of warfare corresponds in the main with the complexity of civilization? Among the crudest and most uncivilized of savages, as we have observed, there is no warfare; later, the development of authority and of rights of ownership gives birth to strife; but among most aborigines, when greed or religion or hereditary feuds do not gain the ascendancy, battles are regarded more or less in the light of games that must be played according to rule. All rule, all semblance of rule or law vanishes, however, upon the evolution of society to a stage wherein property comes to be considered all in all. The Greeks in their early or heroic age, or the Japanese before they have been modernized, can still look upon warfare as a bold and gigantic form of play; but even they, being no longer savages, are affected in large part by motives of possession, while peoples that have discarded all trace of the primitive have at the same time discarded all trace of restraint, and believe that all is fair for the sake of conquest and booty. Thus we find that the Assyrian, when bent on the siezure of foreign wealth, is limited by no law save that of his own capabilities; thus we find that most of the civilized peoples of the ancient world will brook no barrier to their warlike desires save that of might, while the only limits to their destructive propensities are those set by nature and their own ingenuity. Take what you wish, slay whom you can!—this was the only principle that won respect; and in the Middle Ages the creed was modified only slightly, while in modern times it has survived so far as the armed population is concerned and to the extent that military expediency dictates. Napoleon, when burdened with two thousand Arab prisoners that threatened to consume needed supplies, did not hesitate to have them shot; Germany during the World War showed no compunction about deporting Belgian civilians to serve in her munitions plants; the Federal government during the Civil War and the Allies during the recent conflict had no scruples about enforcing a blockade that would make innocent women gaunt with starvation and kill innocent babes—these and countless other examples prove that the advance in humanity since

ancient times has been only apparent, and that a combatant, under stress of what is regarded as necessity, will go to any extreme in his treatment of the foe.

We may therefore expect that, in the next war, the belligerents will pause at nothing that military advantage seems to demand, and will be restricted only by the bounds of their own powers. This means, to begin with, that civilians will not be immune from attack, for, as we have seen, recent wars are tending to represent the conflicts of nations rather than of armies, and every able-bodied civilian is assuming a military importance. And, in the second place, there is almost a certainty of the use of new scientific weapons—weapons that compare with those of the World War only as a high-explosive shell compares with the stone cannon balls of past centuries. The two new developments, when considered together, point to eventualities appalling to anticipate; yet they are eventualities that we must not disregard unless we would flinch before the reality of the war-god.

It is beneath the sea and in the air that the next war will be waged; it is by means of the poisonous exhalations of chemistry, and the pestilence-breeders of bacteriology, and the power of deadly explosives hurled from the clouds. That this is no mere surmise will be evident from post-war developments: the chemists of many lands are busy in their laboratories preparing new means of destruction; bombing airplanes are becoming as prominent a part of the military equipment as siege guns were of old; newer and more powerful submarines are scouring the seas, still more powerful submarines are being planned, and enormous mine-layers are accompanying the fleets; disease germs have been tested as possible belligerents, new poison gases are being devised, and aërial bombs of a size previously unimagined have not only been made but have been tested with devastating effect.

It is probable that the most prominent and the most destructive of future weapons will be the airplane. Both on the land and on the sea it will spread havoc—the swiftest, the most inaccessible, and one of the smallest of all engines of aggression, it may

long defy the defensive ingenuity of its foes. During the World War, when air navigation was merely in its infancy, populations numbering into the millions were terrorized by attacks from above; in England alone more than fourteen hundred were killed and more than thirty-four hundred injured—a casualty list of nearly five thousand civilians!—and the assailed multitudes were almost without means of defense. Take note, for example, of what an eye-witness, a military authority, declared in 1922: "I was in London and Paris at the time of the German raids, and these cities were ringed about with anti-aircraft guns and defenses of this sort. Their results in repulsing these attacks were practically negligible. They had to get into the air in order to meet an attack from the air." [1]

According to the same authority, the army bombing tests have demonstrated the power of airplanes to sink the strongest battleship afloat. Thus, in 1923, the "Osfriesland," once regarded as unsinkable, was lifted bodily from the water by a bomb from above, and in eight minutes had gone to her grave in the salty depths. A vivid testimonial to the might of recent explosives! —though less surprising when one remembers that the bombs now in use are not, like those employed at the beginning of the war, mere commonplace affairs capable of being hurled by hand; they are gigantic missiles taller than the tallest man and weighing two thousand or even four thousand pounds. So powerful are they that, in one demonstration, a bomb dropped into the sea sent up a column of water between eight hundred and a thousand feet in height!

But it is not only the bombs that have increased in size and deadliness; the airplanes have been improved vastly in mechanical detail and in cruising range. Personally, while I fully admire the courage and the daring and the spirit of youthful adventure that have urged men such as Lindbergh and Chamberlin to risk their lives in crossing the Atlantic, I cannot but look with misgiving

[1] General Patrick, quoted by W. Jefferson Davis, *The World's Wings.*

upon the possible military aftermath of their achievement. Not every attainment in the world's history has been utilized in the spirit in which it was made!—and did the young adventurers foresee a time when, across the path they had so gallantly taken, squadrons of bombing machines might go winging from Europe to America or from America to Europe? Hitherto the New World has been isolated; henceforth it will be isolated no more; henceforth it will be at the mercy of every air fleet that chooses to raid its coasts and bombard its cities. The new means of transportation has drawn the continents nearer in nothing so much as in warfare; it has made the entire earth but a single country for the purposes of aggression; no land is now immune from the soaring destroyers, and there is now no mountain fastness so secluded, nor island so unattainable, nor desert so remote, that the wings of death cannot reach it and the scourge from out the heavens spread blackness and devastation.

Let us try to picture one of the air raids of the years to come. Let us imagine that some great city, such as New York, is the object of assault—for the great cities certainly will be the objects of assault—and let us assume that war has already been declared, and that the arrival of the destroyers is not altogether unexpected. But possibly only a few days have elapsed since the outbreak of hostilities, and no decisive action has yet taken place; and though there have been rumors of approaching armadas of the air, the rank and file of the population cannot believe that our enemy—a civilized European nation—would resort to measures so dastardly. Some excitement has been aroused, however, by the report—not officialy confirmed—that a few of our planes, mere aërial privateers, have bombarded the capital of the foe; and in better informed circles there is fear of retaliation. Hence for several days the citizens have been watching a continual stream of anti-aircraft guns being dragged under heavy guard through the city streets toward destinations unknown; and the great fourteen and sixteen-inch howitzers, with their ponderous steel carriages and ugly muzzles, have inspired more of dread

than of confidence. Meanwhile the recruiting stations have been busy, all males between the ages of eighteen and forty-five have been registering under the compulsory service law passed at a special session of Congress; and, despite the undercurrent of presentiment, there has been a loud outburst of enthusiasm, parades have been held, martial meetings called, banners waved and bugles blown, the few cranks and objectors sent away to prison, and our perfidious enemy denounced in terms that leave nothing to be desired.

It is now evening—the evening of the Fourth of July. All day there have been gaudy patriotic demonstrations and spectacles; the troops have been marching with helmets gleaming, and gas-masks hung jauntily at their sides; and loud and enthusiastic has been the applause of the women, the children, and the old men. Now that night has fallen, the occasional banging and whirring of fireworks is to be heard, while high above the city roofs the long yellow searchlights are circling, circling continually, as though they would pierce the blackness above and ferret out the inscrutable secrets of the heavens. The people know, however, just what secret it is they would penetrate, for have they not been busy every night of late? Hence there are few to heed these great wandering lights, moving through the night skies as restlessly as souls forever in search of a home. There are not even many to take note when, suddenly ceasing their casual and desultory movements, the scores of lights concentrate upon a single point. A spot in the heavens, far, far above, almost at the zenith, now stands out brilliantly; yet, to the naked eye, nothing is visible save the bright illumination. But from somewhere comes the rumbling of a gun, and then again the rumbling of a gun; and the people, startled, turn to one another with questioning glances, asking if this be but the distant fireworks.

Their doubts are soon answered. Toward the illuminated patch of sky, which is shifting, drifting with almost imperceptible, phantom movements, there suddenly darts a streak of red light; then, with, incredible swiftness, other streaks of red light, follow-

ing one another in quick succession as if they sought the very stars. And now the hoarse thunders and the detonations of artillery fill the air; one after another, one after another, without intermission, till their reverberations mingle and the whole universe seems to throb with a dull thudding of sound. But this lasts for only a few seconds, a minute at most; the remote booming is drowned out by a crash nearer at hand; and thousands of persons, gathered for a military display in the city's main street, are appalled by a flash of blinding light, followed by a tempestuous din and a confusion of black smoke and whirling particles. So sudden is the upheaval that none can say what has happened; some, from a safe distance, pick themselves up stunned; others, hurled violently to the pavement, nurse sprained wrists or dislocated shoulders; still others do not rise at all. But those who can still observe, utter low murmurs of dismay. Where, a moment before, a magnificent edifice towered, there is now but a chaotic mass of crumpled stone and twisted steel and charred and splintered timbers.

A few seconds pass; the survivors seem scarcely capable of movement or speech. Then abruptly comes another dazzling flash, and another deafening burst of sound—and the earth rocks and trembles, and a whole block of buildings withers away like castles of sand. And, among the still unmutilated thousands, panic bursts forth. There is a quick fierce rush to escape; men and women dash wildly for every available doorway, basement or subway entrance; the cries of the terrified ring forth, and mingle with the groans of the trampled, and pass unheeded; each strives only for himself, all are ruled by the frenzy of self-preservation, no one knows or cares how many are crushed to death in that bestial press.

Meanwhile, for those who still dare to glance skyward, a vivid drama is unfolding itself. The searchlights are now focused not in one place but in half a dozen; and toward each of these half dozen spots, though no visible target greets the eye, swift flashes go streaking continually upward. Then, almost drowned

out by the muttering of distant guns, there comes a whirring of wings as minute dark forms mount over the city roofs and spiral heavenward; then sudden gleams of yellow light stab from above toward the soaring dark forms, and from the soaring forms other gleams shoot upward; then, after minutes, a brilliant fiery object springs into being apparently on a level with the stars; and while the heavens are dazzled with its golden flames, it begins to fall like a meteor, dropping fast, then faster, then faster yet, straight down in a blazing plunge to the sea of buildings below.

And cries of dread and horror shudder from the throats of the watchers, and sighs are voiced for the defenders gone thus to destruction.

But as yet the battle has scarcely begun. As yet the object of the aggressors has been to frighten rather than to wound. It is not upon the most spectacular of their weapons that they rely for victory. Their ultimate object, the aim that brought them across the ocean, could not be defeated although every plane came down in ruins upon the streets of the assailed metropolis. And that aim is announced by a bomb bursting in one of the suburbs. It is a monstrous affair, larger than the largest beer-keg and shaped like a bullet; and it strikes in the center of a vacant lot, splitting into a thousand fragments. But there is no burst of light nor spouting of smoke; there is only the impact of a tremendous collision; and several natives, who have been watching the air combat apparently from a safe distance, are violently alarmed but soon begin to regain their composure. Yet their recovery is only momentary. By the light of the street-lamps, it is observed that the grass near the point of collision has begun to wither, and that the very leaves of the trees are drooping. Then suddenly furious paroxysms possess the onlookers. It is as if some unseen adversary has stabbed them in the back; they fall to the ground, they begin to squirm and wriggle like worms, their chests heave and pant tumultuously, their tongues hang out, their lips become clotted with foam, low moans issue from their throats. For many minutes they struggle as though with some invisible foe; their

friends rushing out to help them are likewise stricken; a harnessed horse falls to the pavement and kicks at the dust spasmodically, while the sleeping birds drop from the trees; then by degrees the efforts of the afflicted ones relax, the quivering muscles quiver no longer, and all lie utterly still and silent.

In all parts of the city similar scenes are being enacted. Here and there other great bombs drop, bursting without display of fire or smoke; and everywhere men and women are writhing convulsively or lying prostrate on the streets and in the houses. Some, warned of the peril, lock themselves in their homes or offices, but the insidious fumes follow through the barred windows and doors; some seek escape in the long corridors of the subway, but there too the gases await them; some, again, dash furiously into motor cars, driving recklessly from the city, but perish at the wheel; others seek refuge in the upper stories of the skyscrapers, and these are the most successful—if some explosive bomb does not chance to blast them to bits.

Morning finds the metropolis a city of the dead. The smoke of battle has cleared away; the July sun beats down upon the debris of great buildings and upon long brick aisles devoid of life. Yet everywhere the people are to be seen—motionless men with blanched and haggard faces, hunched or sprawled upon the pavements or on the stoops of houses; women with features contorted as though with unutterable agony, yet rigid with the immobility of death; youths and girls clasped together in a close embrace, lying lifeless with the looks of specters out of some gruesome tale; four-year-olds and six-year-olds, their cheeks drawn and shrivelled like those of old people, their arms still clutching a dead kitten, or a doll, or perhaps—a toy soldier. On every street it is the same, on every street lie the unburied dead, young men and old men and mothers with babes in arm; not even a fly stirs amid those desert solitudes; the only sign of life is when some refugee in the skyscrapers, venturing down from the unpoisoned altitudes, gasps and staggers and is convulsed by the air of the streets, and adds one more to the list of the perished.

But far, far away, in a land beyond the ocean, there is thanksgiving and rejoicing, young aviators are decorated, and aged generals are proud to report "a successful air raid."

It is possible that one such raid would end the war; it is possible, however, that it would be only the beginning—for could not retaliation be made upon the victors? And after the leading city of both nations had been depopulated, what an unprecedented struggle would be waged! As the only defense against poison bombs, the surviving city dwellers of both lands would conduct a gigantic exodus to the country. But the advantages of the exile would be slight; the country would be ill prepared to receive them, and they ill prepared for their new homes; they would be menaced by hardship in every form, they would have to dwell in improvized shelters or no shelters at all; food would be difficult to secure, and starvation their constant companion; every rule of sanitation and hygiene would be violated, and pestilence would inevitably result. The enemy, however, would make the pestilence doubly swift and deadly; the germs of some new disease, some disease to which the white man has no immunity, would be scattered by spies in the food supply and in the very water of the people; and by the millions they would sicken and die, slain by a scourge more terrible than the Black Death that ravaged Europe and claimed its innumerable victims six centuries ago.

Equally unexampled would be the warfare in the domain of acknowledged combatants. Sea combat would reduce itself to mere blockading—blockading of an effectiveness unknown before; with the airplane above and the submarine beneath, not only the commercial vessel but the old-fashioned battleship and cruiser would be driven from the ocean; every dreadnought or superdreadnought that ventured away from port would be speedily sunk by torpedoes or by bombs from above, and the nations would reluctantly recognize that their navies must be composed exclusively of submersibles. But since it is rarely possible for submarine to fight submarine, there would be few naval conflicts

in the old sense, and the effect of the new warfare would be to make the ocean useless as an avenue of transportation.

It is probable that the neutral nations—whose rights have never been much respected since the rise of sea power—would find their vessels scarcely less endangered than those of belligerents. Every article of value to civilians, including foodstuffs and fabrics, would be declared contraband, or at least treated as contraband; and so many ships would be sunk that the world's navigation would virtually come to an end. And the offended neutrals, injured in their most sensitive spot—their commerce—would one by one leap to arms; and the war, originally the affair of but two nations, would give most of the civilized powers the opportunity to employ the armies they had been training and to apply the new offensive weapons perfected in their laboratories and approved by secret military councils.

One scarcely dares to imagine the battles that would ensue. They would be battles not of men, but of machines; the mechanization of warfare, first observed as much as four or five thousand years ago in ancient Sumeria, would now reach its ultimate consummation; and men, while employed in ever-increasing numbers, would act for the most part as the automatic servants and victims of electricity, gasoline, and steam. Some high commander, sitting in an office five hundred miles from the field of conflict, would pull a lever or move a switch; his subordinates, at his direction, would press certain designated buttons—and the battle would have been commenced, its strategy consummated! Then, peering through telescopic lenses equipped with the improved radio eye-piece, the general would sit back with a grim smile, watching the foreordained course of the contest. And a vivid spectacle it would make!—an engrossing spectacle for one who, like our high staff officer, could follow it at the distance of a few hundred miles. Merely to listen to the sound of the battle, relayed by radio but modulated to make it relatively endurable, would be an experience to remember—one might be driven half to distraction, but one could hardly be unimpressed by that in-

describable mingling of screeching, hissing, whirring, grating, howling and thundering, varied every now and then by a crash as of some terrific explosion.

But the sound of the battle, though voluminous and unearthly, would be nothing at all compared with the sight of it. Let us glance for a moment through the lens of our high commander. We behold an enormous plain, a prairie undulating endlessly to the smoky horizon; in the distance one or two villages lie scattered, flanked by a curving river; and the green of the fields designates growing crops, with here and there a dense cluster of trees. For a moment, nothing beyond this is visible, and one wonders where the warfare may be; then, miles away, one notices a slow-moving grayish patch, accompanied by other grayish patches in a long row, so minute at first that one strains one's eyes to be sure that they exist. But they approach rapidly, approach with a speed that is almost unbelievable; it seems as if one is gazing upon a host of those great armored lizards that prowled upon the earth and vanished millions of years ago. For assuredly, they are like dinosaurs, these enormous, rapidly moving metallic shapes; or, rather, some are like dinosaurs, with their ugly squat forms that seem to bristle with spines; while others are like colossal serpents, and go winding snake-like, with prodigious convulutions of their caterpillar frames, around the bends and turns and over the miniature rises and depressions of the uneven land. Though as long as five-car railway trains, they are manifestly built upon the plan of the "tank"; while the other and shorter machines move upon a multitude of tiny wheels that enable them to traverse any ground however rough. As they draw nearer, it is apparent that the spine-like protuberances are not spines at all, but rather guns set in close, thick lines!—yet, though the cannon point straight ahead, they show no sign of impending action. Heaving and shaking like wagons jolted over a rocky road, the machines speed across the plain; they are undeterred by the river, but plunge straight into the water, some of them disappearing entirely, some half engulfed, but all emerging

apparently none the worse for their bath. Even the villages do not stop them; they go dashing through houses as though they were not there, leaving but a splintered and burning wreck; they go rumbling over the plowed fields, crushing the green things out of sight; they even smash their way through the groves of trees, which vanish from before them like standing wheat before the thresher.

But suddenly one of the monsters halts in its impetuous course. There is a flash as of lightning striking; there is a swift ascending cloud of black smoke; there is a crash heavier than thunder; and all the air is filled with a fury of whirling fragments, among which one seems to catch sight of the bodies and heads and flying limbs of men.

When the dust of the upheaval clears away, one monster less is to be seen. And the great general, peering through his radio eye-piece, bites his lip and mutters, "A TNT mine! What is the matter with our spies?" And he growls out an order to his assistants, pulls another lever, jams a heavy cigar between his lips, and returns to his radio eye-piece.

From the opposite end of the plain, a second row of armored monsters is now visible. With tremendous speed they plunge forward, a host of airplanes circling above—airplanes which, if one will observe closely, one will find to operate without pilots. But one has little chance to observe closely—the whole plain seems suddenly to burst into fire, the vivid yellow flashes spurting back and forth in such rapid succession as to form an almost continuous sheet. Here and there a green flare, an orange, a crimson mingles with the yellow in a multihued display; here and there one is startled by an eruption of flame that seems to reach the very heavens; here and there the clouds of black smoke gather so thickly as to obscure all things—while the booming and the roaring and the banging of the guns reaches such a crescendo that mere human ears can scarcely endure the din.

In a few moments, all is over. The flashing shell-fire ceases; the torrents of smoke slowly clear away; the victors take pos-

session of the field. Across a blackened plain where not one green herb grows, three writhing snake-like machines crawl with painful contortions of their caterpillar frames; and before them and behind them and all around them lie the wrecks of the foe and of their fellows—mere twisted masses of steel, some with great holes gaping in their sides, some battered into unrecognizable

BATTLE OF SUPERTANKS AND AIRSHIPS

shapes, some still smoldering a dull red where a projectile has exploded, some half reduced to a molten mass, but all without power of locomotion or sign of life.

But from the grim gray backs of the three survivors, the flags of triumph are waving with gaudy hues. And the high commander, turning from his radio eye-piece, heaves a sigh of satisfaction, takes several long contented puffs at his cigar, and smilingly presses a button that will release the engines of victory on still another battlefront.

It is possible, however, that even such daring successes would

bring no speedy end to the war. It is possible that the conflict would drag on not for weeks or months but for years; it is possible that every civilized nation would be involved, that all would be drained to the limits of their resources both economic and human, and that they would end by resorting to measures such as not even the most dismal-minded had at first anticipated. Let us, in order to get as nearly as possible a contemporary point of view, glance at a leaf from the diary of a spectator of the later phases of the war; let us assume that he is a European writing in the year 1978, the inhabitant of a city such as London, Paris, Berlin, Vienna, Moscow or Rome:

"Three years since the war began! As I look back toward the half-forgotten days of peace, it seems like three lifetimes. Could I, could any one then have read the future? could we have anticipated the mole-like existence we were to lead? Though we had already secretly designed underground retreats as a defense from airplane attacks, who could have known the extent to which we were to use them? Sitting here in the long electrically lighted corridor, listening to the sound of scurrying rats and to the stertorous breathing of the latest gas victim, I wonder at times whether I am a living man or have already been consigned to the realm of shades and torments. The bare concrete walls, leading into the interminable distances with their dim tunnel-like arches, seem like the walls of a tomb I shall never escape; the overheated, smoky air, supercharged with the latest gas antidote and smelling like the ether-room in a hospital, oppresses me till I fear I shall go mad; the sight of my companions stretched before me with gaunt, miserable faces, dying one by one in long-drawn agony, fills me with fierce, impotent wrath against the fiends that have brought men thus to live like beetles. Yesterday I saw a man who had had to fight with the rats for his ration of grain; to-morrow we will all be fighting with the rats, or perhaps will be fighting about the rats—what else will there be for us to eat? Or possibly, before that time, the torpedoes from

the Subterrain will have mercifully blown us all out of existence.

"When we sought refuge in these burrows—or Labyrinths, as they are appropriately called—no one believed that it was to be for more than a day or two at most. By the forethought that had constructed them before the outbreak of war, we were saved from the fate of New York, Tokio, Buenos Aires, and Constantinople—at the first approach of hostile airships, we had merely to dive underground, and straightway we were immune from attack by poison gas and bomb alike. Our defenses had a particular chance to be extended and perfected, since for the first year we had contrived to remain neutral—an undertaking that exhausted the resources of our diplomats!—yet it is apparent now that we were not sufficiently prepared. What we did not anticipate was that the very earth above us would be rendered uninhabitable! It was simple enough for all our people to crowd into the Labyrinths once the enemy quadruplanes were sighted—but not so simple to return to the open! Not only was the air saturated with the flourocyanide fumes—a new invention, one ounce of which will kill all life on several acres—but the earth was sprinkled with that most destructive of all contrivances, the radium bomb. How our foe secured radium in sufficient quantities is not known, but it is believed that their chemists have found improved ways of extracting it from the pitchblend which abounds in their land—at all events, they have devised and perfected the radioactive bomb, the peculiar merit of which is that it remains effective for an indefinite period after its discharge. Dozens, possibly hundreds of these engines, are scattered among the ruins of what was once our capital, as well as throughout all the surrounding country; and no one now dares to trust himself above ground, since he would almost certainly be smitten by the rays, which produce incurable sores if not instant death. Tens of thousands of our people, taken unawares, succumbed immediately following the first exodus from the Labyrinths; and those who were so fortunate as to escape, and whose gas-proof rubber suits enabled them to survive the flourocyanide, were forced to return immedi-

ately to the Labyrinths, where they have ever since been imprisoned, living upon the emergency rations locked in the great underground vaults—but falling victims by the host to the enforced confinement, to grief and to disease.

"Yet not all the deaths have been due to such causes. It is not known how many thousands have perished from direct assault. Not content with having cooped us up like cornered rabbits to waste away in misery, the enemy set about to invent a new device that would hunt us out even in our prisons. The result was the Subterrain. What the submarine is on the waters, the Subterrain is upon the land; there is no place on the earth or beneath it that is safe from its attack. A slow-moving, bullet-shaped machine equipped with automatic electric drills, it is capable of cutting its way with equal facility through sand or rock; it moves slowly, at the rate of a few yards an hour, depositing the excavated earth methodically behind it; it will proceed any designated distance, and then, regulated by a clockwork device, will launch a torpedo containing a ton of high explosive. There is no way of anticipating the danger, or of defending one's self against it; dozens of the projectiles, discharged from a citadel above ground, have burst in our Labyrinths or just beneath them, killing an average of three or four hundred persons with each attack. And, of those not slain outright, thousands are walking about without arms, or hobbling with but one leg, or fumbling from corridor to corridor without eyes.

"It is rumored that still more effective means of aggression are anticipated. The radio has brought us reports of experiments with inter-atomic energy—experiments that actually seem to be succeeding! More than that! we know that they are succeeding, that they have succeeded! The incalculable powers of the atom, the ultimate storehouse of matter itself, has at last been unlocked by human effort. Stupendous thought! thought that would fill one with enthusiasm unbounded—did one not know how the new knowledge is to be applied. For has not one already heard how the knowledge is being applied? Was not a whole range of hills in

South Africa blown to dust merely by way of a preliminary test? And did not the water in one of the Swiss lakes, raised instantly to boiling point by the application of the new energy, produce such an eruption as to scar the face of the Alps and to scorch five cities out of existence? With this merely as the beginning, one may look for prodigious developments—indeed, military authorities on both sides are said to be relying upon the new invention to win the war.

"One must admit that it is time that one side—either side—should win the war. Yet considering the total results to date, one knows that both sides must lose. Even the censored radio reports acknowledge that the population of our planet has been cut in half. Vast regions in Europe, Asia and America lie charred and waste, devoid of vegetation and without sign of living thing; insect pests, deliberately introduced, have ravaged the crops and produced starvation when the attacks of airplanes and of the land-battleships have not sufficed; the gaunt wolf prowls through many a wrecked edifice where was once the abode of man, and the carrion-crow swoops down to feast on many an unsightly thing that had been human. It is said that of the capitals of the western world, there is not one in which the inhabitants have not been either exterminated or else driven underground; the smaller towns are mere strongholds of pestilence and famine, and in the remaining farmlands there is only an occasional emaciated old man or hectic-cheeked woman or pallid half-grown lad to drive the plow. All boys above the age of sixteen, all strong-limbed men of any age, have been recruited to man the airplanes, the submarines, and the land-warships or "super-tanks"; all unmarried girls and most of the married women, have been conscripted for the hospitals, the factories and the munitions plants —and in all the white world one will find not one laughing child, nor mother making merry with her babe, nor pair of lovers happy in the thought of the future.

"Yet all the while orators and preachers on both sides plead for more effort, for more effort and for victory; and all the

while the armies lift greedy claws and take their toll of youth. When will the tragedy and the torment all be over? My companions and I do not delude ourselves with hopes. As I crouch here in the half-light, confiding my wretched words to a wretched scrap of paper, it is only to retain my sanity that I write, for have I not seen hundreds go mad?—and have I any reason for believing that any men hereafter will gaze upon my scribblings? Do I not foresee the end of the struggle? Through all the bloody years it has been a deadlock, and it is a deadlock still, and will be a deadlock till not one man remains. Neither side will yield; either side will use whatever weapons it can contrive—what, then, may we expect when inter-atomic explosives can be employed on a world-wide scale? On some other planet, some remote universe whose inhabitants have learned to love rather than to hate, to admire rather than to envy, and to sympathize rather than to revile, an advanced and peaceful and not-too-material race may yet lead an harmonious existence—but the death-knell of humanity upon this earth has been sounded. Gifted with powers too great for his control and served by genii that obey him only in order to destroy, man has endured his allotted term, has had his chance—and has failed. Sometime—perhaps this very hour, perhaps next month, perhaps next year—there will be a world-wide blast of fire; the earth will tremble as in some cosmic cataclysm, and the seas themselves will boil; the rushing winds will be hurricanes of flame, and the mountains will heave and toss and be scattered like handfuls of dust; the very glaciers will turn to steam, and cinders and ashes and glowing stones and molten iron will shower in a volcanic deluge upon every plain; the forests will be shrivelled, the surviving cities kindle and wither away, the sands of the deserts be tossed in swirling volleys over valleys of green, and from the face of whole continents all trace of verdure and of life will vanish.

"When finally the tempest is over, it will be a different earth that remains. Upon the rock-strewn, blackened wilderness, there will be no sign of man—no village and no hut upon the land,

no bridge across the rivers, no sail upon the sea. And nowhere will there walk the two-legged creature that once was master of all things. Grass, from seeds miraculously undestroyed, may sprout again upon the ruined earth; ants may build once more their tunnelled abodes, and bees go drifting through the summer air; perhaps now and then a bird, pursued by no hunter, will perch upon some new-grown tree and sing. But the towers of man, and his writings and his art-works and his marvelous inventions will be forgotten; there will be none to remember how he hoped and dreamed, how he toiled and suffered, and how he aspired, strove and fell.

"And then even the war-god will be dead, since there will be none to worship him. But he shall sleep the sleep of the deserving, for in the cinder-littered deserts and in the debris of cities and the scattered bones of all earth's human population, he shall have beheld the result he had labored to achieve throughout unnumbered centuries on all the battlefields of the world."

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THIS BOOK WAS DESIGNED BY ROBERT S. JOSEPHY
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